MEDITATIONS

AND

CONTEMPLATIONS.

CONTAINING

MEDITATIONS AMONG THE TOMBS;
REFLECTIONS ON A FLOWER-GARDEN;
AND, A DESCANT ON CREATION.

CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE NIGHT;
CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE STARRY HEAVENS;
AND,
A WINTER-PIECE.

BY JAMES HERVEY, A. M.
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THE TWENTY-FOURTH EDITION.

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MDCCLXXXIX.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

THIRD EDITION.

I MUST entreat the Purchasers of the former *Editions, to excuse the Freedom I have taken, in making several considerable Additions to* this. *It has been done at the Persuasion of some judicious Friends, who apprehended, the Piece might be more useful, and less unworthy of the public Patronage, if it touched upon some very interesting Subjects, I before omitted. As I had no Views, but to render the Performance more pleasing and serviceable, no Reader, I hope, will be offended at my Practice, or complain of it as* injurious. *Never being, as I would willingly avoid, whatever might seem to stand in need of an* APOLOGY; *I desire Leave to declare, That no* future *Inlargements, or Alterations, shall be suffered to depreciate what, with the deepest Gratitude for their past Encouragement, I* now *commit to the Candour of the Public.*

It is owing to the delicate Design, the eloquent Pencil, and the still more amiable Condescension, of the very ingenious Dr. WALL, an eminent Physician at Worcester, that I am enabled to present my Readers with the Two beautiful and instructive Frontispieces—And, that these Volumes are thus elegantly adorned, without making any other Advance in the Price, than what unavoidably arises from the additional Number of Sheets, is owing to the Generosity of my honoured Friend, Sir THOMAS DRURY, Bart. Who, at his own Expence, furnished these Copper-plates, engraved by one of the finest Hands in the Kingdom. A Favour, which I take a very peculiar Satisfaction in acknowledging, not only as it is a signal Honour to the Author, and his Performance; but as it is also a pleasing and authentic Proof, that Christianity has its Patrons in the superior Stations of Life: that there are Persons, who think it no Disgrace to their distinguished Rank and ample Fortune, to countenance even the weakest Attempt, for promoting the Interests of true Religion.

As for the MONUMENTAL Plate, having considered the most material Circumstances pretty largely (see Page 25.); I should have added nothing more in this Advertisement, had it not been to point out an important MORAL, suggested in the ARMS of the Two Families; not expressed in the Monument itself, but purposely inserted in the ensuing Draught.—It will on the first Inspection be

observed, that the Escutcheon is rent in sunder, *to intimate the Dissolution of the near Relation once so* happily *subsisting. The Fragments fall to the Bottom of the Plate, as Things comparatively of* very small *Consequence. The Motto*, SUBLIMIORA PETAMUS *, *has not only a* significant *Reference to the Device of the* Family Arms, *to which it is annexed; but may be considered, as standing in a* beautiful *Connexion with that* Celestial Crown, *placed at the Top:—placed at the Top, as the* GREAT SUBLIME OBJECT, TO THE PURSUIT OF WHICH *All, who may in* future *Generations bear those* ARMS, *and All, who* now *behold them, are by these* elevating *Words affectionately invited.*

* LET US PURSUE SUBLIMER OBJECTS.

THE FRONTISPIECE

Presents the Inside View of a Church—The Floor, the Pillars, and the Walls, are interspersed with sepulchral Stones, and funeral Inscriptions—On one Side, is the Monument of an Infant, adorned with an Urn, with a weeping Statue, and inscribed with the following Epitaph—NASCENTES MORIMUR, *No sooner born, than dead*—On a more elevated Tomb, and under an Assemblage of military Weapons, is pourtrayed a Warrior; supposed to be mortally wounded, expiring in the Attitude of Adoration, and with the Spirit of that noble Line,

"*O! save my Country, Heav'n!*"—*shall be thy last.*

A Youth, beholding the Representation of this gallant Patriot, seems to be struck with Admiration, and charmed with Delight. A Minister diverts his Attention to an Object of infinitely higher Dignity, and greater Wonder. If the Hero died—PRO PATRIA, *In Defence of his Country:* CHRIST died—PRO INIMICIS, *For the Salvation of his Enemies.* An Instance this, of such disinterested, diffusive, and divine Benevolence; as makes all that Heroes have atchieved, and Patriots suffered, dwindle into nothing, and scarce deserve our Notice.

VERSES TO MR. HERVEY,

ON HIS

MEDITATIONS.

IN these lov'd Scenes, what rapt'rous Graces ſhine,
Live in each Leaf, and breathe in ev'ry Line!
What ſacred Beauties beam throughout the Whole,
To charm the Senſe, and ſteal upon the Soul!
In claſſic Elegance, and Thoughts—his own,
We ſee our Faults as in a Mirror, ſhown:
Each Truth, in glaring Characters expreſt,
All own the Twin Reſemblance in their Breaſt:
His eaſy Periods, and perſuaſive Page,
At once amend, and entertain the Age:
Nature's wide Fields all open to his View,
He charms the Mind with ſomething ever New:
On Fancy's Pinions, his advent'rous Soul
Wantons unbounded, and pervades the Whole:
From Death's dark Caverns in the Earth below,
To Spheres, where Planets roll, or Comets glow.
See him explore, with more than human Eyes,
The dreary Sepulchre, where *Granville* lies.

Converſe with Stones, or monumental Braſs,
The rude Inſcriptions,—or the painted Glaſs:
To gloomy Vaults deſcend with awful Tread,
And view the ſilent Manſions of the Dead.
To gayer Scenes he next adapts his Lines,
Where laviſh Nature in Embroid'ry ſhines:
The Jeſſ'mine Groves, the Woodbine's fragrant Bow'rs,
With all the painted Family of Flow'rs:
There, *Sachariſſa!* in each fleeting Grace,
Read all the tranſient Honours of thy Face.
With equal Dignity, now ſee Him riſe
To paint the ſable Horrors of the Skies:
When all the wide Horizon lies in Shade;
And Midnight Phantoms ſweep along the Glade:
All Nature huſh'd—a ſolemn Silence reigns,
And ſcarce a Breeze diſturbs the ſleeping Plains.
Laſt, yet not leſs, in Majeſty of Phraſe,
He draws the full-orb'd Moon's expanſive Blaze;
The waving Meteors, trembling from on high,
With all the mute Artill'ry of the Sky:
Syſtems on Syſtems, which in Order roll,
And dart their lambent Beams from Pole to Pole.
Hail, mighty Genius! whoſe excurſive Soul
No Bounds confine, no Limits can controul:
Whoſe Eye expatiates, and whoſe Mind can rove,
Through Earth, through Æther, and the Realms above:
From Things inanimate can direct * the Rod,
In juſt Gradation, to aſcend to GOD.
Taught by thy Lines, ſee hoary Age grows wiſe,
And all the Rebel in his Boſom dies:

* An Alluſion to the Cuſtom, of ſhewing curious Objects, and particulariſing their reſpective Delicacies, by the pointing of the Rod.

E'en

E'en thoughtleſs Youth, in Luxury of Blood,
Fly the infectious World, and dare—be Good:
Thy ſacred Truths ſhall reach th' impervious Heart;
Diſcord ſhall ceaſe, Diſeaſe forget to ſmart:
E'en Malice love, and Calumny commend;
Pride beg an Alms, and Av'rice turn a Friend.
  Centred in CHRIST, who fires the Soul within,
The Fleſh ſhall know no Pain; the Soul, no Sin:
E'en in the Terrors of expiring Breath,
We bleſs the friendly Stroke, and live—in Death.

Oxford, April 28, 1748.

By a PHYSICIAN.

CELESTIAL Meditant! Whoſe Ardors riſe
  Deep from the Tombs, and kindle to the Skies;
How ſhall an earthly Bard's profaner String
Reſound the Flights of thy Seraphic Wing?
When great ELIJAH, in the fiery Car,
Flam'd viſible to Heav'n, a living Star,
A Seer remain'd to *thunder* what he knew,
And with his Mantle caught his Spirit too.
  Wit, Fancy, Fire, and Elegance, have long
Been loſt in vicious or ignoble Song:
Sunk from the chaſtely Grand, the pure Sublime,
They flatter'd Wealth and Pow'r, or murder'd Time.
'Tis Thine their devious Luſtre to reduce,
To prove their nobleſt Pow'r, their genuine Uſe;
From Earth-born Fumes to clear their tainted Flame,
And point their Flight to Heav'n—from whence they came.

O more

O more than Bard in Profe! to whom belong
Harmonious Stile and Thought, in rhymelefs Song;
Oft, by thy friendly Conduct, let me tread
The foftly whifpering Manfions of the Dead:
Where the grim Form, calcining Hinds and Lords,
Grins at each fond Diftinction Pride records.
Dumb, with immortal Energy they teach;
Lifelefs, they threaten; mould'ring as they preach
To each fucceeding Age, thro' ev'ry Clime,
The Span of Life, and endlefs Round of Time:
Hence may propitious Melancholy flow,
And Safety find me in the Vaults of Woe.
While ev'ry Virtue forms thy mental Feaft,
I glow with fair Sincerity at leaft:
I feel *(thy Face unknown)* thy Heart refin'd,
And tafte, with Blifs, the Beauties of thy Mind;
Collecting clearly, thro' thy facred Plan,
What Reverence of GOD! what Love to Man!
—O! when at laft our deathlefs Forms fhall rife,
And Flow'rs and Stars defift to moralize;
Shall then my Soul by thine inform'd, furvey,
And bear, the Splendors of effential Day?
But while my Thoughts indulge the glorious Scope,
(My utmoft Worth beneath my humbleft Hope)
Confcience, or fome exhorting Angel, cries,
" No lazy Wifhes reach above the Skies.
" Would you indeed the perfect Scenes furvey,
" And fhare the Triumphs of unbounded Day;
" His Love-diffufive Life with Ardor live;
" And die like this divine Contemplative."

London, July 9, 1748.

By

By a PHYSICIAN.

TO form the Tafte, and raife the nobler Part,
To mend the Morals, and to warm the Heart;
To trace the genial Source, we Nature call,
And prove the GOD of Nature Friend of all;
HERVEY for this his mental Landfcape drew,
And fketch'd the whole Creation out to View.
Th' enamel'd Bloom, and variegated Flow'r,
Whofe Crimfon changes with the changing Hour;
The humble Shrub, whofe Fragrance fcents the Morn,
With Buds difclofing to the early Dawn:
The Oaks that grace *Britannia*'s Mountains Side,
And fpicy *Lebanon*'s fuperior * Pride;
All loudly SOV'REIGN EXCELLENCE proclaim,
And animated Worlds confefs the fame.
The azure Fields that form th' extended Sky,
The planetary Globes that roll on high,
And folar Orbs, of proudeft Blaze, combine,
To act fubfervient to the great Defign.
Men, Angels, Seraphs, join the gen'ral Voice:
And in the Lord of Nature, ALL rejoice.
HIS, the grey *Winter*'s venerable Guife,
Its fhrowded Glories, and inftructive Skies †;
HIS, the Snow's Plumes, that brood the Sick'ning Blade
HIS, the bright Pendant that impearls the Glade;
The waving Foreft, or the whifp'ring Brake;
The furging Billow, or the fleeping Lake.
The SAME, who pours the Beauties of the Spring,
Or mounts the Whirlwind's defolating Wing.

* The Cedar.

† Referring to the *Winter-Piece*.

The

The Same, who ſmiles in Nature's peaceful Form,
Frowns in the Tempeſt, and directs the Storm.
'Tis thine, bright Teacher, to improve the Age;
'Tis thine, whoſe Life's a Comment on thy Page.
Thy happy Page! whoſe Periods ſweetly flow,
Whoſe Figures charm us, and whoſe Colours glow.
Where *artleſs* Piety pervades the Whole,
Refines the Genius, and exalts the Soul.
For let the Witling argue all he can,
It is Religion ſtill that makes the Man.
'Tis *This*, my Friend, that ſtreaks our Morning bright;
'Tis *This*, that gilds the Horrors of our Night.
When Wealth forſakes us, and when Friends are few;
When Friends are faithleſs, or when Foes purſue;
'Tis *This*, that wards the Blow, or ſtills the Smart;
Diſarms Affliction, or repels its Dart;
Within the Breaſt bids pureſt Rapture riſe;
Bids ſmiling Conſcience ſpread her cloudleſs Skies.
When the Storm thickens and the Thunder rolls,
When the Earth trembles to th' affrighted Poles;
The virtuous Mind, nor Doubts nor Fears aſſail;
For Storms are Zephyrs, or a gentler Gale.
And when Diſeaſe obſtructs the lab'ring Breath,
When the Heart ſickens, and each Pulſe is Death;
E'en then Religion ſhall ſuſtain the Juſt,
Grace their laſt Moments, nor deſert their Duſt.

Auguſt 5, 1748.

As ſome *new Star* attracts th' admiring Sight,
His Splendors pouring through the Fields of Light,
Whole Nights, delighted with th' unuſual Rays,
On the fair heav'nly *Viſitant* we gaze:

So

So thy fam'd *Volumes* ſweet Surpriſe impart:
Mark'd by all Eyes, and felt in ev'ry Heart.
Nature inform'd by Thee, new Paths has trod,
And riſes, *here*, a Preacher for her God;
By Fancy's Aids myſterious Heights ſhe tries,
And lures us by our Senſes, to the Skies.
To deck thy *Stile* collected Graces throng,
Bold as the Pencil's *Tints*, yet ſoft as *Song*.
In Themes, how rich thy Vein! how pure thy Choice!
Tranſcripts of Truths, own'd clear from Scripture's Voice:
Thy Judgment theſe, and Piety atteſt,
Tranſcripts—read only fairer in thy Breaſt.
There, what thy Works would ſhew, we beſt may ſee,
And all *they* teach in Doctrine, *lives* in Thee.
Oh!—might they live!—Our Prayers their Striſe engage;
But thy fix'd Languors yield us ſad Preſage.
In vain ſkill'd *Med'cine* tries her healing Art:
Diſeaſe, long Foe, entrenches at thy Heart.
Yet on new Labours ſtill thy Mind is prone,
For a World's Good too thoughtleſs of thy own.
Active, like Day's kind Orb, Life's Courſe you run,
It's Sphere ſtill glorious, tho' a *ſetting Sun*.
Redemption opes Thee wide her healing Plan,
Health's *only* Balm; her ſov'reign'ſt Gift to Man.
Themes ſweet like theſe thy Ardors, freſh, excite:
Warm at the Soul, they nerve thy Hand to write;
Make thy try'd Virtues in their Charms appear,
Patience, rais'd *Hope*, firm *Faith*, and *Love* ſincere;
Like a big Conſtellation, bright they glow,
And beam out lovelier by thy *Night* of Woe.
Known were thy Merits to the Public long,
Ere own'd thus feebly in my humble Song.

Damp'd

Damp'd are my Fires; my Heart dark Cares depress;
A Heart, too feeling from it's own Distress.
Proud on thy Friendship, yet to build my Fame,
I gain'd my Page * a Sanction from *thy Name*.
Weak these Returns (by Gratitude th[illegible] led)
Where *mine* shall in thy fav'rite Lea[illegible] be read.
Yet, o'er my conscious Meanness Hope prevails;
Love gives me Merit, where my Genius f[illegible]s.
On *it's* strong Base my small Desert I raise,
Averse to Flatt'ry, as unskill'd to praise.

Moses Browne.

Mile-End Green, Feb. 23, 1749.

WHENCE flow these solemn Sounds? this raptur'd Strain?
Cherubic Notes my wond'ring Ear detain!
Yet 'tis a Mortal's Voice: 'Tis Hervey sings:
Sublime he soars on Contemplation's Wings.
In ev'ry Period breathes celestic Thought,
Hervey, 'twas Heav'n thy sacred Lessons taught.
Celestial Visions bless thy studious Hours,
Thy lonely Walks, and thy sequester'd Bow'rs.
What fav'ring Pow'r, dispensing secret Aids,
Thy cavern'd Cell, thy curtain'd Couch, pervades?
Still hov'ring near, observant of thy Themes,
In Whispers prompts thee, or inspires thy Dreams?
Jesus! Effulgence of [illegible]ternal Light!
Ineffably divine! supremely bright!
Whose Energy according Worlds attest,
Kindled these Ardors in thy glowing Breast.

* Sunday Thoughts.

W

We catch thy Flame, as we thy Page peruſe;
And Faith in every Object JESUS views.
We in the bloomy breathing Garden trace
Somewhat—like Emanations of his Grace:
Yet muſt all Sweetneſs and all Beauty yield,
Idume's Grove, and '*Sharon*'s flow'ry Field,
Compar'd with JESUS: Meanly, meanly ſhows
The brighteſt Lily, faint the lovelieſt Roſe.
Divine Inſtructor! lead thro' midnight Glooms,
To moralizing Stars, and preaching Tombs:
Thro' the ſtill Void a Saviour's Voice ſhall break,
A Ray from *Jacob*'s Star the Darkneſs ſtreak:
To Him the faireſt Scenes their Luſtre owe;
His Cov'nant brightens the celeſtial Bow;
His vaſt Benevolence profuſely ſpreads
The yellow Harveſts, and the verdant Meads.
Thy Pupil, HERVEY, a Redeemer finds
In boundleſs Oceans, and in viewleſs Winds:
He reins at Will the furious Blaſt, and guides
The rending Tempeſts, and the roaring Tides.
O give, my Soul, thy Welfare to his Truſt:
Who rais'd the World, can raiſe thy ſleeping Duſt!
He will, he will, when Nature's Courſe is run,
Midſt falling Stars, and an extinguiſh'd Sun:
He will with Myriads of his Saints appear.
O may I join them, tho' the meaneſt there!
Tho' nearer to the Throne my HERVEY ſings;
Tho' I at humbler Diſtance ſtrike the Strings;
Yet both ſhall mingle in the ſame Employ,
Both drink the Fulneſs of eternal Joy.

JOHN DUICK.

Clerkenwell-Green,
Feb. 24, 1749-50.

WHAT

WHAT Numbers of our Race survey
The Monarch of the golden Day,
Night's ample Canopy unfurl'd,
In gloomy Grandeur round the World,
The Earth in Spring's Embroidery drest,
And Ocean's ever-working Breast!
And still no grateful Honours rise
To Him who spreads the spacious Skies,
Who hung this Air-suspended Ball,
And lives, and reigns, and shines, in All!
To chase our sensual Fogs away,
And bright to pour th' eternal Ray
Of Deity inscrib'd around
Wide Nature to her utmost Bound,
Is HERVEY's Task: And well his skill
Celestial can the Task fulfil:
Ascending from these Scenes below,
Ardent the Maker's Praise to show,
His sacred Contemplations soar,
And teach our Wonder to adore.
Now he surveys the Realms beneath,
The Realms of Horror, and of Death;
Now entertains his vernal Hours
In flow'ry Walks, and blooming Bow'rs;
Now hails the black-brow'd Night, that brings
Æthereal Dews upon her Wings;
Now marks the Planets, as they roll
On burning Axles round the Pole:
While *Tombs*, and *Flow'rs*, and *Shades*, and *Stars*,
Unveil their sacred Characters
Of Justice, Wisdom, Pow'r, and Love;
And lifts the Soul to Realms above,
Where dwells the God, in Glory crown'd,
Who sends his boundless Influence round.
So *Jacob*, in his blissful Dreams,
Array'd in Heav'n's refulgent Beams,

Saw

Saw from the Ground a Scale arise,
Whose Summit mingled with the Skies:
Angels were pleas'd to pass the Road,
The Stage to Earth, and Path to God.
HERVEY, proceed: For Nature yields
Fresh Treasure in her ample Fields;
And in seraphic Ecstasy
Still bear us to the Throne on high.
Ocean's wild Wonders next explore,
His changing Scenes, and secret Store;
Or let dire EARTHQUAKE claim thy Toil,
EARTHQUAKE, that shakes a guilty Isle.
So, if small Things may shadow forth,
Dear Man, thy Labours, and thy Worth;
The Bee upon the flow'ry Lawn
Imbibes the lucid Drops of Dawn,
Works them his mysterious Mould,
And turns the common Dew to Gold.

THOMAS GIBBONS.

London, *May* 26, 1750.

DElightful Author! whom the Saints inspire!
And whisp'ring Angels with their Ardors fire!
From *Youth* like mine, wilt thou accept of Praise?
Or smile with Candor on a Stripling's Lays?
My little Laurel (but a Shoot at most)
Has hardly more than one small Wreath to boast.
Such as it is—(Ah! might it worthier be!)
Its scanty Foliage all is due to THEE.
Oh! if, amongst the Honours of thy Brow,
This slender Circlet may but humbly grow:
If its faint Verdure haply may find Place—
A Foil to others;—Tho' its own Disgrace;

Accept it, HERVEY, from a Heart ſincere,
And, for the Giver's Sake,—the Tribute wear.
Thy Soul-improving Works peruſ'd, what Tongue
Can hold from Praiſe, or check th' applauſive Song?
But ah! from whence ſhall Gratitude obtain
Language that may its glowing Zeal explain?
How to ſuch wond'rous Worth adapt a Strain?
Deſcrib'd by Thee, cold Sepulchres can charm;
Storms, calm the Soul; and freezing Winter, warm.
Clear'd from her gloomy Shades, we view pale Night
Surrounded with a Blaze of *mental* Light.
Lo! where ſhe comes! all ſilent! penſive! ſlow!
On her dark Robe unnumber'd Meteors glow!
High on her Head a ſtarry Crown ſhe wears!
Bright in her Hand the Lamp of Reaſon bears!
Smiling,—behold! She points the Soul to Heav'n,
And bids the weeping Sinner be forgiv'n;
But when thy Fancy ſhifts this ſolemn Scene,
And ruddy Morning gilds the chearful Green;
With ſudden Joy we view the Proſpect chang'd,
And bluſhing Sweets in beauteous Order rang'd.
We ſee the Violets; ſmell the dewy Roſe,
And each Perfume that from the Woodbine flows:
A boundleſs Perſpective there greets our Eyes:
Rich Vales deſcend, and verdant Mountains riſe.
The Shepherds Cottages, the rural Folds:
All, that thy Art deſcribes, the Eye beholds?
Amazing Limner! whence this matchleſs Pow'r?
Thy Work's a Garden!—ev'ry Word, a Flow'r!
Thy lovely Tints almoſt the Bloom excel,
And none but Nature's Self can paint ſo well!
Hail, holy Man!—henceforth thy Work ſhall ſtand
(Like ſome fair Column by a Maſter-Hand,
Which, whilſt it props, adorns the tow'ring Pile)
At once to grace, and elevate our *Iſle*.

Tho'

Tho' ſimple, lofty; tho' majeſtic, plain;
Whoſe bold Deſign the Rules of Art reſtrain.
In which the niceſt Eye ſees nothing wrong.
Tho' poliſh'd, juſt; and elegant, tho' ſtrong.

St. GEORGE MOLESWORTH.

Jan 24, 1750.

IN Pleaſure's Lap the Muſes long have lain,
And hung, attentive, on her *Siren* Strain.
Still toils the Bard beneath ſome weak Deſign,
And puny Thought but halts along the Line.
Or tuneful *Nothings*, ſtealing on the Mind,
Melt into Air, nor leave a Trace behind,
While to thy rapt'rous Proſe, we feel, belong
The Strength of Wiſdom, and the Voice of Song:
This lifts the Torch of ſacred Truth on high,
And points the Captives to their native Sky.
How falſe the Joys, which Earth or Senſe inſpires,
That clog the Soul, and damp her purer Fires!
Truths, which thy ſolemn Scenes, my Friend, declare,
Whoſe glowing Colours paint us as we are.
Yet not moroſely ſtern, nor idly gay,
Dull Melancholy reigns, or Trifles ſway;
Ill wou'd the Strains of Levity befit,
And ſullen Gloom but ſadden all thy Wit:
Truth, Judgment, Senſe, Imagination join;
And ev'ry Muſe, and ev'ry Grace is thine.
Religion prompting the true End of Man,
Conſpiring Genius executes the Plan;
Strong to convince, and elegant to charm,
Plaintive to melt, or paſſionate to warm.

Rais'd by Degrees, we elevate our Aim ;
And grow immortal as we catch thy Flame ;
True Piety informs our languid Hearts,
And all the Vicious, and the Vain, departs.
So, when foul ſpreading Fogs creep ſlowly on,
Blot the fair Morn, and hide the golden Sun ;
Ardent he pours the boundleſs Blaze of Day,
Rides thro' the Sky, and ſhines the Miſt away,
O, had it been th' Almighty's gracious Will,
That I had ſhar'd a Portion of thy Skill ;
Had this poor Breaſt receiv'd the heav'nly Beam,
Which ſpreads its Luſtre thro' thy various Theme ;
That ſpeaks deep Leſſons from the ſilent *Tomb*,
And crowns thy *Garden* with freſh-ſpringing Bloom ;
Or, piercing thro' *Creation*'s ample Whole,
Now ſooths the *Night*, or gilds the *ſtarry Pole* ;
Or marks how *Winter* calls her howling Train,
Her Snows and Storms, that deſolate the Plain ;
With Thee the Muſe ſhould trace the pleaſing Road,
That leads from Nature up to Nature's God ;
Humble to learn, and, as ſhe knows the more,
Glad to obey, and happy to adore.

PETER WHALLEY.

Northampton,
25 *Aug*. 1750.

TO

TO

Miſs *R*—— *T*-

MADAM,

THESE Reflections, the One on the *deepeſt*, the Other on the *gayeſt* Scenes of Nature; when they proceeded privately from the *Pen*, were addreſſed to a Lady of the moſt valuable Endowments. Who crowned all her other endearing Qualities, by a fervent Love of CHRIST, and an exemplary Conformity to his Divine Pattern. She, alas! lives no longer on Earth; unleſs it be in the Honours of a diſtinguiſhed Character, and in the bleeding Remembrance of her Acquaintance.

IT is impoſſible, Madam, to wiſh You a richer Bleſſing, or a more ſubſtantial Happineſs, than that the ſame Spirit of unfeigned *Faith*, the ſame Courſe of undefiled *Religion*, which have enabled Her to triumph over Death, may both animate and adorn your Life. And you will permit me to declare, that my chief Inducement

in requesting your Acceptance of the following Meditations, now they make a public Appearance from the *Press*, is, that they are designed to cultivate the same sacred *Principle*, and to promote the same excellent *Practice*.

LONG, Madam, may you *bloom* in all the Vivacity and Amiableness of Youth, like the charming Subject of one of these Contemplations. But at the same Time remember, that, with regard to such inferior Accomplishments, You must one Day *fade*, (may it prove some very remote Period!) like the mournful Objects of the other. This Consideration will prompt You to go on, as you have begun, in adding the *Meekness* of *Wisdom*, and all the *Beauties* of *Holiness*, to the Graces of an engaging Person, and the Refinements of a polite Education.

AND might—O! might the ensuing Hints furnish You with the least Assistance, in prosecuting so desirable an Kind; might they contribute, in any Degree, to establish your Faith, or elevate your Devotion; they would, then, administer to the Author such a Satisfaction, as Applause cannot give, nor Censure take away: A Satisfaction, which I shall be able to enjoy, even in those awful Moments, when all that captivates the Eye is sinking in Darkness, and every Glory of this lower World disappearing for ever.

THESE

THESE Wishes, Madam, as they are a most agreeable Employ of my Thoughts, so they come attended with this additional Circumstance of Pleasure, that are also the sincerest Expression of that very great Esteem, with which I am,

MADAM,

Your most Obedient,

Most Humble Servant,

Weston-Favell, *near* Northampton, May 20, 1746.

JAMES HERVEY

PREFACE.

THE first of these occasional Meditations, begs leave to remind my Readers of their latter End; *and would invite them to set, not their Houses only, but, which is inexpressibly more needful, their Souls, in Order: That they may be able, through all the intermediate Stages, to look forward upon their approaching Exit, without any* anxious Apprehensions: *And, when the great Change commences, may bid Adieu to terrestrial Things, with all the* Calmness *of a chearful Resignation, with all the* Comforts *of a well grounded Faith.*

The other attempts to sketch out some little Traces of the All-sufficiency *of our* Redeemer, *for the grand and gracious Purposes of everlasting Salvation. That a Sense of his unutterable Dignity, and infinite Perfections, may incite us to regard Him, with Sentiments of the most profound* Veneration; *to long for an assured Interest in his Merits, with all the Ardency of* Desire; *and to trust in his powerful Mediation,*

diation, with an Affiance *not to be shaken by any Temptations, not to be shared with any Performances of our own.*

I flatter myself, that the Thoughts conceived among the Tombs, *may be welcome to the* serious *and* humane *Mind. Because, as there are few, who have not consigned the Remains of some dear* Relations, *or honoured* Friends, *to those silent Repositories; so there are none, but must be sensible, that this is the* House appointed for all Living; *and that they themselves, are shortly to remove into the same solemn Mansions.—And who would not turn aside, for a while, from the most favourite Amusements, to view the* Place, *where his once-loved* Companions *lie? Who would not sometimes survey those* Apartments, *where he* himself *is to take up an* Abode, *till Time shall be no more?*

As to the other little Essay, may I not humbly presume, that the very Subject itself will recommend the Remarks? For, who is not delighted with the Prospect of the blooming Creation, and even charmed with the delicate Attractions *of Flowers? Who does not covet to assemble them in the Garden, or wear them in a Nosegay? Since this is a Passion so universal, who would not be willing to render it pro-*

ductive

ductive of the ſublimeſt Improvement?—This Piece of holy Frugality, *I have ventured to ſuggeſt, and endeavoured to exemplify, in the ſecond Letter; that, while the Hand is cropping the tranſient Beauties of a Flower, the attentive Mind may be enriching itſelf with ſolid and laſting Good.—And I cannot but entertain ſome pleaſing Hopes, that the niceſt Taſte may receive and reliſh* religious Impreſſions, *when they are conveyed by ſuch* lovely Monitors; *when the inſtructive Leſſons are found, not on the Leaves of ſome formidable* Folio, *but ſtand legible on the fine* Sarcenet *of a* Narciſſus; *when they ſavour, not of the* Lamp *and* Recluſe, *but come breathing from the fragrant Boſom of a* Jonquil.

CON-

THE

CONTENTS.

MEDITATIONS AMONG THE TOMBS.

 desirable.

Reflections on a Flower-Garden.

our

A DE-

A DESCANT UPON CREATION.

CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE NIGHT.

Contemplations on the Starry Heavens.

N. B. It may ſeem unaccountable to an *unlearned* Reader, that Aſtronomers ſhould ſpeak ſuch amazing

Things;

Things; and speak them with such an Air of *Assurance*; concerning the Distances and Magnitudes; the Motions and Relations, of the heavenly Bodies. I would desire such a Person to consider the Case of ECLIPSES, and with what *Exactness* they are calculated. They are not only foretold, but the very Instant of their *Beginning* is determined. The precise Time of their *Continuance* is assigned; assigned, almost to the *Nicety* of a Moment; and what is still more surprising, for the Space of *Hundreds* or *Thousands* of Years to come. —As this is a Matter of Fact, absolutely indisputable; it is also a very obvious, yet solid Demonstration, that the Principles of Science, on which those Calculations proceed, are not mere Conjecture, or precarious Supposition; but have a *real*, a *certain* Foundation, in the Nature and Constitution of Things.

A WIN-

A WINTER-PIECE.

Meditations &c Vol I — to face the Title



He gave Himself a Ransom for all.

Printed for John Rivington and Partners.



MEDITATIONS

AMONG THE

TOMBS.

In a LETTER to a LADY.

MADAM,

TRAVELLING lately into *Cornwall*, I happened to alight at a considerable Village, in that County. Where, finding myself under an unexpected Necessity of staying a little, I took a Walk to the *Church* *. The Doors, like the Heaven to

* I had named, in some former Editions, a particular Church, viz. KILKHAMPTON; where several of the Monuments, described in the following Pages, really exist But as I thought it convenient, to mention some Cases *here*, which are not, according to the best of my Remembrance, referred to in any Inscriptions *there*; I have now omitted the Name. That Imagination might operate more freely, and the Improvement of the Reader be consulted, without any thing that should look like a Variation from Truth and Fact.

which they lead, were wide open; and readily admitted an unworthy Stranger. Pleased with the Opportunity, I resolved to spend a few Minutes under the sacred Roof.

In a Situation so retired and awful, I could not avoid falling into a Train of Meditations, *serious* and *mournfully pleasing*. Which, I trust, were in some Degree profitable to *me*, while they possessed and warmed my Thoughts; and, if they may administer any Satisfaction to *you*, Madam, now they are recollected, and committed to Writing, I shall receive a fresh Pleasure from them.

It was an ancient Pile; reared by Hands, that, Ages ago, were mouldered into Dust.—Situate in the Centre of a large *Burial-Ground*; remote from all the Noise and Hurry of tumultuous Life.—The Body spacious; the Structure lofty; the Whole magnificently plain. A Row of regular Pillars extended themselves through the Midst; supporting the Roof with Simplicity, and with Dignity.—The Light, that passed through the Windows, seemed to shed a Kind of *luminous Obscurity*; which gave every Object a grave and venerable Air.—The deep *Silence*, added to the gloomy Aspect, and both heightened by the Loneliness of the Place, greatly increased the Solemnity of the Scene.—A Sort of *religious Dread* stole insensibly on my Mind, while I advanced, all pensive and thoughtful, along the inmost Aisle. Such a Dread, as hushed every ruder Passion, and dissipated all the gay Images of an alluring World.

Having adored that Eternal Majesty, who, far from being confined to Temples made with Hands, has Heaven for his Throne, and the Earth for his Footstool

—I took

—I took particular Notice of a handſome *Altar-piece*; preſented, as I was afterwards informed, by the Maſter-Builders of *Stow* *; out of Gratitude, I preſume, to that gracious GOD, who carried them through their Work, and enabled them to "bring forth their Top-"ſtone, with Joy."

O! HOW amiable is *Gratitude!* eſpecially when it has the ſupreme Benefactor for its Object. I have always looked upon Gratitude, as the moſt exalted Principle that can actuate the Heart of Man. It has ſomething noble, diſintereſted, and (if I may be allowed the Term) generouſly devout. *Repentance* indicates our Nature fallen, and *Prayer* turns chiefly upon a Regard to one's ſelf. But the Exerciſes of Gratitude ſubſiſted in Paradiſe, when there was no Fault to deplore; and will be perpetuated in Heaven, when "GOD ſhall be All in all."

THE Language of this ſweet Temper is, "I am unſpeakably obliged: What Return ſhall I make?"—And, ſurely, it is no improper Expreſſion of an unfeigned Thankfulneſs, to decorate our Creator's Courts, and *beautify* "the *Place* where his Honour dwelleth." Of old, the Habitation of his Feet was glorious: Let it not, now, be ſordid or contemptible. It muſt grieve an ingenuous Mind, and be a Reproach to any People, to have their own Houſes wainſcoted with Cedar, and painted with Vermillion; while the

* The Name of a grand Seat, belonging to the late Earl of *Bath*: remarkable formerly for its excellent Workmanſhip, and elegant Furniture; once the principal Reſort of the Quality and Gentry of the Weſt; but now demoliſhed, laid even with the Ground, and ſcarce one Stone left upon another.—So that Corn may grow, or Nettles ſpring, where *Stow* lately ſtood.

Temple of the Lord of Hosts is destitute of every decent Ornament.

HERE I recollected, and was charmed with, *Solomon*'s fine Address to the Almighty, at the *Dedication* of his famous Temple. With immense Charge, and exquisite Skill, he had erected the most rich and finished Structure, that the Sun ever saw. Yet, upon a Review of his Work, and a Reflection on the transcendent Perfections of the Godhead, how he exalts the one, and abases the other!—The Building was too *glorious*, for the mightiest Monarch to inhabit; too *sacred*, for unhallowed Feet even to enter; yet infinitely too *mean*, for the Deity to reside in. It was, and the Royal Worshipper acknowledged it to be, a most marvellous Vouchsafement in uncreated Excellency, to "put his "Name there."—The whole Passage breathes such a Delicacy, and is animated with such a Sublimity of Sentiment, that I cannot persuade myself to pass on, without repeating it. * *But will GOD indeed dwell on Earth?*

* 1 *Kings* viii. 27. *But will*—A fine abrupt Beginning, most significantly describing the Amazement and Rapture of the Royal Prophet's Mind!—*GOD:* He uses no Epithet, where Writers of inferior Discernment would have been fond to multiply them: But speaks of the Deity, as an incomprehensible Being, whose Perfections and Glories are exalted above all Praise.—*Dwell:* To bestow on sinful Creatures a propitious Look; to favour them with a transient Visit of Kindness; even this were an unutterable Obligation. Will he then vouchsafe to fix his Abode among them, and take up his stated Residence with them?—*Indeed:* A Word in this Connexion, peculiarly emphatical; expressive of a Condescension, wonderful and extraordinary almost beyond all Credibility. *Behold:* Intimating the continued, or rather the increasing Surprise of the Speaker, and awakening the Attention of the Hearer.—*Behold! the Heaven:* the spacious Concave of the Firmament; that wide extended Azure Circumference, in which Worlds unnumbered perform their Revolutions, is too scanty an Apartment for the Godhead.—Nay, *The Heaven of Heavens:* These vastly

Earth? Behold! The Heaven, and Heaven of Heavens, cannot contain thee; how much less this House, that I have builded!—Incomparable Saying! Worthy the wisest of Men. Who would not choose to possess such an elevated Devotion, rather than to own all the glittering Materials of that sumptuous Edifice?

We are apt to be struck with Admiration, at the Stateliness and Grandeur of a masterly Performance in Architecture. And, perhaps, on a Sight of the ancient Sanctuary, should have made the *superficial* Observation of the Disciples; "What Manner of Stones, "and what Buildings are here!"—But what a *nobler* Turn of Thought, and *juster* Taste of Things, does it discover; to join with *Israel*'s King, in celebrating the Condescension of the divine Inhabitant! That the High and Lofty One, who fills Immensity with his Glory, should, in a peculiar Manner, fix his Abode there! Should *there* manifest an extraordinary Degree of his benedictive Presence; permit sinful Mortals to approach his Majesty; and promise "to make them joyful in his House of Prayer!"—*This* should more sensibly affect our Hearts, than the most curious Arrangement of Stones can delight our Eyes.

Nay, the everlasting God does not disdain to dwell in our *Souls* by his Holy Spirit; and to make even our *Bodies* his Temple.—Tell me, ye that frame critical

vastly higher Tracts, which lie far beyond the Limits of human Survey; to which our very Thoughts can hardly soar; even These (unbounded as they are) cannot afford an adequate Habitation for Jehovah: Even these dwindle into a Point, when compared with the Infinitude of his Essence; even These "are as nothing "before him."—*How much less* proportionate is this poor diminutive Speck (which I have been erecting and embellishing) to so august a Presence, so immense a Majesty!

Judgments, and balance nicely the Diſtinction of Things; "Is this moſt aſtoniſhing, or moſt rejoicing?" —He humbleth himſelf, the Scripture aſſures us, even to behold the Things that are in Heaven*. 'Tis a moſt condeſcending Favour, if HE pleaſes to take the leaſt approving Notice of Angels and Arch-angels, when they bow down in Homage from their celeſtial Thrones. Will he then graciouſly regard, will he be united, moſt *intimately united* to poor, polluted, breathing Duſt?—Unparallel'd Honour! Invaluable Privilege! Be this my Portion, and I ſhall not covet Crowns, nor envy Conquerors.

But let me remember, what a *Sanctity* of Diſpoſition, and *Uprightneſs* of Converſation, ſo exalted a Relation demands: Remember this, "and rejoice with trembling."—Durſt I commit any Iniquity, while I tread theſe hallowed Courts? Could the *Jewiſh* High-Prieſt allow Himſelf in any known Tranſgreſſion, while he made that ſolemn yearly entrance † into the Holy of Holies, and ſtood before the immediate Preſence of *JEHOVAH?* No, truly. In *ſuch* Circumſtances, a thinking Perſon muſt ſhudder at the moſt remote Solicitation, to any wilful Offence. I ſhould *now* be ſhocked at the leaſt Indecency of Behaviour, and am apprehenſive of every Appearance of Evil.—And why do we not carry this holy Jealouſy, into all our *ordinary* Life? Why do we not, in every Place ‡, reverence

* Pſal. cxiii. 6. † Heb. ix. 7.

‡ —— —— —— παντων δε μαλιςʼ αισχυνεο σʼ αυτον, was the favourite Maxim of *Pythagoras*, and ſuppoſed to be one of the beſt moral Precepts, ever given to the heathen World. With what ſuperior Force, and very ſingular Advantage, does the Argument take Place in the Chriſtian Scheme? Where we are taught to regard ourſelves, not merely as *intellectual Beings*, who have *Reaſon* for our Monitor; but as *conſecrated Creatures*, who have a GOD of the moſt conſummate Perfection, ever *with* us, ever *in* us.

our-

ourſelves; as Perſons dedicated to the Divinity, as *living Temples* of the Godhead? For, if we are real, and not merely nominal Chriſtians, the GOD of Glory, according to his own Promiſe, * *dwells in us, and walks in us.*—O! that this *one* Doctrine of our Religion might operate, with an abiding Efficacy, upon our Conſciences!, It would be inſtead of a *thouſand* Laws, to regulate our Conduct; inſtead of a *thouſand* Motives to quicken us in Holineſs. Under the Influence of *ſuch* a Conviction, we ſhould ſtudy to maintain a Purity of Intention; a Dignity of Action; and to walk worthy of that tranſcendently majeſtic Being, who admits us to a Fellowſhip with Himſelf, and with his Son JESUS CHRIST.

THE next Thing, which engaged my Attention, was the *Lettered Floor.* The Pavement, ſomewhat like *Ezekiel*'s Roll, was written over from one End to the other. I ſoon perceived the Compariſon to hold good, in another Reſpect; and the Inſcriptions to be Matter of *Mourning, Lamentation, and Woe* †." They ſeemed to court my Obſervation; ſilently inviting me to read them. And what would theſe dumb Monitors inform me of?—" That beneath their little Circum- " ferences, were depoſited ſuch and ſuch Pieces of " Clay, which once *lived*, and *moved*, and *talked*: That " they had received a Charge to preſerve their Names, " and were the remaining Truſtees of their Memory."

AH! ſaid I, is ſuch my Situation! The adorable Creator around me, and the Bones of my Fellow-Creatures under me! Surely, then, I have great Reaſon to cry out, with the revering Patriarch, *How dreadful is this Place* ‡! Seriouſneſs and Devotion become this Houſe for ever. May I never enter it lightly or irreverently; but with a profound Awe, and godly Fear!

* 2 Cor. vi. 16. † Ezek. ii. 10. ‡ Gen. xxviii. 17.

O! that they were wise!* ſaid the inſpired Penman. It was his laſt Wiſh for his dear People. He breathed it out, and gave up the Ghoſt.—But what is Wiſdom? It conſiſts not in refined Speculations; accurate Reſearches into Nature; or an univerſal Acquaintance with Hiſtory. The divine Lawgiver ſettles this important Point in his next Aſpiration: *O! that they underſtood this!* That they had right Apprehenſions of their ſpiritual Intereſts, and eternal Concerns! That they had Eyes to diſcern, and Inclinations to purſue, the Things which belong to their Peace!—But how ſhall they attain this valuable Knowledge? I ſend them not, adds the illuſtrious Teacher, to turn over all the Volumes of Literature: They may acquire, and much more expeditiouſly, this Science of Life, *by conſidering their latter End.* This Spark of Heaven is often loſt under the Glitter of pompous Erudition; but ſhines clearly, in the gloomy Manſions of the Tomb. Drowned is this gentle Whiſper, amidſt the *Noiſe* of ſecular Affairs; but ſpeaks diſtinctly, in the *Retirements* of ſerious Contemplation.—Behold! how providentially I am brought to the School of Wiſdom! † The Grave, is the moſt faithful ‡ Maſter; and theſe Inſtances of Mortality, the moſt inſtructive Leſſons.—Come then, *calm Attention*, and compoſe my Thoughts; Come, thou *celeſtial Spirit*, and enlighten my Mind; that I may ſo peruſe theſe awful Pages, as to become "wiſe unto "Salvation."

* Deut. xxxii. 29.

† The Man how wiſe, who ſick of gaudy Scenes,
Is led by Choice to take his fav'rite Walk
Beneath Death's gloomy, ſilent, Cypreſs Shades,
Unpierc'd by Vanity's fantaſtic Ray?
To read his Monuments, to weigh his Duſt,
Viſit his Vaults, and dwell among the Tombs!

Night Thoughts.

‡ Wait the great Teacher Death. Pope.

EXAMINING

EXAMINING the Records of Mortality, I found the Memorials of a * *promiscuous* Multitude. They were huddled, at least they rested together, without any Regard to Rank or Seniority. None were ambitious of the uppermost Rooms, or chief Seats, in this House of Mourning; none entertained fond and eager Expectations of being honourably greeted, in their darksome Cells. The Man of Years and Experience, reputed as an Oracle in his Generation, was content to lie down at the Feet of a Babe. In this House, appointed for all Living, the Servant was equally accommodated, and lodged in the same Story, with his Master. The *poor Indigent* lay as softly, and slept as soundly, as the most *opulent Possessor*. All the Distinction that subsisted, was a grassy Hillock, bound with Osiers; or a sepulchral Stone, ornamented with Imagery.

WHY then, said my working Thoughts, O! why should we raise such a mighty Stir, about *Superiority* and *Precedence*; when the next Remove, will reduce us all to a State of equal Meanness? Why should we exalt ourselves, or debase others? since we must all, one Day, be upon a common Level, and blended together in the same undistinguished Dust? O! that this Consideration might humble my own, and others Pride; and sink our Imaginations as low, as our Habitation will shortly be!

AMONG these confused Relics of Humanity, there are, without Doubt, Persons of *contrary* Interests, and *contradicting* Sentiments. But Death, like some able Days-man, has laid his Hand on the contending Parties; and brought all their Differences to an † amicable Con-

* *Mista Senum ac Juvenum densantur Funera.* HOR.

† *Hi Motus Animorum, atque hæc Certamina tanta,*
Pulveris exigui Jactu compressa quiescent. VIRG.

clusion.

clusion. Here Enemies, ſworn Enemies, dwell together in Unity. They drop every imbittered Thought, and forget that they once were Foes. Perhaps, their crumbling Bones *mix*, as they *moulder:* And thoſe who, while they lived, ſtood aloof in irreconcileable Variance; here fall into mutual Embraces, and even incorporate with each other in the Grave.—O! that we might learn from theſe friendly Aſhes, not to perpetuate the Memory of *Injuries*; not to foment the Fever of *Reſentment*; nor cheriſh the Turbulence of *Paſſion*. That there may be as little Animoſity and Diſagreement in the Land of the Living, as there is in the Congregation of the Dead!—But I ſuſpend for a while ſuch *general* Obſervations, and addreſs myſelf to a more *particular* Inquiry.

YONDER *white Stone*, Emblem of the Innocence it covers, informs the Beholder of One, who breathed out its tender Soul, almoſt in the Inſtant of receiving it.—There, the peaceful *Infant*, without ſo much as knowing what Labour and Vexation mean, "* lies ſtill and "is quiet; it ſleeps and is at Reſt." Staying only to waſh away its native Impurity in the Laver of Regeneration, it bid a ſpeedy Adieu to Time, and terreſtrial Things.—What did the little haſty Sojourner find, ſo forbidding and diſguſtful in our upper World, to occaſion its precipitate Exit? 'Tis written, indeed, of its ſuffering Saviour, that when he had taſted the Vinegar mingled with Gall, He would not drink †. And did our new-come Stranger, begin to *ſip* the Cup of Life: but, perceiving the Bitterneſs, turn away its Head, and refuſe the *Draught?* Was this the Cauſe why the wary Babe only opened its Eyes; juſt looked on the Light, and then withdrew, into the more inviting Regions of undiſturbed Repoſe?

* Job iii. 13. † Matt. xxvii. 34.

HAPPY

HAPPY Voyager! No ſooner launched, than *arrived* at the Haven*!—But more eminently happy *they*, who have paſſed the Waves, and weathered all the Storms, of a troubleſome and dangerous World! Who, "through "many Tribulations, have entered into the Kingdom "of Heaven;" and thereby brought *Honour* to their divine Convoy, adminiſtered *Comfort* to the Companions of their Toil, and left an inſtructive *Example* to ſucceeding Pilgrims.

HIGHLY favoured Probationer! accepted, without being exerciſed!—It was thy peculiar Privilege, not to *feel* the ſlighteſt of thoſe Evils, which *oppreſs* thy ſurviving Kindred; which frequently fetch Groans, from the moſt manly Fortitude, or moſt elevated Faith. The Arrows of Calamity, barbed with Anguiſh, are *often* fixed deep in our choiceſt Comforts. The fiery Darts of Temptation, ſhot from the Hand of Hell, are *always* flying in Showers around our Integrity. To thee, ſweet Babe, both theſe Diſtreſſes and Dangers were alike unknown.

CONSIDER this, ye *mourning Par*[illegible] and dry up your Tears. Why ſhould you lament, that your little ones are crowned with Victory, before the Sword was drawn, or the Conflict begun?—Perhaps, the ſupreme Diſpoſer of Events, foreſaw ſome inevitable Snare of Temptation forming, or ſome dreadful Storm of Adverſity impending. And why ſhould you be ſo diſſatisfied, with that *kind Precaution*; which houſed your pleaſant Plant,

* Happy the Babe, who privileg'd by Fate
To ſhorter Labour, and a lighter Weight,
Receiv'd but Yeſterday the Gift of Breath,
Order'd To-morrow to return to Death.

PRIOR's *Sol.*

and

and removed into Shelter a tender Flower, before the Thunders roared: before the Lightnings flew: before the Tempest poured its Rage?—O remember! they are not lost, but *taken away from the Evil to come* *.

At the same Time, let *Survivors*, doomed to *bear the Heat and Burden of the Day*, for their Encouragement reflect—That it is more honourable to have entered the Lists, and to have fought the good Fight, before they come off Conquerors. They who have bore the Cross, and submitted to afflictive Providences, with a chearful Resignation; have girded up the Loins of their Mind, and performed their Master's Will, with an honest and persevering Fidelity:—These, having glorified their Redeemer on Earth, will, probably, be as Stars of the *first Magnitude* in Heaven. They will shine with brighter Beams, be replenished with stronger Joys, in their Lord's everlasting Kingdom.

Here lies the Grief of a fond Mother, and the blasted Expectation of an indulgent Father.—The *Youth* grew up, like a well-watered Plant; he shot deep, rose high, and bid fair for Manhood. But just as the *Cedar* began to tower; and promised, ere long, to be the Pride of the Wood, and Prince among the neighbouring Trees—Behold! the *Ax* is laid unto the Root; the fatal Blow struck; and all its branching Honours tumbled to the Dust.—And did he fall alone? No: The Hopes of his Father that begat him, and the pleasing Prospects of her that bare him, fell, and were crushed together with him.

Doubtless, it would have pierced one's Heart, to have beheld the tender Parents, following the breath-

* Isai. lvii. 1.

lefs Youth, to his long Home. Perhaps, drowned in Tears, and all over-whelmed with Sorrows, they ſtood, like weeping Statues, on this very Spot.—Methinks, I ſee the deeply-diſtreſſed Mourners attending the ſad Solemnity. How they wring their Hands, and pour Floods from their Eyes!—Is it Fancy? or do I really hear the paſſionate *Mother*, in an Agony of Affliction, taking her final Leave of the Darling of her Soul? Dumb ſhe remained, while the awful Obſequies were performing; dumb with Grief, and leaning upon the Partner of her Woes. But now the inward Anguiſh ſtruggles for Vent; it grows too big to be repreſſed. She advances to the Brink of the Grave. All her Soul is in her Eyes. She faſtens one more Look upon the *dear doleful* Object, before the Pit ſhuts its Mouth upon him. And as ſhe looks, ſhe cries;—in broken Accents, interrupted by many a riſing Sob, ſhe cries—
"Farewel, my Son! my Son! my only Beloved!
"Would to God I had died for thee!—Farewel, my
"Child; and farewel all my earthly Happineſs;—I
"ſhall never more ſee Good, in the Land of the Liv-
"ing.—Attempt not to comfort me.—I will go mourn-
"ing, all my Days, till my grey Hairs come down,
"with Sorrow, to the Grave."

FROM this affecting Repreſentation, let Parents be convinced, how highly it concerns them to cultivate the *Morals*, and ſecure the *immortal* Intereſts of their Children.—If you really love the Offspring of your own Bodies; if your Bowels yearn over thoſe amiable Pledges of conjugal Endearment; ſpare no Pains; give all Diligence, I intreat you, to "bring them up in the Nur-"ture and Admonition of the LORD." Then, may you have Joy in their Life, or Conſolation in their Death. If their Span is *prolonged*; their unblameable and uſeful Conduct, will be the Staff of your Age, and a Balm

a Balm for declining Nature. Or, if the Number of their Years be cut off in the *midst*; you may commit their Remains to the Dust, with much the same comfortable Expectations, as you send the Survivors to Places of genteel Education. You may commit them to the Dust, with chearing Hopes of receiving them again to your Arms, *inexpressibly improved* in every noble and endearing Accomplishment.

'Tis certainly a *severe Trial*; and much more afflictive, than I am able to imagine; to resign a lovely blooming Creature, sprung from your own Loins, to the gloomy Recesses of Corruption. *Thus* to resign Him, after having been long dandled upon your Knees; united to your Affections by a thousand Ties of Tenderness; and now become both the Delight of your Eyes, and the Support of your Family!—To have such a one torn from your Bosom, and thrown into Darkness; doubtless, it must be like a Dagger in your Hearts.—But O! how much more cutting to you, and confounding to the Child, to have the Soul separated from God; and, for *shameful Ignorance*, or *early Impiety*, transmitted to Places of eternal Torment! How would it aggravate your Distress, and add a distracting *Emphasis* to all your Sighs, if you should follow the pale Corpse with these bitter Reflections!—"This "Dear Creature, though long ago capable of knowing "Good from Evil, is gone *out* of the World, before it "had learned the great Design of coming *into* it. A "short-lived momentary Existence, it received from "me; but no good Instructions, no holy Admonitions, "nothing to further its Well-being in that everlasting "State, upon which it is now entered. The *poor Body* "is consigned to the Coffin, and carried out to consume away, in the cold and silent Grave. And what "Reason have I to suppose, that the *precious Soul* is in

"a better

" a better Condition? May I not justly fear, that, sen-" tenced by the righteous Judge, it is going, or gone " away, into the Pains of endless Punishment?—Per-" haps, while I am *bewailing* its untimely Departure; " it may be *cursing*, in outer Darkness, that ever to be " deplored, that most calamitous Day, when it was " born of such a careless, ungodly Parent, as I have " been."

NOTHING, I think, but the Gnawings of that Worm which never dies, can equal the Anguish of these self-condemning Thoughts. The Tortures of a Rack must be an easy Suffering, compared with the Stings and Horror of such a Remorse.—How earnestly do I wish, that as many as are entrusted with the Management of Children, would take timely Care to prevent these Scourges of Conscience; by endeavouring to conduct their Minds into an early *Knowledge* of Christ, and a cordial *Love* of his Truth!

ON this Hand is lodged One, whose Sepulchral Stone tells a most pitiable Tale indeed! Well may the *little Images*, reclined over the sleeping Ashes, hang down their Heads with that pensive Air! None can consider so mournful a Story, without feeling some Touches of sympathizing Concern.—His *Age* Twenty-eight; his Death *sudden*; himself cut down in the Prime of Life, amidst all the Vivacity and Vigour of Manhood; while " his Breasts were full of Milk, and his Bones " moistened with Marrow."—Probably, he entertained no Apprehensions of the evil Hour. And indeed, who could have suspected, that so bright a Sun should go down at Noon? To human Appearance, his Hill stood strong. Length of Days seemed written in his sanguine Countenance. He solaced himself with the Prospect of a long, long Series of earthly Satisfactions.—

When, lo! an unexpected Stroke descends! descends from that mighty Arm, which "overturneth the Mountains by their Roots; and crushes the imaginary "Hero, * *before the Moth*;" as quickly, and more easily, than our Fingers press such a feeble fluttering Insect to Death.

PERHAPS, the *nuptial Joys* were all he thought on.—Were not such the Breathings of his enamoured Soul? "Yet a very little while, and I shall possess the "utmost of my Wishes. I shall call my Charmer "mine; and, in *her*, enjoy whatever my Heart can "crave."—In the Midst of such enchanting Views, had some faithful Friend but softly reminded him of an opening Grave, and the End of all Things; how *unseasonable* would he have reckoned the Admonition! Yet, though all warm with Life, and rich in visionary Bliss, he was even then tottering upon the Brink of both.—Dreadful Vicissitude! to have the *bridal* † Festivity turned

* *Job* iv. 19. לפני־עש—*Ad instar, ad modum, Tineæ*—I retain this Interpretation, both as it is most suitable to my Purpose, and as it is patronized by some eminent Commentators; especially the celebrated *Schultens*. Though I cannot but give the Preference to the Opinion of a judicious Friend, who would render the Passage more literally, *Before the Face of a Moth*: Making it to represent a Creature so exceedingly frail, that even a Moth, flying against it, may dash it to Pieces.—Which, besides its closer Correspondence with the exact Import of the *Hebrew*, presents us with a much finer Image of the most extreme Imbecility. For it certainly implies a far greater Degree of Weakness, to be crushed by the feeble Flutter of the feeblest Creature, than only to be crushed as easily as that Creature, by the Hand of Man.—The *French* Version is very expressive and beautiful; *à la Rencontre d'un Vermisseau.*

† A Distress of this Kind is painted in very affecting Colours by *Pliny*, in an Epistle to *Marcellinus*; *O triste plane acerbumque Funus! O Morte ipsa Mortis Tempus indignius! Jam destinata erat*

turned into the *funeral* Solemnity! Deplorable Misfortune! to be ſhipwrecked in the very Haven! and to periſh even in Sight of Happineſs!—What a memorable Proof is here of the Frailty of Man, in his beſt Eſtate! Look, O! look on this Monument, ye *Gay* and *Careleſs!* Attend to this Date; and boaſt no more of To-morrow!"

WHO can tell, but the *Bride-maids*, girded with Gladneſs, had prepared the Marriage-Bed? Had decked it with the richeſt Covers, and dreſſed it in Pillows of Down? When—Oh! truſt not in Youth, or Strength, or in any thing Mortal; for there is nothing certain, nothing to be depended on, beneath the unchangeable GOD—Death, relentleſs Death, is making him another Kind of Bed in the Duſt of the Earth. Unto this he muſt be conveyed, not with a ſplendid Proceſſion of *joyous Attendants*; but ſtretched in the *gloomy Hearſe*, and followed by a Train of Mourners. On this he muſt take up a lonely Lodging, nor ever be releaſed, "till the Heavens are no more."—In vain does the conſenting *Fair-one* put on her Ornaments, and expect her Spouſe. Did ſhe not, like *Siſera*'s Mother, look out of the Lattice; chide the Delays of her Beloved; and wonder "why his Chariot was ſo long in coming?" Little thinking, that the *intended* Bridegroom had for ever done with tranſitory Things! That now everlaſting Cares employ his Mind, without one ſingle Remembrance of his lovely *Lucinda!*—Go, diſap-

egregio Juveni; jam electus Nuptiarum Dies; jam nos advocati. Quod Gaudium quo Mœrore mutatum eſt! Non poſſum exprimere Verbis, quantum Animo vulnus acceperim, quum audivi Fundanum ipſum (ut multa luctuoſa Dolor invenit) præcipientem, quod in Veſtes, Margaritas Gemmas, fuerat erogaturus, hoc in Thura, & Unguenta, & Odores, impenderetur. PLIN. Lib. V. Epiſt. 16.

pointed Virgin! Go, mourn the Uncertainty of all created Bliss! Teach thy Soul to aspire after a sure and *immutable Felicity!* For the once gay and gallant *Fidelio* sleeps in other Embraces; even in the icy Arms of Death! Forgetful, eternally forgetful, of the World—and *thee*.

HITHERTO, one is tempted to exclaim against the King of Terrors, and call him *capriciously cruel*. He seems, by beginning at the wrong End of the Register, to have inverted the Laws of Nature. Passing over the Couch of decrepid Age, he has nipped Infancy in its *Bud*; blasted Youth in its *Bloom*; and torn up Manhood in its full *Maturity*.—Terrible indeed are these Providences, yet not unsearchable the Counsels:

For us they sicken, and for us they die *.

SUCH Strokes, must not only grieve the Relatives, but *surprise* the whole Neighbourhood. They sound a powerful Alarm to heedless dreaming Mortals, and are intended as a Remedy for our carnal Security. Such Passing-Bells, inculcate loudly our LORD's Admonition; "Take ye Heed, Watch, and Pray: for ye "know not when the Time is."—We nod, like intoxicated Creatures, upon the very Verge of a tremendous Precipice. These astonishing Dispensations, are the kind Messengers of Heaven; to *rouse* us from our *Supineness*, and quicken us into timely Circumspection. I need not, surely, accommodate them with Language, nor act as their Interpreter. Let every one's Conscience be awake, and this will appear their awful Meaning—"O! ye Sons of Men, in the Midst of "Life you are in Death. No State, no Circum-

* Night Thoughts.

"stances, can ascertain your Preservation a single Mo-
"ment. So *strong* is the Tyrant's Arm, that nothing
"can resist its Force; so *true* his Aim, that nothing
"can elude the Blow. *Sudden* as Lightning, some-
"times, is his Arrow launched; and wounds, and
"kills, in the Twinkling of an Eye. Never promise
"yourselves Safety in any Expedient, but constant Pre-
"paration. The fatal Shafts fly so promiscuously, that
"none can guess the next Victim. Therefore, *be ye*
"*always ready: for in such an Hour as ye think not*, the
"final Summons cometh."

Be ye always ready: for in such an Hour as Ye think not—Important Admonition! Methinks, it reverberates from Sepulchre to Sepulchre; and addresses me with Line upon Line, Precept upon Precept.—The reiterated Warning, I acknowledge, is too needful; may co-operating Grace, render it effectual! The momentous Truth, though worthy to be *engraved*, on the Tables of a most tenacious Memory; is but slightly *sketched*, on the transient Flow of Passion. We see our Neighbours fall; we turn pale at the Shock; and feel, perhaps, a trembling Dread. No sooner are they removed from our Sight; but, driven in the Whirl of Business, or lulled in the Languors of Pleasure, we forget the Providence, and neglect its Errand. The Impression made on our unstable Minds, is like the Trace of an Arrow, through the penetrated Air; or the Path of a Keel, in the furrowed Wave.—Strange Stupidity! To cure it, another Monitor bespeaks me, from a neighbouring Stone. It contains the Narrative of an unhappy Mortal, snatched from his Friends, and hurried to the awful Bar; without Leisure, either to take a *last Farewel* of the One, or to put up so much as a *single Prayer* preparatory for the other: killed, ac-

cording to the usual Expression, by a sudden Stroke of Casualty.

WAS it then a random Stroke? Doubtless, the Blow came from an *aiming*, though invisible Hand. GOD presideth over the Armies of Heaven; GOD ruleth among the Inhabitants of the Earth; and GOD conducteth, what Men call *Chance*. Nothing, nothing comes to pass through a blind and undiscerning Fatality. If Accidents happen; they happen according to the exact Foreknowledge, and conformably to the determinate Counsels, of eternal Wisdom. The LORD, with whom are the Issues of Death, signs the *Warrant*, and gives the high Commission. The seemingly fortuitous Disaster is only the *Agent*, or the *Instrument*, appointed to execute the supreme Decree. When the King of *Israel* was mortally wounded, it seemed to be a casual Shot. *A certain Man drew a Bow at a Venture* *.—*At a Venture*, as he thought. But his Hand was strengthened by an omnipotent Aid; and the Shaft levelled, by an unerring Eye. So that, what we term *Casualty*, is really *Providence*; accomplishing deliberate Designs, but concealing its own Interposition.—How comforting this Reflection! Admirably adapted, to sooth the throbbing Anguish of the Mourners, and compose their Spirits into a quiet Submission! Excellently suited, to dissipate the Fears of godly Survivors, and create a calm Intrepidity even amidst innumerable Perils!

HOW *thin* is the Partition, between this World and another! How *short* the Transition, from Time to Eternity! The Partition, nothing more than the Breath in our Nostrils; and the Transition may be

* 1 Kings xxii. 34.

made

made, in the Twinkling of an Eye.—Poor *Chremylus*, I remember, arose from the Diversion of a Card-Table, and dropt into the Dwellings of Darkness.—One Night, *Corinna* was all Gaiety in her Spirits, all Finery in her Apparel, at a magnificent Ball. The next Night, she lay pale and stiff, an extended Corpse, and ready to be mingled with the mouldering Dead.—Young *Atticus* lived to see his ample and commodious Seat compleated: but not to spend one joyous Hour, under the stately Roof. The Sashes were hung, to admit the Day; but the Master's Eyes were closed in endless Night. The Apartments were furnished, to invite Society, or administer Repose; but their Lord rests in the lower Parts of the Earth, in the solitary, silent Chambers of the Tomb. The Gardens were planned, and a thousand elegant Decorations designed; but alas! their intended Possessor, is gone down to "the Place of Skulls;" is gone down to the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

WHILE I am recollecting, many, I question not, are experiencing the same tragical Vicissitude. The Eyes of that sublime Being—who sits upon the Circle of the Earth, and views all its Inhabitants with one comprehensive Glance—even now behold many Tents in Affliction. Such Affliction, as overwhelmed the *Egyptians* in that fatal Night, when the destroying Angel sheathed his Arrows in all the Pride of their Strength.—Some, sinking to the Floor from their *easy Chair*; and deaf even amidst the piercing Shrieks of their distracted Relations.—Some, giving up the Ghost, as they sit retired, or lie reclined, under the *shady Arbour*, to taste the Sweets of the flowery Scene.—Some, as they sail, associated with a *Party* of *Pleasure*, along the dancing Stream, and through the laughing Meads. Nor is the grim Intruder mollified, though Wine and

Mufic flow around.—Some *intercepted*, as they are returning Home; and fome *interrupted*, as they enter upon an important Negotiation.—Some arrefted, with the Gain of *Injuftice* in their Hands; and fome furprized, in the very Act of *Lewdnefs*, or the Attempt of *Cruelty*.

LEGIONS, Legions of Difafters, fuch as no Prudence can forefee, and no Care prevent, lie in wait to accomplifh our Doom. A *ftarting Horfe* may throw his Rider; may at once dafh his Body againft the Stones, and fling his Soul into the invifible World. A *Stack* of *Chimnies* may tumble into the Street, and crufh the unwary Paffenger under the Ruins. Even a fingle *Tile*, dropping from the Roof, may be as fatal as the Fall of the whole Structure.—So frail, fo very attenuated is the Thread of Life, that it not only burfts before the *Storm*, but breaks even at a *Breeze*. The moft common Occurrences, thofe, from which we fufpect not the leaft Harm, may prove the Weapons of our Deftruction. A Grape-ftone, a defpicable Fly, may be more mortal than *Goliath*, with all his formidable Armour.—Nay, if GOD give Command, our very *Comforts* become *killing*. The Air we breathe, is our Bane; and the Food we eat, the Vehicle of Death.—That laft Enemy has unnumbered Avenues for his Approach. Yea; lies intrenched in our very Bofom, and holds his Fortrefs in the Seat of our Life. The crimfon Fluid, which *diftributes Health*, is impregnated with the Seeds of Death. Heat may inflame it, or Toil opprefs it; and make it deftroy the Parts, it was defigned to cherifh. Some unfeen Impediment may obftruct its Paffage, or fome unknown Violence may divert its Courfe; in either of which Cafes, it acts the Part of a poifonous Draught or a deadly Stab.

Ah!

Ah! in what Perils is vain Life engaged!
What slight Neglects, what trivial Faults destroy
The hardiest Frame! Of Indolence, of Toil
We die; of Want, of Superfluity.
The all-surrounding Heav'n, the vital Air,
Is big with Death.

SINCE then we are so liable to be dispossessed of this earthly Tabernacle, let Us look upon Ourselves only as *Tenants at Will*; and hold Ourselves in perpetual Readiness, to depart at a Moment's Warning. Without such an *habitual* Readiness, we are like Wretches, that sleep on the Top of a Mast, while a horrid Gulph yawns, or furious Waves rage, below. And where can be the Peace, what the Satisfaction, of such a State?—Whereas, a prepared Condition will inspire a Chearfulness of Temper, not to be dismayed by any alarming Accident; and create a Firmness of Mind, not to be overthrown by the most threatening Dangers. When the City is fortified with Walls, furnished with Provision, guarded by able and resolute Troops; what have the Inhabitants to fear? what may they not enjoy? So, just so, or rather by a much surer Band, are connected the *real* Taste of Life, and the *constant* Thought of Death.

I SAID, *Our very Comforts may become killing.*—And see the Truth inscribed by the Hand, sealed with the Signet, of Fate. The Marble, which graces yonder Pillar, informs me, that, near it, are deposited the Remains of *Sophronia*; the much lamented *Sophronia*, who died in *Child-bed*.—How often does this Calamity happen! The Branch shoots; but the Stem withers. The Babe springs to Light; but She that bare Him, breathes her last. She gives Life, but gives it (O pitiable Consideration!) at the Expence of her own;

and becomes, at once, a *Mother*, and a *Corpse*.—Or else, perhaps, She expires in severe Pangs, and is Herself a Tomb for her Infant; while the melancholy Complaint of a Monarch's Woe, is the Epitaph for them both; *The Children are come to the Birth, and there is not Strength to bring forth* *.—Less to be lamented, in my Opinion, *this* Misfortune than the *other*. Better, for the tender Stranger, to be stopped in the Porch; than to enter, only to converse with Affliction. Better, to find a Grave in the Womb; than to be exposed on a hazardous World, without the Guardian of its infantile Years, without the faithful Guide of its Youth.

THIS Monument is distinguished by its finer Materials, and more delicate Appendages. It seems to have taken its Model from an affluent Hand; directed by a generous Heart; which thought it could never do enough for the Deceased.—It seems, also, to exhibit an *emblematical* Picture of *Sophronia*'s Person and Accomplishments. Is her Beauty, or, what is more than Beauty, her white-rob'd Innocence, represented by the snowy *Colour*? The *Surface*, smoothly polished, like her amiable Temper, and engaging Manners. The *Whole* adorned, in a well-judged Medium, between extravagant Pomp, and sordid Negligence; like her undissembled Goodness, remote from the least Ostentation, yet in all Points exemplary.—But ah! how vain, were all these endearing Charms! How vain, the Lustre of thy sprightly Eye! How vain, the Bloom of thy bridal Youth! How vain, the Honours of thy superior Birth! How unable to secure the lovely Possessor, from the *savage Violence* of Death!—How ineffectual, the universal Esteem of thy Acquaintance;

* Isa. xxxvii. 3.

the Fondneſs of thy tranſported Huſband; or even the ſpotleſs Integrity of thy Character; to prolong thy Span, or procure Thee a ſhort Reprieve!—The Concurrence of all theſe Circumſtances, reminds me of thoſe beautiful and tender Lines;

How lov'd, how valu'd *once, avails Thee not;*
To whom related, or by whom begot.
A Heap of Duſt alone remains of Thee:
'Tis all THOU *art!—and all the* PROUD *ſhall be*!*

POPE'*s Miſcell.*

YET,

* Theſe Verſes are inſcribed on a ſmall, but elegant Monument, lately erected in the great Church at *Northampton*. Which, in the *Hieroglyphical* Decorations, correſponds with the Deſcription introduced above. In this Circumſtance particularly, that it is dedicated to the Memory of an amiable Woman, Mrs. ANNE STONHOUSE; the excellent Wife of my worthy Friend Dr. STONHOUSE. Who has ſeen all the Powers of that Healing Art, to which I, and ſo many others, have been *greatly* indebted, failing in their Attempts to preſerve a Life *dearer* to Him than his own.

Nec proſunt Domino, quæ proſunt omnibus, Artes.

No longer his all-healing Art avails;
But ev'ry Remedy its Maſter fails.

In the Midſt of this tender Diſtreſs, He has ſought ſome Kind of Conſolation, even from the ſepulchral Marble. By teaching it to ſpeak, at once, his Eſteem for *her Memory*; and his Veneration for *that Religion*, which She ſo eminently adorned. Nor could this be more ſignificantly done, than by ſumming up her Character, in that conciſe, but comprehenſive Sentence, A SINCERE CHRISTIAN. *Conciſe* enough, to be the Motto for a mourning Ring; yet as *comprehenſive*, as the moſt enlarged Sphere of perſonal, ſocial, and religious Worth. For, whatſoever Things are pure; whatſoever Things are lovely; whatſoever Things are of good Report; are they not all included in that grand and noble Aggregate, *A ſincere Chriſtian?*

The

Yet, though unable to divert the Stroke, Christianity is sovereign to pluck out the Sting of Death. Is not this the silent Language of those *Lamps*, which burn, and of that *Heart*, which flames; of those *Palms*, which

The first Lines, considered in such a Connection, are wonderfully plaintive and pathetic;

> *How lov'd, how* valu'd *once, avails Thee not;*
> *To whom related, or by whom begot.*

They sound, at least in *my* Ears, like the Voice of Sorrow mingled with Admiration. The Speaker seems to have been lost, for a while, in melancholy Contemplation; suddenly breaks out into this abrupt Encomium; then melts into Tears, and can proceed no farther. Yet, in this Case, how eloquent is Silence! While it hints the universal Esteem which attended, and the Superiority of Birth which distinguished, the deceased *Wife*; it expresses, beyond all the Pomp of Words, the yearning Affection, and Heart-felt Affliction, of the surviving *Husband*.—Amidst the Group of monumental Marbles, which are lavish of their Panegyric; *this*, I think, resembles the incomparable Address of the Painter. Who, having placed, round a beautiful expiring Virgin, her Friends in all the Agonies of Grief; represented the *unequalled* Anguish of the *Father*, with far greater Liveliness and Strength, or rather with an inexpressible Emphasis, by drawing a Veil over *his* Face.

If the last Lines, are a wide Departure from the beaten Track of our Modern Epitaphs, and the very Reverse of their high-flown Compliments,

> *A Heap of Dust alone remains of Thee!*
> *'Tis all* THOU *art!—and all the* PROUD *shall be!*

they are not without a Precedent, and one of the most consummate Kind. Since they breathe the very Spirit of that sacred Elegy, in which all the Heart of the Hero and the Friend, seems to be dissolved; *How are the Mighty fallen, and the Weapons of War perished!* 2 Sam. i. 27.—They remind the Reader, of that awful Lesson, which was originally dictated by the supreme Wisdom; *Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return*, Gen. iii. 19.—They inculcate, with all the Force of the most convincing Evidence, that

which flourish, and of that *Crown*, which glitters, in the well-imitated and gilded Marble? Do they not, to the discerning Eye, describe the Vigilance of her Faith; the Fervency of her Devotion; her Victory over the World; and the celestial Diadem, which the LORD, the righteous Judge, shall give her at that Day*?

How happy the Husband, in such a Sharer of his Bed, and Partner of his Fortunes! Their Inclinations were nicely-turned *Unisons*, and all their Conversation was *Harmony*. How silken the Yoke to such a Pair, and what Blessings were twisted with such Bands! Every Joy was heightened, and every Care alleviated. Nothing seemed wanting to consummate their Bliss,

that solemn Admonition, delivered by the Prophet; *Cease Ye from Man, whose Breath is in his Nostrils; for wherein is HE to be accounted of?* Isa. ii. 22.

That no Reader, however inattentive, might mistake the Sense and Design of this Part of the *fourth* Line,

'Tis ALL *Thou art!*—

it is guarded above and beneath.—*Above*, is an expanded Book, that seems to be waved, with an Air of Triumph, over the Emblem of Death. Which we cannot but suppose to be the Volume of Inspiration, as it exhibits a Sort of *Abridgment* of its whole Contents, in those animated words; BE YE NOT SLOTHFUL, BUT FOLLOWERS OF THEM, WHO THROUGH FAITH AND PATIENCE INHERIT THE PROMISES, *Heb.* vi. 12.—*Beneath*, that every Part might be pregnant with Instruction, are those striking Reflections; worthy the Consideration of the *highest* Proficient in Knowledge and Piety, yet obvious to the Understanding of the most *untaught* Reader; LIFE, HOW SHORT! ETERNITY, HOW LONG!—May my Soul learn the forcible Purport of this short Lesson, in her contracted Span of Time; and all Eternity will not be too long, to rejoice in having learned it.

As the Doctor has ordered a little Copper Plate of the Monument to be engraven, for a few of his particular Acquaintance; He has indulged me in the Liberty of presenting my Readers with the Draught, at the End of this *Part of my Work; to which therefore I refer them, for a* farther *Illustration of the Description.*

* Tim. iv. 8.

but

but a hopeful Progeny, rising around them.—That they might see Themselves, multiplied in their Little ones; see their mingled Graces, transfused into their Offspring; and feel the Glow of their Affection *augmented*, by being *reflected* from their Children. "Grant "Us this Gift, said their united Prayers, and our Sa-"tisfactions are crowned: We request no more."

ALAS! how blind are Mortals to future Events! How unable to discern, what is really Good*! *Give me Children*, said *Rachael*, *or else I die* †. An Ardor of Impatience, altogether unbecoming; and as mistaken, as it was unbecoming. She dies, not by the *Disappointment*, but by the *Accomplishment*, of her Desire.—If Children are, to Parents, like a flowery Chaplet, whose Beauties blossom with Ornament, and whose Odours breathe Delight; Death, or some fell Misfortune, may find Means to entwine themselves with the lovely Wreath. Whenever our Souls are poured out, with passionate Importunity, after any inferior Acquisition: it may be truly said, in the Words of our Divine Master, *Ye know not what Ye ask*.—Does Providence with-hold the Thing that we long for? It denies in Mercy; and only with-holds the Occasion of our Misery, perhaps the Instrument of our Ruin. With a sickly Appetite, We often lothe what is wholesome, and hanker after our Bane. Where, *Imagination* dreams of unmingled Sweets; There, *Experience* frequently finds the Bitterness of Woe.

THEREFORE, may We covet immoderately, neither this nor that Form of earthly Felicity; but refer the Whole of our Condition, to the Choice of unerring

* *Nescia Mens Hominum Fati, Sortisque futuræ!*
Turno Tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum,
Intactum Pallanta; & cum Spolia ista Diemque
Oderit.— VIRG.

† Gen. xxx. 1.

Wisdom.

Wiſdom. May we learn to renounce our own Will; and be ready to make a Sacrifice of our warmeſt Wiſhes, whenever they run counter to the good Pleaſure of GOD. For, indeed, as to obey his Laws, is to be perfectly free; ſo, to *reſign* Ourſelves to his Diſpoſal, is to *eſtabliſh* our own Happineſs, and to be ſecure from Fear of Evil.'

HERE, a ſmall and plain Stone is placed upon the Ground. Purchaſed, one would imagine, from the little Fund, and formed by the Hand, of Frugality itſelf. Nothing coſtly: not one Decoration added: only a very ſhort Inſcription; and that ſo effaced, as to be ſcarcely intelligible.—Was the Depoſitary unfaithful to its Truſt? Or were the Letters worn, by the frequent Reſort of the ſurviving Family; to mourn over the Grave, of a moſt valuable and beloved Relative?—For I perceive, upon a cloſer Inſpection, that it covers the Remains of a Father. A *religious Father*; ſnatched from his growing Offspring, before they were ſettled in the World, or ſo much as their Principles fixed by a thorough Education.

THIS, ſure, is the moſt complicated Diſtreſs, that has hitherto come under our Conſideration. The *Solemnities* of ſuch a *dying Chamber*, are ſome of the moſt melting and melancholy Scenes imaginable.—There lies the affectionate Huſband; the indulgent Parent; the faithful Friend; and the generous Maſter. He lies in the laſt Extremities, and on the very Point of Diſſolution. Art has done its All. The raging Diſeaſe mocks the Power of Medicine. It haſtens, with reſiſtleſs Impetuoſity, to execute its dreadful Errand; to rend aſunder the ſilver Cord of Life, and the more delicate Tie of ſocial Attachment, and conjugal Affection.

A *Servant* or two, from a revering Distance, cast many a wishful Look, and condole their honoured Master in the Language of Sighs. The condescending Mildness of his Commands, was wont to produce an Alacrity of Obedience, and render their Service a Pleasure. The Remembrance of both imbitters their Grief, and makes it trickle plentifully down their honest Cheeks.—His *Friends*, who have so often shared his Joys, and gladdened his Mind, with their enlivening Converse, now are miserable Comforters. A sympathizing and mournful Pity, is all the Relief, they are able to contribute: unless it be augmented by their silent Prayers for the Divine Succour, and a Word of Consolation suggested from the Scriptures *.—Those poor Innocents, the *Children*, croud around the Bed; drowned in Tears, and almost frantic with Grief, they sob out their little Souls, and passionately cry; "Will "He leave us? Leave Us, in a helpless Condition! "Leave Us, to an injurious World!"

THESE separate Streams are all united in the distressed *Spouse*, and overwhelm her Breast with an impetuous Tide of Sorrow. In her, the Lover weeps; the Wife mourns; and all the Mother yearns. To Her, the Loss is beyond Measure aggravated, by Months and Years of delightful Society, and exalted Friendship.—Where, alas! can She meet with such unsuspected Fidelity, or repose such unreserved Confidence? Where find so discreet a Counsellor; so improving an

* Texts of Scripture, proper for such an Occasion; containing Promises—of Support under Affliction, *Lam.* iii. 32. *Heb.* xii. 6. 2 *Cor.* iv. 17.—of Pardon, *Isai.* liii. 5. *Isai.* i. 18. 1 *John* ii. 1, 2. *Acts* x. 43.—of Justification, *Rom.* v. 9. *Rom.* viii. 33, 34. 2 *Cor.* v. 21.—of Victory over Death, *Psal.* xxiii. 4. *Psal.* lxxiii. 26. 1 *Cor.* xv. 56, 57.—of a happy Resurrection, *John* vi. 40. 2 *Cor.* v. 1. *Rev.* vii. 16, 17.

Example;

Example; and a Guardian so sedulously attentive, to the Interests of herself, and her children?—See! how she hangs over the languishing Bed; most tenderly solicitous to prolong a Life, important and desirable far beyond her own. Or, if that be impracticable, no less tenderly officious to sooth the last Agonies of her *dearer Self!*—Her Hands, trembling under direful Apprehensions, wipe the cold Dews from the livid Cheeks; and sometimes stay the sinking Head on her gentle Arms, sometimes rest it on her compassionate Bosom. —See! how she gazes, with a speechless Ardor, on the pale Countenance, and meagre Features. Speechless her Tongue; but She looks unutterable Things. While all her soft Passions throb with unavailing Fondness, and her very Soul bleeds with exquisite Anguish.

The *Sufferer*, all patient and adoring, submits to the divine Will; and, by Submission, becomes superior to his Affliction. He is sensibly touched with the disconsolate State of his Attendants; and pierced with an anxious Concern, for his Wife and his Children. His Wife, who will soon be a *destitute Widow*; his Children, who will soon be *helpless Orphans*. "Yet though "cast down, not in despair." He is greatly refreshed, by his Trust in the everlasting Covenant, and his Hope of approaching Glory. Religion gives a Dignity to Distress. At each Interval of Ease, he comforts his very Comforters; and suffers with all the Majesty of Woe.

The Soul, just going to abandon the tottering Clay, collects all her Force, and exerts her *last* Efforts. The good Man raises himself on his Pillow; extends a kind Hand to his Servants, which is bathed in Tears; takes an affecting Farewel of his Friends; clasps his Wife in a feeble Embrace; kisses the dear Pledges of their mu-

tual

tual Love; and then pours all that remains of Life and of Strength, in the following Words;—" I die, *my* " dear *Children:* but God, the everlasting God, will " be with You.—Though You lose an earthly Parent; " You have a Father in Heaven, who lives for ever- " more.—Nothing, nothing but an unbelieving Heart, " and irreligious Life, can ever separate You, from the " Regards of his Providence—from the Endearments " of his Love."

He could proceed no farther. His Heart was full; but Utterance failed.—After a short Pause, with Difficulty, great Difficulty, he added;—" You, the dear " *Partner* of my Soul, You are now the only Protector " of our Orphans.—I leave you under a Weight of " Cares.—But God, who defendeth the Cause of the " Widow—God, whose Promise is Faithfulness and " Truth—God hath said, *I will never leave Thee, nor* " *forsake Thee* *.—This revives my drooping Spirits— " Let this support the Wife of my Bosom—And now, " O Father of Compassion, into thy Hands I com- " mend my Spirit—encouraged by thy promised Good- " ness, *I leave my fatherless*"—

Here, He fainted; fell back upon the Bed; and lay, for some Minutes, bereft of his Senses. As a *Taper*, upon the very Point of Extinction, is sometimes suddenly rekindled, and Leaps into a quivering Flame: So *Life*, before it totally expired, gave a parting Struggle, and once more looked Abroad from the opening Eye-lids.—He would fain have spoke; fain have uttered the Sentence, he began. More than once he assayed: but the Organs of Speech, were become like a broken Vessel; and nothing but the obstructing Phlegm, rattled

* Heb. xiii. 5.

in

in his Throat. His *Aspect*, however, *spoke* Affection inexpressible. With all the Father, all the Husband still living in his Looks; he takes one more View of those *dear Children*, whom he had often beheld with a parental Triumph. He turns his dying Eyes on that *beloved Woman*, whom he never beheld but with a Glow of Delight. Fixed in this Posture, amidst Smiles of Love, and under a Gleam of Heaven, they shine out their last.

Upon this, the silent Sorrow bursts into loud Laments. They weep, and refuse to be comforted. Till some Length of Time, had given Vent to the Excess of Passion; and the Consolations of Religion, had stanched their bleeding Woes. Then, the afflicted Family search for the Sentence, which fell *unfinished* from those loved, those venerable, and pious Lips. They find it recorded by the Prophet *Jeremiah*, containing the Direction of infinite Wisdom, and the Promise of unbounded Goodness; *Leave thy fatherless Children; I will preserve them alive; and let thy Widows trust in me* *. This, now, is the Comfort of their Life, and the Joy of their Heart. They treasure it up, in their Memories. It is the best of *Legacies*, and an *inexhaustible* Fund. A Fund, which will supply all their Wants, by entailing the Blessing of Heaven, on all their honest Labours.—They are Rich; they are Happy; in this sacred Pledge of the Divine Favour. They fear no Evil; they want no Good; because God is their Portion, and their Guardian God.

No sooner turned from one *Memento* of my own, and Memorial of another's Decease, but a second, a third, a long Succession of these melancholy Monitors,

* Jerem. xlix. 11.

croud upon my Sight*.—That which has fixed my Obſervation, is one of a more *grave* and ſable *Aſpect* than the former. I ſuppoſe, it preſerves the Relics of a more aged Perſon. One would conjecture, that he made ſomewhat of a Figure, in his Station among the Living; as his Monument does, among the Funeral Marbles. Let me draw near, and inquire of the Stone; "*Who*, or *what*, is beneath its Surface?"—I am informed, He was once the Owner of a conſiderable Eſtate; which was much improved, by his own Application and Management: That, he left the World in the buſy Period of Life; advanced a little beyond the Meridian.

PROBABLY, replied my muſing Mind, one of thoſe *indefatigable Drudges*, who riſe early; late take Reſt; and eat the Bread of Carefulneſs; not to ſecure the Loving-kindneſs of the LORD: not to make Proviſion for any reaſonable Neceſſity: but only to *amaſs* together ten Thouſand Times more, than they can poſſibly *uſe*. —Did he not lay Schemes for enlarging his Fortune, and aggrandizing his Family? Did he not purpoſe to join Field to Field, and add Houſe to Houſe; till his Poſſeſſions were almoſt as vaſt, as his Deſires? That, then, he would † ſit down, and enjoy what he had acquired; breathe a while from his toilſome Purſuit of Things temporal, and, perhaps, think a little of Things eternal.

BUT ſee the Folly of *worldly Wiſdom!* How ſilly, how childiſh, is the Sagacity of (what is called) manly

* —— *Plurima Mortis Imago.* VIRG.

† ———— *Hac mente laborem*
Seſe ferre, ſenes ut in otia tuta recedant,
Aiunt, cum ſibi ſint congeſta cibaria.—— HOR.

and masterly Prudence; when it contrives more solicitously for TIME, than it provides for ETERNITY! How strangely infatuated are those subtil Heads; which weary themselves, in concerting Measures for *Phantoms* of a *Day*; and scarce bestow a Thought, on *everlasting Realities!*—When every Wheel moves on smoothly; when all the well-disposed Designs are ripening apace for Execution; and the long expected Crisis of Enjoyment seems to approach; behold! God from on high laughs at the *Babel-builder*. Death touches the Bubble; and it breaks; it drops into nothing. The Cobweb, most finely spun indeed, but more easily dislodged, is swept away in an Instant; and all the abortive Projects are buried, in the same Grave with their Projector. So true is that Verdict, which the Wisdom from above passes, on these *successful Unfortunates*: "They walk in a vain Shadow, and disquiet them-" selves in vain *."

Speak, ye that attended such a one in his last Minutes; ye that heard his *expiring Sentiments*; did he not cry out, in the Language of disappointed Sensuality— "O Death! how terrible is thy Approach, to a Man " immersed in secular Cares, and void of all Concern " for the never-ending *Hereafter!* Where, alas! is " the Profit, where the Comfort, of entering deep into the " Knowledge, and of being dexterous in the Dispatch, of " earthly Affairs; since I have, all the while, neglected " *the One Thing needful!* Destructive Mistake! I " have been attentive to every inferior Interest; I " have laid myself out on the Trifles of a Moment; " but have disregarded *Heaven*; have forgot " *eternal Ages!* O! that my Days"—Here He was

* Psal. xxxix. 6.

 going

going on to breathe ſome fruitleſs Wiſhes; or to form, I know not what, ineffectual Reſolutions. But a ſudden Convulſion ſhook his Nerves; diſabled his Tongue; and, in leſs than an Hour, diſſolved his Frame.

MAY the Children of this World be warned, by the dying Words of an unhappy Brother; and gather Advantage, from his Misfortune.—Why ſhould they pant, with ſuch impatient Ardor, after *white* and *yellow* Earth; as if the Univerſe did not afford ſufficient, for every one to take a little? Why ſhould they *lade* themſelves with thick Clay; when they are to "*run* for an incorruptible Crown, and preſs towards the Prize of their high Calling?" Why ſhould they overload the Veſſel, in which their everlaſting ALL is embarked; or fill their Arms with *Superfluities*, when they are to ſwim for their *Lives?*—Yet, ſo prepoſterous is the Conduct of thoſe Perſons, who are *all Induſtry*, to heap up an Abundance of the Wealth which periſheth; but are ſcarce ſo much as *faintly deſirous*, of being rich towards GOD.

O! THAT we may walk, through all theſe glittering Toys, at leaſt with a wiſe Indifference, if not with a ſuperior Diſdain! Having enough for the Conveniencies of Life, let us only *accommodate* ourſelves with Things below, and lay up our *Treaſures* in the Regions above.—Whereas, if we indulge an anxious Concern, or laviſh an inordinate Care, on any tranſitory Poſſeſſions; we ſhall rivet them to our Affections with ſo firm an Union, that the utmoſt Severity of Pain muſt attend the ſeparating Stroke. By ſuch an eager Attachment, to what will certainly be raviſhed from us; we ſhall only inſure to ourſelves *accumulated Anguiſh*, againſt

against the agonizing Hour. We ſhall plant, aforehand, our dying Pillow with Thorns *.

Some, I perceive, arrived at Threeſcore Years and Ten, before they made their Exit; nay, ſome few reſigned not their Breath, till they had numbered Fourſcore revolving Harveſts. Theſe, I would hope, "remembered their Creator in the Days of their "Youth;" before their Strength became Labour and Sorrow:—Before that low Ebb of languiſhing Nature, when *the Keepers of the Houſe tremble, and thoſe that look out of the Windows are darkened* †: when even the Lighting down of *the Graſshopper, is a Burden* on the bending Shoulders; *and Deſire* itſelf *fails* in the liſtleſs, lethargic Soul:—Before thoſe heavy Hours come, and thoſe tireſome Moments draw nigh; in which, there is too much Reaſon to ſay, "*We have no Pleaſure in* "*them*; no Improvement from them."

If their Lamps were unfurniſhed with Oil; how unfit muſt they be, in ſuch decrepid Circumſtances, to go to the Market, and buy ‡! For, beſides a Variety of Diſorders, ariſing from the enfeebled Conſtitution; their Corruptions muſt be ſurprizingly ſtrengthened,

* Lean not on Earth; 'twill pierce thee to the Heart;
A broken Reed at beſt, but oft a Spear:
On its ſharp Point Peace bleeds, and Hope expires.
Night Thoughts, N° III.

† *Eccleſ.* xii. 3, 5. I need not remind my Reader, that, by the former of theſe figurative Expreſſions, is ſignified the *enervated* State of the *Hands* and *Arms*; by the latter, the *Dimneſs* of the Eyes, or the total *Loſs* of *Sight*: that, taken in Connexion with other Parts of the Chapter, they exhibit, in a Series of bold and lively Metaphors, a Deſcription of the *various Infirmities* attendant on Old Age.

‡ Matt. xxv. 9.

by ſuch a long Courſe of Irreligion. *Evil Habits* muſt have ſtruck the deepeſt Root; muſt have twiſted themſelves with every Fibre of the Heart; and be as thoroughly ingrained in the Diſpoſition, as the Soot in the *Ethiopian*'s Complexion, or the Spots in the Leopard's Skin. If ſuch a One, under ſuch Diſadvantages, ſurmounts all the Difficulties, which lie in his Way to Glory; it muſt be a great and mighty Salvation indeed. If ſuch a One eſcapes Deſtruction, and is ſaved at the laſt, it muſt, without all peradventure, be —*ſo as by Fire* *.

THIS is the Seaſon, which ſtands in need of *Comfort*; and is very improper, to enter upon the *Conflict*. The Huſbandman ſhould now be putting in his Sickle, or eating the Fruit of his Labours; not beginning to break up the Ground, or ſcatter the Seed.—Nothing, 'tis true, is impoſſible with GOD: He ſaid, *Let there be Light, and there was Light:* Inſtantaneous Light, diffuſed, as quick as thought, through all the diſmal Dominion of primeval Darkneſs. At his Command, a Leproſy of the longeſt Continuance, and of the utmoſt Inveteracy, departs in a Moment. He can, in the Greatneſs of his Strength, quicken the Wretch, who has lain dead in Treſpaſſes and Sins, not Four Days only, but Fourſcore Years.—Yet truſt not, O truſt not, a Point of ſuch *inexpreſſible* Importance, to ſo dreadful an *Uncertainty*. GOD may ſuſpend his Power; may withdraw his Help; may ſwear in his Wrath, that ſuch Abuſes of his Long-ſuffering ſhall "never enter into his Reſt."

YE therefore, that are *vigorous* in Health, and *blooming* in Years, improve the precious Opportunity. Im-

* 1 Cor. iii. 15.

prove

prove your golden Hours, to the nobleſt of all Purpoſes: ſuch as may render You meet, for the Inheritance of Saints in Light; and aſcertain your Title, to a State of immortal Youth, to a Crown of eternal Glory *. —Stand not, all the Prime of your Day, idle: trifle no longer with the Offers of this immenſe Felicity, but make Haſte, and delay not the Time, to keep God's Commandments. While you are loitering in a *gay Inſenſibility*, Death may be bending his Bow, and marking you out for ſpeedy Victims.—Not long ago, I happened to 'ſpy a thoughtleſs *Jay*. The poor Bird was idly buſied, in dreſſing his pretty Plumes; or hopping careleſly, from Spray to Spray. A Sportſman, coming by, obſerves the feathered Rover. Immediately he lifts the Tube, and levels his Blow. Swifter than Whirlwind, flies the leaden Death; and, in a Moment, lays the ſilly Creature, breathleſs on the Ground.—Such, *ſuch* may be the Fate of the Man, who has a fair Occaſion of obtaining Grace To-day; and wantonly poſtpones the Improvement of it, till To-morrow. He may be cut off, in the Midſt of his Folly; and ruined *for ever*, while he is dreaming of being *wiſe hereafter*.

* May I be permitted to recommend, as a Treaſure of ineſtimable Value, and a Treatiſe particularly appoſite to my Subject, DR. LUCAS's INQUIRY AFTER HAPPINESS? That Part eſpecially, which diſplays the Method, and enumerates the Advantages, of *Improving Life, or living much in a little Time*. Chap. III. p. 158. of the 6th Edit.—An *Author*; in whom the Gentleman, the Scholar, and the Chriſtian, are moſt happily united. A *Performance*; which, in Point of ſolid Argument, unaffected Piety, and a Vein of Thought amazingly fertile, has, perhaps, no Superior.—Nor can I wiſh my Reader a more refined Pleaſure, or a more ſubſtantial Happineſs, than that of having the Sentiments of this entertaining and pathetic Writer, wove into the very Texture of his Heart.

Some, no doubt, came to this their last Retreat, *full of Piety*, and *full of Days*; "as a Shock of Corn, "ripe with Age, and laden with Plenty, cometh in, "in his Season *."—These were Children of Light, and *wise* in their Generation. Wise with that exalted Wisdom, which cometh from above; and with that enduring Wisdom, which lasts to Eternity.—*Rich* also they were, more honourably and permanently rich, than all the Votaries of Mammon. The Wealth of the *One* has made itself Wings, and is irrecoverably gone. While the wretched Acquirers are transmitted, to that Place of Penury and Pain; where, not so much as one Drop of Water is allowed, to cool their scorched Tongues. The Stores of the *Other* still abide with them; will never depart from them; but make them glad, for Ever and Ever, in the City of their God. Their Treasures were such, as no created Power could *take away*; such as none but infinite Beneficence can *bestow*; and (comfortable to consider!) such as I, and every indigent longing Sinner, may *obtain*; Treasures of heavenly Knowledge, and saving Faith; Treasures of atoning Blood, and imputed Righteousness.

Here † lie their Bodies in "peaceable Habitations, "and quiet Resting-places." Here, they have thrown off

* Job. v. 26.

† Some, I know, are offended at our burying Corpses within the Church, and exclaim against it, as a very great *Impropriety and Indecency*. But this, I presume, proceeds from an excessive and mistaken Delicacy. If proper Care be taken to secure from Injury, the *Foundations* of the *Building*; and to prevent the Exhalation of any *noxious Effluvia*, from the putrefying Flesh; I cannot discover any Inconveniencies, attending this Practice.

The Notion, that noisome Carcasses (as they are called) are very unbecoming a Place consecrated to religious Purposes, seems

off every *Burden*, and are escaped from every *Snare*. The Head aches no more; the Eye forgets to weep; the Flesh is no longer racked with acute, nor wasted with lingering Distempers. Here, they receive a final Release from Pain, and an everlasting Discharge from Sorrow. Here, Danger never threatens them, with her terrifying Alarms; but *Tranquility* softens their Couch, and *Safety* guards their Repose.—Rest then, ye precious Relics, within this hospitable Gloom. Rest in

to be derived from the *antiquated Jewish* Canon. Whereby it was declared, that a dead Body imparted Defilement to the Person, who touched it; and polluted the Spot, where it was lodged. On which Account, the Jews were scrupulously careful, to have their Sepulchres built at a Distance from their Houses; and made it a Point of Conscience, not to suffer Burial Places to subsist in the City. But, as this was a Rite merely *ceremonial*; it seems to be intirely superseded by the *Christian* Dispensation.

I cannot forbear thinking, that, under the Christian Oeconomy, there is a Propriety and Usefulness in the Custom. – *Usefulness*, because it must render our solemn Assemblies more venerable and awful. For, when we walk over the Dust of our Friends, or kneel upon the Ashes of our Relations, this awakening Circumstance must strike a lively Impression of our own Mortality. And what Consideration can be more effectual, to make us serious and attentive in Hearing, earnest and importunate in Praying?

As for the *Propriety* of the Usage, it seems perfectly suitable to the Design of those sacred Edifices. They are set apart for GOD; not only to receive his Worshipers, but to preserve the Furniture for holy Ministrations, and what is, in a peculiar Manner, appropriated to the Divine Majesty. Are not the Bodies of the Saints the Almighty's Property? Were they not once the Objects of his *tender Love*? Are they not still the Subjects of his *special Care*? Has he not given Commandment concerning the Bones of his Elect; and charged the Ocean, and enjoined the Grave, to keep them until *that Day*? When Rocks bright with Gems, or Mountains rich with Mines, are abandoned to the devouring Flames; will not *these* be rescued from the fiery Ruin? Will not *these* be translated

in gentle Slumbers, till the last Trumpet shall give the welcome Signal; and sound aloud, through all your silent Mansions, "Arise! shine; for your Light is "come, and the Glory of the Lord is risen upon "You †."

To these, how *calm* was the *Evening* of Life! In what a smiling Serenity, did their Sun go down! When their Flesh and their Heart failed, how reviving was the Remembrance of an all-sufficient Redeemer; once dying for *their* Sins, now risen again for *their* Justifica-

translated into JEHOVAH's Kingdom, and, conjointly with the Soul, made "his Jewels;" made "his peculiar Treasure;" made to shine as the Brightness of the Firmament, and as the Stars for Ever and Ever?

Is not CHRIST, *the LORD of our Bodies?* Are they not bought with a Price? Bought, not with corruptible Things, Silver and Gold, but with his divinely precious Blood. And, if the blessed JESUS obtained the Redemption of our Bodies, at so infinitely dear a Rate; can it enter into our Hearts to conceive, that he should dislike to have them reposited under his own Habitation? —O certainly; Are not the Bodies of the Faithful, *Temples of the Holy Ghost?* And is there not, upon this Supposition, an apparent *Propriety*, rather than the least *Absurdity*, in remitting these Temples of Flesh to the Temples made with Hands? They are Vessels of Honour; Instruments of Righteousness; and, even when broken by Death, like the Fragments of a golden Bowl, are valuable; are worthy to be laid up in the safest, most honourable Repositories.

Upon the Whole, since the LORD JESUS has purchased them, at the Expence of his Blood; and the blessed Spirit has honoured them, with his indwelling Presence; since they are right dear in the Sight of the adorable Trinity, and undoubted Heirs of a glorious Immortality: Why should it be thought a Thing improper, to admit them to a transient Rest, in their Heavenly Father's House? Why may they not lie down and sleep, in the *outer Courts*; since they are soon to be introduced, into the *inmost Mansions* of everlasting Honour and Joy?

† Isa. lx. 1.

tion!

tion! How chearing the well-grounded Hope of Pardon for their Tranſgreſſions, and Peace with GOD, through JESUS CHRIST our LORD! How did this *aſſwage* the Agonies, and *ſweeten* the Bitterneſs of Death?—Where now is Wealth, with all her golden Mountains? Where is Honour, with her proud Trophies of Renown? Where are all the vain Pomps of a deluded World? Can they inſpire *ſuch* Comfort, can they adminiſter *any* Support in this laſt Extremity? Can *they* compoſe the affrighted Thoughts; or buoy up the departing Soul, amidſt all the Pangs of Diſſolution? —The Followers of the Lamb ſeem pleaſed and triumphant, even at their laſt Gaſp. "GOD's everlaſt-"ing Arms are underneath *" their fainting Heads. His Spirit whiſpers Peace and Conſolation to their Conſciences. In the Strength of theſe heavenly Succours, they quit the Field, not *Captives*, but *Conquerors*; with "Hopes full of Immortality."

AND now they are gone.—The Struggles of reluctant Nature are over. The Body ſleeps in Death: the Soul launches into the inviſible State.—But, who can imagine the delightful Surpriſe, when they find themſelves ſurrounded by *guardian Angels* inſtead of *weeping Friends*? How ſecurely do they wing their Way, and paſs through unknown Worlds, under the Conduct of thoſe celeſtial Guides!—The Vale of Tears is quite loſt. Farewel, for Ever, the Realms of Woe, and Range of malignant Beings! They arrive on the *Frontiers* of inexpreſſible *Felicity*. They "are come to "the City of the Living GOD:" while a Voice, ſweeter than Muſic in her ſofteſt Strains; ſweet as the Harmony of hymning Seraphim; congratulates their Arrival, and beſpeaks their Admiſſion: *Lift up your*

* Deut. xxxiii. 27.

Heads,

Heads, O ye Gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting Doors; that the Heirs of Glory may enter in.

HERE, then, let us leave the Spirits and Souls of the Righteous; escaped from an entangling *Wilderness*, and received into a *Paradise* of Delights! Escaped from the Territories of Disquietude, and settled in Regions of unmolested Security! Here, they sit down with *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob*, in the Kingdom of their Father. Here, they mingle with an innumerable Company of Angels, and rejoice around the Throne of the Lamb: rejoice in the *Fruition* of *present* Felicity, and in the *assured Expectation* of an inconceivable Addition to their Bliss; when *GOD shall call the Heavens from above, and the Earth, that he may judge his People* *.

FOOLS *accounted their Life Madness, and their End to be without Honour: but, they are numbered among the Children of GOD; and their Lot*, their distinguished and eternal Lot, *is among the Saints* †! However, therefore, an undiscerning World may *despise*, and a profane World *vilify*, the truly Religious; be this the supreme, the invariable Desire of my Heart! "Let me "live the Life, and die the Death, of the Righteous. "Oh! let my latter End, and future State, be like "theirs!"

* *Seneca*'s Reflections upon the State of holy Souls, delivered from the Burden of the Flesh, are sparkling and fine; yet very *indistinct* and *empty*, compared with the Particulars mentioned above, and with many others, that might be collected from Scripture. *In hoc tam procelloso, & in omnes Tempestates exposito navigantibus Mari, nullus Portus, nisi Mortis est. Ne itaque invideris Fratri tuo; quiescit. Tandem liber, tandem tutus, tandem æternus est. Fruitur nunc aperto & libero Cœlo; ex humili & depresso, in eum emicuit Locum, qui solutas Vinculis Animas beato recipit Sinu; & nunc omnia Rerum Naturâ Bona cum summa Voluptate percipit.* SEN. ad Polyb.

† Wisdom v. 4, 5.

WHAT

WHAT Figure is That, which ſtrikes my Eye, from an eminent Part of the Wall? It is not only placed in a more *elevated Situation*, than the reſt; but carries a more ſplendid and *ſumptuous Air*, than ordinary. Swords and Spears; murdering Engines, and Inſtruments of Slaughter; adorn the Stone with a formidable Magnificence.—it proves to be the Monument of a noble Warrior.

Is ſuch Reſpect, thought I, paid to the Memory of this brave Soldier, for ſacrificing his Life to the *public Good?*—Then, what Honours, what immortal Honours, are due to the great Captain of our Salvation? Who, though Lord of the Angelic Legions; and ſupreme Commander of all the heavenly Hoſts; willingly offered himſelf a *bleeding* Propitiation for *Sinners!*

THE One died, being *a Mortal*; and only yielded up a Life, which was long before forfeited to Divine Juſtice; which muſt ſoon have been ſurrendered as a Debt to Nature, if it had not fallen as a Prey to War. —But CHRIST took Fleſh, and gave up the Ghoſt, though he was the great I AM; the Fountain of Exiſtence; who calls Happineſs and Immortality all his own. He, who thought it no Robbery to be *Equal with God*; He, whoſe Outgoings were *from Everlaſting*; even He, was made in the Likeneſs of Man, and cut off out of the Land of the Living. Wonder, O Heavens! Be aſtoniſhed, O Earth! HE died the Death, of whom it is witneſſed, that He is "the true "GOD, and eternal Life *."

* 1 John v. 20.

THE One *exposed* Himself to Peril, in the Service of his *Sovereign* and his *Country*; which, though it was glorious to do, yet would have been ignominious, in such Circumstances, to have declined.—But CHRIST took the Field, though he was the *blessed* and *only Potentate*; the KING of Kings, and LORD of Lords. CHRIST took the Field, though He was *sure* to *drop* in the Engagement; and put on the Harness, though He knew beforehand, that it must reek with his Blood. That Prince of Heaven resigned his Royal Person, not barely to the Hazard, but to the inevitable Stroke; to Death, certain in its Approach, and armed with all its Horrors.—And for *whom?* Not for those who were in any Degree deserving; but for his own *disobedient Creatures*; for the Pardon of condemned Malefactors; for a Band of Rebels, a Race of Traitors, the most obnoxious and inexcusable of all Criminals. Whom he might have left to perish in their Iniquities, without the least Impeachment of his Goodness, and to the Display of his avenging Justice.

THE One, 'tis probable, died *expeditiously*; was suddenly wounded, and soon slain. A Bullet, lodged in his Heart; a Sword, sheathed in his Breast; or a Battle-ax, cleaving the Brain; might put a speedy End to his Misery; dispatch him "as in a Moment." —Whereas, the divine Redeemer expired in tedious and protracted Torments. His Pangs were as *lingering*, as they were *exquisite*. Even in the Prelude to his last Suffering, what a Load of Sorrows overwhelmed his sacred Humanity! Till the intolerable Pressure wrung Blood, instead of Sweat, from every Pore: till the crimson Flood stained all his Raiment, and tinged the very Stones.—But, when the last Scene of the Tragedy commenced; when the Executioner's Hammer, had nailed him to the Cross; O! how many

dismal Hours, did that illustrious Sufferer hang; a Spectacle of Woe to GOD, to Angels, and to Men! His Temples mangled with the thorny Crown! his Hands and Feet cleft with the rugged Irons! his whole Body covered with Wounds and Bruises! and his Soul, his *very* Soul, pierced with Pangs of unutterable Distress!

SO long he hung, that Nature, through all her Dominions, was thrown into sympathizing Commotions. The *Earth* could no longer sustain such barbarous Indignities, without Trembling; nor the *Sun* behold them, without Horror. Nay, so long did he hang in this Extremity of Agony and Torture, that the Alarm reached even the remote *Regions* of the Dead.—Never, O my Soul, never forget the amazing Truth. The Lamb of GOD was seized; was bound; was slaughtered with the utmost Inhumanity; and endured Death, in all its Bitterness, for thee. His Murderers, studiously cruel, so guided the fatal Cup; that he tasted *every Drop* of its Gall, before he drank it off to the *very Dregs*.

ONCE again; The Warrior died like a *Hero*, and fell gallantly in the Field of Battle.—But, died not CHRIST *as a Fool dieth**? Not on the Bed of Honour, with Scars of Glory in his Breast; but, like some execrable Miscreant, on a *Gibbet*; with Lashes of the vile Scourge on his Back. Yes, the blessed JESUS bowed his expiring Head on the accursed Tree; suspended between Heaven and Earth, as an Outcast from Both, and unworthy of Either.

* 2 *Sam.* iii. 33. Of this Indignity our LORD complains; *Are ye come out as against a Thief?* Matt. xxvi. 55.

WHAT

WHAT ſuitable Returns of inflamed and adoring Devotion, can we make to the Holy One of GOD; thus dying, that we might live? Dying in Ignominy and Anguiſh; that we might live for ever in the Heights of Joy, and ſit for ever on Thrones of Glory. —Alas! it is not in *us*, impotent, inſenſible Mortals, to be duly thankful. *He* only, who confers ſuch inconceivably rich Favours, can enkindle a proper Warmth of grateful Affection. Then build thyſelf a *Monument*, moſt gracious IMMANUEL, build thyſelf an everlaſting Monument of *Gratitude* in our Souls. Inſcribe the Memory of thy matchleſs Beneficence, not with Ink and Pen; but with that precious *Blood*, which guſhed from thy wounded Veins. Engrave it, not with the Hammer and Chizel; but with that ſharpened *Spear*, which pierced thy ſacred Side. Let it ſtand conſpicuous and indelible, not on outward Tables of Stone; but on the very inmoſt *Tables* of our *Hearts*.

ONE Thing more let me obſerve, before I bid Adieu to this intombed Warrior, and his garniſhed Sepulchre. How mean are theſe oſtentatious Methods, of *bribing* the *Vote* of Fame, and purchaſing a little poſthumous Renown! What a poor Subſtitute for a Set of memorable Actions, is poliſhed Alabaſter, or the Mimicry of ſculptured Marble! The real Excellency of this * bleeding Patriot, is written on the Minds

* Sir *Bevil Granville*, ſlain in the Civil Wars, at an Engagement with the Rebels—It may poſſibly be ſome Entertainment to the Reader, if I ſubjoin Sir *Bevil*'s Character; as it is drawn by that celebrated Pen, which wrote the Hiſtory of thoſe calamitous Times.—" That which would have clouded any Victory, *ſays the*, " *noble Hiſtorian*, and made the Loſs of others leſs ſpoken of, was " the Death of Sir *Bevil Granville*. He was indeed an excellent " Perſon,

Minds of his Countrymen. It would be remembered with Applause, so long as the Nation subsists, without this artificial Expedient to perpetuate it.—And such, such is the Monument, I would wish for myself. Let me leave a Memorial, in the Breasts of my Fellow-Creatures. Let surviving Friends bear Witness; that I have not lived to myself alone, nor been altogether unserviceable in my Generation. O! let an uninterrupted Series of beneficent Offices, be the *Inscription*; and the best Interests of my Acquaintance, the *Plate* that exhibits it.

Let the *Poor*, as they pass by my Grave, point at the little Spot, and thankfully acknowledge—"There "lies the Man, whose unwearied Kindness was the "constant Relief of my various Distresses; who tenderly visited my languishing Bed, and readily supplied my indigent Circumstances. How often were "his Counsels, a Guide to my perplexed Thoughts, "and a Cordial to my dejected Spirits! 'Tis owing to "God's Blessing, on his seasonable Charities, and "prudent Consolations; that I now live, and live in "Comfort."—Let a Person, once *ignorant* and *ungodly*, lift up his Eyes to Heaven, and say within himself, as he walks over my Bones; "Here are the last Remains "of that sincere Friend, who *watched for my Soul*. I "can never forget, with what heedless Gaiety, I was "posting on in the Paths of Perdition: and I tremble

"Person, whose Activity, Interest, and Reputation, were the "Foundation of what had been done in *Cornwall*: His Temper "and Affections so public, that no Accident which happened, "could make any Impression upon him: And his Example kept "others from taking any thing ill, or at least seeming to do so. "In a Word, a brighter Courage, and a gentler Disposition, were "never married together, to make the most chearful and innocent "Conversation." CLAR. *Hist. Reb.* Vol. II.

"to think, into what irretrievable Ruin I might quickly
"have been plunged; had not his faithful Admonitions ar-
"rested me in the wild Career. I was unacquainted
"with the Gospel of Peace, and had no Concern for
"its unsearchable Treasures; but now enlightened by
"his *instructive Conversation*, I see the All-sufficiency
"of my Saviour; and, animated by his *repeated Ex-*
"*hortations*, I count all Things but Loss, that I may
"win CHRIST. Methinks, his Discourses, seasoned with
"Religion, and set Home by the divine Spirit, still
"tingle in my Ears; are still warm upon my Heart;
"and, I trust, will be more and more operative, till
"we meet each other in the House not made with
"Hands, eternal in the Heavens."

THE only *infallible* Way of immortalizing our Characters; a Way equally open to the meanest and most exalted Fortune; is, "To make our Calling and Election sure;" to gain some sweet Evidence, that our *Names are written in Heaven*. Then, however they may be disregarded or forgotten, among Men; they will not fail to be had in everlasting Remembrance, before the LORD.—This is, of all Distinctions, far the noblest. *Ambition*, be this thy Object, and every Page of Scripture will sanctify thy Passion; even Grace itself will fan thy Flame.—As to earthly Memorials, yet a little While, and they are all obliterated. The Tongue of those, whose Happiness we have zealously promoted, must soon be silent in the Coffin. Characters cut with a Pen of Iron, and committed to the solid Rock, will ere long cease to be legible*. But as many are inrolled "in the Lamb's Book of Life," He himself declares, shall never be blotted out from those Annals of Eternity†. When a Flight of Years has moul-

* — *Data sunt ipsis quoque Fata Sepulchris.* JUV.
† Rev. iii. 5.

dered the triumphal Column into Duſt: when the brazen Statue periſhes, under the corroding Hand of Time: *thoſe Honours* ſtill continue; ſtill are blooming and incorruptible, in the World of Glory.

MAKE the extended Skies your Tomb;
Let Stars record your Worth:
Yet know, vain Mortals, all muſt die,
As Nature's *feebleſt Birth.*

Would bounteous Heav'n indulge my Pray'r,
I frame a nobler Choice;
Nor, living, wiſh the pompous Pile;
Nor, dead, regret the Loſs.

In thy fair *Book of Life* divine,
My GOD, inſcribe my Name:
There let it fill ſome humble Place,
Beneath the ſlaughtered Lamb.

Thy Saints, while Ages roll away,
In endleſs Fame ſurvive;
Their Glories, o'er the Wrongs of Time
Greatly triumphant, live.

YONDER Entrance leads, I ſuppoſe, to the *Vault.* Let me turn aſide, and take one View of the Habitation, and its Tenants.—The ſullen *Door* grates upon its Hinges: Not uſed to receive many Viſitants, it admits me with Reluctance and Murmurs.—What meaneth this *ſudden Trepidation*; while I deſcend the Steps, and am viſiting the pale Nations of the Dead?—Be compoſed, my Spirits; there is nothing to fear, in theſe quiet Chambers. " Here, even the Wicked ceaſe " from troubling."

GOOD Heavens! what a ſolemn Scene!—How diſmal the *Gloom!* Here is perpetual Darkneſs, and Night even at Noon-day.—How doleful is *Solitude!*

Not one Trace of chearful Society; but Sorrow and Terror ſeem to have made This, their dreaded Abode —Hark! how the hollow Dome reſounds, at every Tread. The *Echoes*, that long have ſlept, are awakened; and lament, and ſigh, along the Walls.

A Beam, or two, finds its Way through the Grates; and reflects a feeble Glimmer, from the Nails of the *Coffins*. So many of thoſe ſad Spectacles, half concealed in Shades; half ſeen dimly by the baleful Twilight; add a deeper Horror to theſe gloomy Manſions.—I pore upon the Inſcriptions, and am juſt able to pick out; That theſe are the Remains of the Rich and Renowned. No vulgar Dead are depoſited here. The *Moſt Illuſtrious*, and *Right Honourable*, have claimed this for their laſt Retreat. And, indeed, they retain ſomewhat of a ſhadowy Pre-eminence. They lie, ranged in mournful Order, and in a Sort of ſilent Pomp, under the Arches of an ample Sepulchre: while meaner Corpſes, without much Ceremony, "go down "to the Stones of the Pit."

My Apprehenſions recover from their Surpriſe. I find, here are no Phantoms, but ſuch as Fear raiſes.— However, it ſtill amazes me, to obſerve the Wonders of this nether World. Theſe, who received vaſt Revenues, and called whole Lordſhips their own; are here reduced to Half a Dozen Feet of Earth, or confined in a few *Sheets of Lead*. Rooms of State, and ſumptuous Furniture, are reſigned; for no other Ornament than the Shroud, for no other Apartment than the darkſome *Niche*.—Where is the Star, that blazed upon the Breaſt; or Coronet, that glittered round the Temples? The only Remains of departed Dignity are, the Weather-beaten Hatchment, and the tattered Eſcutcheon. I ſee no ſplendid Retinue, ſurrounding this ſolitary Dwelling. The lordly Equipage hovers

hovers no longer about the lifeless Master. He has no other Attendant, than a dusty *Statue*; which, while the regardless World is as gay as ever, the Sculptor's Hand has taught to weep.

THOSE, who gloried in high-born Ancestors, and *noble Pedigree*; here, drop their lofty Pretensions. They acknowledge Kindred with creeping Things, and *quarter Arms* with the meanest Reptiles. *They say to Corruption, Thou art my Father; and to the Worm, Thou art my Mother and my Sister.*—Or, should they still assume the Stile of Distinction, ah! how impotent were the Claim! how apparent the Ostentation! Is it said by their Monument, HERE LIES THE GREAT? How easily is it replied by the Spectator!

——— *False Marble! Where?*
Nothing but poor and sordid Dust lies Here.

Mortifying Truth! Sufficient, one would think, to wean the most sanguine Appetite, from this transitory State of Things; from its sickly Satisfactions, its fading Glories, its vanishing Treasures.

For now, ye *lying Vanities* of Life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating Train!
Where are ye NOW? And what is your Amount?

WHAT is all the World, to these poor breathless Beings?—What are their *Pleasures*? A Bubble broke. —What their *Honours*? A Dream that is forgotten.— What the Sum-total of their *Enjoyments* below? Once, perhaps, it appeared to inexperienced and fond Desire, something considerable. But, now Death has measured it with his Line, and weighed it in his Scale, what is the Upshot? Alas! it is shorter than a Span; lighter than the dancing Spark; and driven away like the dissolving Smoke.

Indulge, my Soul, a serious Pause. Recollect all the *gay Things*, that were wont to dazzle thy Eyes, and inveigle thy Affections. Here, examine those Baits of Sense. Here, form an Estimate of their *real Value*. Suppose thyself first, among the Favourites of Fortune; who revel in the Lap of Pleasure; who shine in the Robes of Honour; and swim in Tides of inexhausted Riches. Yet, how soon would the passing Bell proclaim thy Exit! *And*, when once that Iron Call, has summoned thee to pay the Reckoning; where would all these Gratifications be? At that Period, how will all the Pageantry of the most affluent, splendid, or luxurious Circumstances, vanish into empty Air!— And is this a Happiness so passionately to be coveted?

I thank you, ye Relics of sounding Titles, and magnificent Names. Ye have taught me more of the Littleness of the World, than all the Volumes of my Library. Your Nobility arrayed in a Winding-sheet; your Splendour mouldering in an Urn; are the most indisputable Proofs, of the *Nothingness* of created Things. Never, surely, did Providence write this important Point, in such legible Characters; as in the Ashes of *My Lord*, or on the Corpse of *His Grace* *.— Let others, if they please, pay their obsequious Court to your wealthy Sons; and ignobly fawn, or anxiously sue, for Preferment. My Thoughts shall often resort, in pensive Contemplation, to the Sepulchres of their Sires; and learn, from their sleeping Dust—to *moderate* my Expectations from Mortals—to stand *disengaged* from every undue Attachment, to the little Interests of Time—to get above the delusive Amusements of Honour; the gaudy Tinsel of Wealth; and all the empty Shadows of a perishing World.

* ——— *Mors sola fatetur*
Quantula sint hominum Corpuscula.— Juv.

Hark!

HARK! what *Sound* is that!—In ſuch a Situation, every Noiſe alarms.—Solemn and ſlow, it breaks again upon the ſilent Air.—'Tis the Striking of the Clock.—Deſigned, one would imagine, to ratify all my ſerious Meditations. Methinks, it ſays *Amen*, and ſets a Seal, to every improving Hint. It tells me; That another Portion of my appointed Time, is elapſed. One calls it, "the Knell of my departed Hours." 'Tis the Watch-word to Vigilance and Activity. It cries in the Ear of Reaſon; "Redeem the Time. "Catch the favourable *Gales* of *Opportunity*: O! "catch them, while they breathe; before they are ir-"recoverably loſt. The Span of Life ſhortens con-"tinually. Thy Minutes are all upon the Wing, and "haſtening to be gone. Thou art a Borderer upon "Eternity; and making inceſſant Advances to the "State, thou art contemplating." May the Admonition ſink deep, into an attentive and obedient Mind! May it teach me that *Heavenly Arithmetic*, of "num-"bering my Days, and applying my Heart unto "Wiſdom!"

I HAVE often walked, beneath the impending Promontory's craggy Cliff; I have ſometimes trod the vaſt Spaces of the lonely Deſart; and penetrated the inmoſt Receſſes of the dreary Cavern: but never, never beheld Nature louring, with ſo *tremendous* a Form; never felt ſuch Impreſſions of *Awe*, ſtriking cold on my Heart; as under theſe black-browed Arches, amidſt theſe mouldy Walls, and ſurrounded by ſuch rueful Objects. Where Melancholy, deepeſt Melancholy, for ever ſpreads her Raven Wings.—Let me now emerge from the damp and dreadful Obſcurity.—Farewel, ye Seats of Deſolation, and Shades of Death! Gladly I reviſit the Realms of Day.

Having cast a *superficial* View, upon these Receptacles of the Dead; Curiosity prompts my Inquiry to a more *intimate* Survey. Could we draw back the Covering of the Tomb; could we discern, What those are now, who once were Mortals—O! how would it surprise, and grieve us! *Surprise* us, to behold the prodigious Transformation, which has taken place on every Individual; *grieve* us, to observe the Dishonour done to our Nature in general, within these subterraneous Lodgments!

Here, the sweet and winning *Aspect*, that wore perpetually an attractive Smile; grins horribly a naked, ghastly Skull.—The *Eye*, that outshone the Diamond's Brilliancy; and glanced its lovely Lightning, into the most guarded Heart: Alas! Where is it? Where shall we find the rolling Sparkler? How are all its sprightly Beams eclipsed! totally eclipsed!—The *Tongue*, that once commanded all the Power of Eloquence, in this strange Land has "forgot its Cunning." Where are now those Strains of Harmony, which ravished our Ears? Where is that Flow of Persuasion, which carried captive our Judgments? The great Master of Language and of Song, is become silent as the Night that surrounds him.—The pampered *Flesh*, so lately cloathed in Purple and fine Linen, how is it covered rudely with Clods of Clay! There was a Time, when the timorously nice Creature, would scarce "* adventure to set a Foot upon the Ground, for Delicateness and Tenderness;" but is now enwrapped in clammy Earth, and sleeps on no softer a Pillow than the ragged Gravel-stones.—Here, "the *strong Men* bow themselves." The nervous Arm is unstrung; the brawny Sinews are relaxed; the Limbs, not long ago the Seats

* Deut. xxviii. 56.

of

of Vigour and Activity, lie down motionless; and the Bones, which were as Bars of Iron, are crumbled into Dust.

HERE, the *Man* of *Business* forgets all his favourite Schemes, and discontinues the Pursuit of Gain. Here, is a total Stand to the Circulation of Merchandize, and the Hurry of Trade. In these solitary Recesses; as in the Building of *Solomon's* Temple; is heard no Sound of the Hammer and Ax. The Winding-sheet and the Coffin, are the utmost Bound of all earthly Devices. "Hitherto may they "go, but no farther."—Here, the *Sons* of *Pleasure* take a final Farewel, of their dear Delights. No more is the Sensualist anointed with Oil, or crowned with Rose-buds. He chants no more, to the Melody of the Viol; nor revels any longer at the Banquet of Wine. Instead of sumptuous Tables, and delicious Treats, the poor Voluptuary is Himself a Feast for fattened Insects; the Reptile riots in his Flesh; "the Worm feeds sweetly "on him *."—Here also, *Beauty* fails; bright Beauty drops her Lustre here. O! how her Roses fade, and her Lilies languish, in this bleak Soil! How does the grand Leveller pour Contempt, upon the Charmer of our Hearts! How turn to Deformity, what captivated the World before!

COULD the *Lover* have a Sight of his once inchanting Fair-one; what a startling Astonishment would seize him!—"Is This the Object, I not long ago so "passionately admired! I said, she was divinely fair; "and thought her, somewhat more than mortal. Her "Form, was Symmetry itself; every Elegance breathed "in her Air; and all the Graces waited on her Mo-"tions.—'Twas Music, when she spoke: but, when

* Job xxiv. 20.

she

" she spoke Encouragement, 'twas little less than Rap-
" ture. How my Heart danced, to those charming Ac-
" cents!—And can that, which, some Weeks ago, was
" to Admiration *lovely*, be now so insufferably *loathsome?*
" —Where are those blushing Cheeks? Where the
" coral Lips? Where that ivory Neck, on which the
" curling Jet, in such *glossy* Ringlets, flowed? With
" a thousand other Beauties of Person, and ten thou-
" sand Delicacies of Action *?—Amazing Alteration!
" Delusory Bliss!—Fondly I gazed upon the glittering
" *Meteor*. It shone brightly; and I mistook it for a *Star*,
" for a permanent and substantial Good. But how is it
" fallen! fallen from an Orb, not its own! And all
" that I can trace on Earth, is but a *putrid Clod*."

Lie, poor *Floretta!* lie deep, as thou dost, in obscure Darkness. Let Night, with her impenetrable Shades, always conceal Thee. May no prying Eye, be Witness to thy Disgrace: but let thy *surviving Sisters*, think upon thy State; when they contemplate, the Idol in the Glass. When the pleasing Image rises gracefully to View, surrounded with a World of Charms; and flushed with Joy, at the Consciousness of them all—Then, in those Minutes of Temptation and Danger, when Vanity uses to steal into the Thoughts—Then, let them remember, what a *Veil of Horror* is drawn over a Face; which was once beautiful and brilliant, as theirs. Such a seasonable Reflection, might regulate the Labours of the Toilet; and create a more earnest Solicitude, to polish the *Jewel*, than to varnish the *Casket*. It might then become their highest Ambition, to have the

* *Quo fugit Venus? Heu! Quove Color? decens*
Quo Motus? Quid habet illius, illius,
Quæ spirabat Amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi? HOR.

Mind

Mind decked with divine Virtues; and dressed after the amiable Pattern of their Redeemer's Holiness.

And would this prejudice their Persons, or depreciate their Charms?—Quite the Reverse! It would spread a sort of Heavenly Glory, over the finest *Set of Features*; and heighten the Loveliness of every other engaging Accomplishment.—What is yet a more inviting Consideration; these Flowers would not wither with Nature, nor be tarnished by Time; but would open continually into richer Beauties, and *flourish* even in the *Winter* of Age.—But, the most incomparable Recommendation of these noble Qualities, is; That, from their hallowed Relics, as from the fragrant Ashes of the *Phœnix*, will ere long arise an illustrious Form; bright, as the Wings of Angels; lasting, as the Light of the new *Jerusalem*.

For my Part; the Remembrance of this sad Revolution, shall make me *ashamed* to pay my Devotion, to a Shrine of perishing Flesh; and *afraid*, to expect all my Happiness, from so brittle a Joy. It shall teach me, not to think too highly of well-proportioned Clay; though formed in the most elegant Mould, and animated with the sweetest Soul. 'Tis Heaven's last, best, and crowning Gift;—to be received with *Gratitude*, and cherished with *Love*, as a most valuable Blessing; not worshipped, with the Incense of Flattery, and Strains of fulsome Adoration, as a Goddess.—It will cure, I trust, the *Dotage* of my *Eyes*: and incline me always to prefer the substantial "Ornaments, of a "meek and virtuous Spirit;" before the transient Decorations, of White and Red on the Skin.

Here,

HERE, I called in my roving Meditations, from their long Excursion on this tender Subject. Fancy listened a while, to the Soliloquy of a Lover. Now Judgment resumes the Reins, and guides my Thoughts to more near and self-interesting Inquiries.—However, upon a Review of the whole Scene; crowded with *Spectacles* of *Mortality*, and *Trophies* of *Death*; I could not forbear smiting my Breast, and fetching a Sigh, and lamenting over the noblest of all visible Beings, laid prostrate under the Feet of "the pale Horse, and his Rider *."—I could not forbear repeating that pathetic Exclamation; "*O! Thou † Adam, what hast thou done!*" What Desolation has thy Disobedience wrought in the Earth!—See the Malignity, the ruinous Malignity of *Sin!* Sin, has demolished so many stately Structures of Flesh: Sin, has made such Havock, among the most excellent Ranks of GOD's lower Creation: And Sin (that deadly Bane of our Nature) would have plunged our better Part, into the execrable Horrors of the nethermost Hell; had not our merciful Mediator interposed, and given Himself for our Ransom.—Therefore, what grateful Acknowledgments, does the whole World of *penitent* Sinners owe; what ardent Returns of Love, will a whole Heaven of *glorified* Believers pay; to such a Friend, Benefactor, and Deliverer!

MUSING upon these melancholy Objects, a faithful Remembrancer suggests from within—"Must this "sad Change succeed in *me* also? Am I to draw my "last Gasp; to become a breathless Corpse; and *be*, "what I *deplore* ‡? Is there a Time approaching, "when

* Rev. vi. 8. † 2 Esdr. vii. 41.

‡ I pass, with melancholy State,
By all these solemn Heaps of Fate;

6 And

" when this Body shall be carried out upon the Bier, and " consigned to its clay-cold Bed? While some kind " Acquaintance, perhaps, may drop one parting Tear; " and cry, Alas! my Brother!—Is the Time ap- " proaching?"—Nothing is more certain. A Decree, much surer than the Law of the *Medes* and *Persians*, has irrevocably determined the Doom.

SHOULD one of these ghastly Figures, burst from his Confinement; and start up, in frightful Deformity, before me—should the *haggard Skeleton*, lift a clattering Hand; and point it full in my View—should it open the stiffened Jaws; and, with a hoarse tremendous Murmur, break this profound Silence—should it accost *me*, as *Samuel's* Apparition addressed the trembling King— " *The* LORD *shall deliver* Thee *also into the Hands of* " *Death. Yet a little while, and* Thou *shalt be with* " *me* *."—The *solemn Warning*, delivered in so striking a Manner, must strongly impress my Imagination. A Message in Thunder, would scarce sink deeper.—Yet, there is abundantly greater Reason to be alarmed, by that express Declaration of the LORD GOD Almighty,

And think, as soft and sad I tread
Above the venerable Dead,
" Time was, like me, they Life possess'd;
" And Time will be, when I shall rest." PARNEL.

* 1 *Sam.* xxviii. 19. On this place, the *Dutch* Translator of the Meditations has added a Note; to correct, very probably, what he supposes a Mistake. On the same Supposition, I presume, the Compilers of our Rubric ordered the last Verse of *Ecclus.* xlvi. to be omitted, in the daily Service of the Church. But that the Sentiment, hinted above, is strictly true, that it was [illegible] *Samuel himself*, (not an infernal Spirit personating the Prophet,) who appeared to the Female Necromancer at *Endor*, appeared, not in Compliance with any diabolical Incantation but in Pursuance of the divine Commission, this, I think, is fully proved in the *Historical Account of the Life of* David, Vol. I. Chap. 23.

" *Thou*...

" *Thou shalt surely die.*"—Well then, since Sentence is passed; since I am a condemned Man; and know not, when the Dead Warrant may arrive: let me die to *Sin*; and die to the *World*; before I die beneath the Stroke of a Righteous GOD. Let me employ the little uncertain Interval of Respite from Execution; in preparing for a happier State, and a better Life. That, when the fatal Moment comes, and I am commanded to shut my Eyes, upon all Things here below; I may open them again, to see my Saviour in the Mansions above.

SINCE this Body, which is so fearfully and wonderfully made, must fall to Pieces in the Grave: since I must soon resign all my bodily Powers to Darkness, Inactivity, and Corruption: let it be my constant Care to use them well, while I possess them!—Let my *Hands* be stretched forth to relieve the Needy; and always be more " ready to give, than to receive."—Let my *Knees* bend, in deepest Humiliation, before the Throne of Grace: while my *Eyes* are cast down to the Earth, in penitential Confusion; or devoutly looking up to Heaven, for pardoning Mercy!—In every friendly Interview, let the " Law of Kindness dwell on my " *Lips*;" or rather, if the Seriousness of my Acquaintance permits, let the Gospel of Peace flow from my Tongue. O! that I might be enabled, in every public Concourse, to lift up my Voice like a Trumpet; and pour abroad a more joyful Sound, than its most melodious Accents, in proclaiming the glad Tidings of free Salvation!—Be shut, my *Ears*, resolutely shut, against the malevolent Whispers of Slander, and the contagious Breath of filthy Talking. But be swift to hear the Instructions of Wisdom; be all Attention, when your REDEEMER speaks; imbibe the precious Truths; and convey them carefully to the Heart.—Carry me, my *Feet*, to the Temple of the LORD; to the

the Beds of the Sick; and Houſes of the Poor.—May all my Members, devoted intirely to my divine Maſter, be the willing Inſtruments of promoting his Glory.

THEN, ye Embalmers, you may ſpare your Pains. Theſe Works of Faith, and Labours of Love; theſe ſhall be my *Spices* and *Perfumes*. Enwrapped in theſe, I would lay me gently down, and ſleep ſweetly in the bleſſed JESUS; hoping, that GOD will "give Com-"mandment concerning my Bones;" and one Day fetch them up from the Duſt, as Silver from the Furnace, purified, "I ſay not, ſeven times, but ſeventy "times ſeven."

HERE, my Contemplation took Wing; and, in an Inſtant, alighted in the Garden, adjoining to Mount *Calvary*. Having viewed the Abode of my deceaſed Fellow-Creatures; methought, I longed to ſee the Place, where our LORD lay.—And, O! what a marvellous Spectacle was once exhibited, in this memorable Sepulchre! *He*, "who clothes Himſelf with Light, "as with a Garment; and walks upon the Wings of "the Wind *;" HE was pleaſed to wear the Habiliments

* The Scriptures, ſpeaking of the Supreme Being, ſay—*He walketh upon the Waves of the Sea*; to denote his uncontroulable Power, *Job* ix. 8.—*He walketh in the Circuit of Heaven*; to expreſs the Immenſity of his Preſence, *Job* xxii. 14.—*He walketh upon the Wings of the Wind*; to ſignify the amazing Swiftneſs of his Operations, *Pſal.* civ. 3.—In which laſt Phraſe, there is, I think, an Elegance and Emphaſis, not taken Notice of by our Commentators, yet unequalled in any Writer.—Not, He *flieth*; He *runneth*; but, He *walketh*: and that, on the *very Wings* of the Wind; on the moſt impetuous of Elements, rouſed into its utmoſt Rage, and ſweeping along with inconceivable Rapidity.—A Tumult in Nature, not to be deſcribed, is the *compoſed* and *ſedate* Work of the DEITY.

A Speech

liments of *Mortality*, and dwell among the *prostrate* Dead.—Who can repeat the wondrous Truth, too often? Who can dwell upon the transporting Theme, too long? HE, who sits inthroned in Glory, and diffuses Bliss among all the heavenly Hosts; HE was once a pale and bloody Corpse, and pressed this little Spot.

O DEATH! how great was thy Triumph in that Hour! Never did thy gloomy Realms contain *such* a Prisoner before.—*Prisoner*, did I say? No; He was more than Conqueror. He arose, far more mighty than *Sampson*, from a transient Slumber; broke down the Gates, and demolished the Strong-holds, of those dark Dominions.—And this, O Mortals, This is your only *Consolation* and *Security*. JESUS has trod the dreadful Path, and smoothed it for your Passage.—JESUS, sleeping in the Chambers of the Tomb, has brightened the dismal Mansion; and left an inviting Odour, in those Beds of Dust. The dying JESUS (Never let the comfortable Truth depart from your Minds! The dying JESUS) is your sure *Protection*, your unquestionable *Passport*, through the Territories of the Grave. Believe in Him; and they shall prove a "Highway to "*Sion*;" shall transmit you safe to Paradise. Believe in Him; and you shall be no Losers, but unspeakable Gainers, by your Dissolution. For, hear what the Oracle of Heaven says, upon this important Point: *Whoso believeth in Me, shall never die* *.—What sub-

A Speed, not to be measured, is (with Reverence I use the Expression, and to comport with our low Methods of Conception) the *solemn* and *majestic Foot-pace* of JEHOVAH—How *flat* are the following Lines, even in the great Master of Lyric Song,

Ocyor Cervis, & agente Nimbos
Ocyor Euro,

when compared with this inimitable Stroke of divine Poetry!—*He walketh* upon the *Wings* of the *Wind*.

* John xi. 26.

lime,



In Memory of ANNE STONHOUSE,
a sincere *CHRISTIAN*.

How lov'd how valu'd once avails Thee not:
To whom related or by whom begot
A heap of Dust alone remains of Thee
Tis all THOU art and all y^e PROUD shall be

She died a few days after y^e Birth of her 4^th Child
Dec 1st 1747, in the 25th year of her Age.

lime, and emphatical Language, is This! Thus much, at least, it must import—"The Nature of that last "Change, shall be surprisingly altered, for the better. "It shall no longer be *inflicted*, as a Punishment; but "rather be *vouchsafed*, as a Blessing. To such Per-"sons, it shall come attended, with such a Train of "Benefits; as will render it a Kind of happy Impro-"priety, to call it Dying. Dying! No; 'tis Then "they *truly* begin to *live*. Their Exit, is the End of "their Frailty, and Their Entrance upon Perfection. "Their last Groan is the Prelude to Life and Immor-"tality."

O YE timorous Souls, that are terrified at the Sound of the passing Bell: that turn pale, at the Sight of an opened Grave; and can scarce behold a Coffin or a Skull, without a shuddering Horror: Ye that are *in Bondage* to the grisly Tyrant, and tremble at the Shaking of his iron Rod, cry mightily to the Father of your Spirits, for *Faith* in his dear Son. Faith, will free you from your Slavery *. Faith, will embolden you

* Death's Terror is the Mountain *Faith* removes:
'Tis *Faith* disarms Destruction —
Believe, and look with Triumph on the Tomb.

These, and some other Quotations, I am proud to borrow from the *Night Thoughts*, especially from *Night* the *Fourth*. In which, Energy of Language, Sublimity of Sentiment, and the most exquisite Beauties of Poetry, are the *least* Perfections to be admired. Almost every Line glows with Devotion; rises into the most exalted Apprehensions of the adorable Redeemer; and is animated with the most lively Faith in His All-sufficient Mediation. The Author of this excellent Performance has the peculiar Felicity, of ennobling all the Strength of Stile, and every Delicacy of Imagination, with the grand and distinguishing Truths of Christianity. These Thoughts give the highest Entertainment to the Fancy; and impart the noblest Improvement to the Mind. They not only refine

 [illegible]

you to tread on (this fiercest of) Serpents *.—Old *Simeon*, clasping the Child JESUS in the Arms of his Flesh, and the glorious Mediator in the Arms of his Faith, departs with Tranquility and Peace. That bitter Persecutor *Saul*, having won CHRIST; being found in CHRIST; longs to be dismissed from cumbrous Clay, and kindles into Rapture at the Prospect of Dissolution †. Methinks, I see another of IMMANUEL's Followers, trusting in his Saviour; leaning on his Beloved; go down to the silent Shades, with Composure and Alacrity ‡.—In This powerful Name, an innumerable Company of sinful Creatures have set up their Banners; and "overcome, through the Blood of "the Lamb." Authorized by the Captain of thy Salvation, *Thou* also mayst set thy Feet, upon the Neck of this King of Terrors. Furnished with this Antidote, *Thou* also mayst play around the Hole of the Asp, and put thy undaunted Hand on this Cockatrice-Den §. Thou mayst ‖ feel the Viper fastening to thy mortal Part, and *fear* no *Evil:* Thou shalt one Day shake it off by a joyful Resurrection, and *suffer* no *Harm.*

RESURRECTION! That cheating Word eases my Mind of an anxious Thought, and solves a most momentous Question. I was going to ask; "Wherefore do all these Corpses lie here, in this abject Condition? Is This their final State? Has Death conquered? and will the Tyrant hold Captivity captive? "How long wilt thou forget them, O LORD? For

our Taste, but prepare us for Death, and ripen us for Glory. I never take up this admirable Piece, but I am ready to cry out—— *Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens*; i. e. "Inspire me with such "a Spirit, and Life shall be delightful, nor Death itself unwel"come."

* Luke x, 19. † Phil. i. 23. 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8. ‡ 2 Pet. i. 14. § Isa. xi. 8. ‖ Acts xxviii. 85.

"ever?"

"ever?"—No, saith the Voice from Heaven, the Word of divine Revelation; *The Righteous* are all "*Prisoners of Hope* *." There is an Hour (an awful Secret That, and known only to all-foreseeing Wisdom) an appointed Hour there is, when an Act of Grace will pass the Great Seal above, and give them an universal Discharge; a general Delivery from the Abodes of Corruption.—Then, shall the LORD JESUS descend from Heaven, with the Shout of the Archangel, and the Trump of GOD. *Destruction* itself shall hear his Call, and the obedient *Grave* give up her dead. In a Moment, in the Twinkling of an Eye, they shake off the Sleep of Ten thousand Years; and spring forth, like the bounding Roe, to "meet their LORD in the "Air."

AND, O! with what cordial Congratulations; what transporting Endearments; do the Soul and Body, those affectionate Companions, reunite! But, with how much greater Demonstrations of Kindness, are they *both* received, by their compassionate Redeemer! The Antient of Days, who comes in the Clouds of Heaven, is their Friend; their Father; their Bridegroom. He comes with irresistible Power and infinite Glory; but they have nothing to fear from his majestic Appearance. Those *tremendous Solemnities*, which spread Desolation and Astonishment through the Universe; serve only to inflame their Love, and heighten their Hopes. The Judge, the awful Judge, amidst all his Magnificence and Splendor, vouchsafes to confess their Names; vouchsafes to commemorate their Fidelity, before all the Inhabitants of the Skies, and the whole assembled World.

* Zech. ix. 12.

Hark! the Thunders are huſhed. See! the Lightnings ceaſe their Rage. The Angelic Armies ſtand in ſilent Suſpence. The whole Race of *Adam*, is wrapped in pleaſing, or anxious Expectation.—And now, that adorable Perſon, whoſe Favour is better than Life; whoſe Acceptance is a Crown of Glory; lifts up the Light of his Countenance upon the Righteous. He ſpeaks; and what raviſhing Words proceed from his gracious Lips! What Ecſtaſies of Delight, they enkindle in the Breaſts of the Faithful!—"I ac-"cept you, O my People! Ye are they, that believed "in my Name. Ye are they, that renounced *Your-"ſelves*, and *are compleat in Me*. I ſee no Spot or "Blemiſh in you; for ye are waſhed in my Blood, "and cloathed with my Righteouſneſs. Renewed by "my Spirit, ye have glorified me on Earth, and have "been faithful unto Death. Come, then, ye Servants "of Holineſs, enter into the Joy of your Lord. "Come, ye Children of Light; ye Bleſſed of my Fa-"ther; receive the *Kingdom*, that ſhall never be re-"moved; wear the *Crown*, which fadeth not away; "and enjoy *Pleaſures* for evermore!"

Then, it will be one of the ſmalleſt Privileges of the Righteous, that they ſhall languiſh no more; that Sickneſs will never again ſhew her pale Countenance, in their Dwellings *. *Death itſelf* will be "ſwallowed "up in Victory." That fatal Javelin; which has drank the Blood of Monarchs, and finds its Way to the Hearts of all the Sons of *Adam*; ſhall be utterly broken. That enormous Scythe; which has ſtruck

* *Iſaiah*, ſpeaking of the new *Jeruſalem*, mentions this, as one of its Immunities; *The Inhabitants thereof ſhall no more ſay, I am ſick.* Another Clauſe, in its Royal Charter, runs thus; *GOD ſhall wipe away all Tears from their Eyes; and there ſhall be no more Death, neither Sorrow, nor Crying; neither ſhall there be any more Pain.* Iſa. xxxiii. 24. Rev. xxi. 4.

Empires from their Root, and ſwept Ages and Generations into Oblivion; ſhall lie by in perpetual Uſeleſſneſs. *Sin* alſo, which filled thy Quiver, thou inſatiate Archer!—Sin, which ſtrung thy Arm with reſiſtleſs Vigour—which pointed all thy Shafts with inevitable Deſtruction—Sin, will then be done away. Whatever is *frail*, or *depraved*, will be thrown off with our Grave-cloaths. All to come is perfect Holineſs, and conſummate Happineſs; the Term of whoſe Continuance is Eternity.

O ETERNITY! *Eternity!* How are our boldeſt, our ſtrongeſt Thoughts, loſt and overwhelmed in thee! Who can ſet Landmarks, to limit thy Dimenſions; or find Plumbets, to fathom thy Depths? *Arithmeticians* have Figures, to compute all the Progreſſions of Time. *Aſtronomers* have Inſtruments, to calculate the Diſtances of the Planets. But what Numbers can ſtate, what Lines can gauge, the Lengths and Breadths of Eternity? "It is higher than Heaven; what canſt "thou do? deeper than Hell; what canſt thou know? "The Meaſure thereof, is longer than the Earth, "broader than the Sea *."

MYSTERIOUS, mighty Exiſtence! A Sum, not to be leſſened by the largeſt *Deductions!* An Extent, not to be contracted by all poſſible *Diminutions!* None can truly ſay, after the moſt prodigious Waſte of Ages; "So much of Eternity is gone." For, when Millions of Centuries are elapſed, it is but juſt commencing; and, when Millions more have run their ample Round, it will be no nearer ending. Yea, when Ages, numerous as the Bloom of Spring; increaſed by the Herbage of Summer; both augmented by the Leaves of Autumn; and all multiplied by the

* Job xi. 8, 9.

Drops of Rain, which drown the Winter—when these, and ten thousand times ten thousand more—more than can be represented by any Similitude, or imagined by any Conception—when all these are revolved and finished; Eternity, vast, boundless, amazing Eternity, will *only* be *beginning!*

WHAT a pleasing, yet awful Thought is this! Full of Delight, and full of Dread. O! may it alarm our *Fears*; quicken our *Hopes*; and animate all our *Endeavours!* Since we are soon to launch into this endless and inconceivable State; let us give all Diligence, to secure our Entrance into Bliss.—*Now*, let us give all Diligence; because there is no Alteration, in the Scenes of Futurity. The Wheel never turns: All is stedfast and immoveable beyond the Grave. Whether we are then seated on the Throne, or stretched on the Rack; a Seal will be set to our Condition, by the Hand of everlasting Mercy, or inflexible Justice.—The *Saints* always rejoice amidst the Smiles of Heaven; their Harps are perpetually tuned; their Triumphs admit of no Interruption.—The Ruin of the *Wicked* is irremediable. The fatal Sentence, once passed, is never to be repealed. No Hope of exchanging their doleful Habitations. But all Things bear the same dismal Aspect, for ever and ever.

THE *Wicked*—My Mind recoils *, at the Apprehension of their Misery. It has studiously waved the fearful Subject; and seems unwilling to pursue it, even now.—But 'tis better to reflect upon it, for a few Minutes; than to endure it, to eternal Ages. Perhaps, the Consideration of their aggravated Misery, may be *profitably terrible:* may teach me more highly to prize the Saviour, who "delivers from going down into the

* —*Animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit.* VIRG.

"bottom-

"bottomleſs Pit:" may drive me, like the Avenger's Sword, to this only City of Refuge, for obnoxious Sinners.

The Wicked ſeem to lie here, like Malefactors, in a deep and ſtrong Dungeon; reſerved againſt the Day of Trial.—"*Their Departure* was without Peace." Clouds of Horror, ſat louring upon their cloſing Eyelids; moſt ſadly foreboding the "Blackneſs of Darkneſs for ever." When the laſt Sickneſs ſeized their Frame, and the inevitable Change advanced; when they ſaw the fatal Arrow, fitting to the Strings; ſaw the deadly Archer, aiming at their Heart; and felt the envenom'd Shaft, faſtened in their Vitals—Good God! what Fearfulneſs came upon them! What horrible Dread overwhelmed them! How did they ſtand ſhuddering and aghaſt, upon the tremendous Precipice! Exceſſively afraid to plunge into the Abyſs of Eternity, yet utterly unable to maintain their Standing on the Verge of Life.

O! what pale Reviews, what ſtartling Proſpects, conſpire to augment their Sorrows!—They look *backward*, and behold! a moſt melancholy Scene! Sins unrepented of; Mercy ſlighted; and the Day of Grace ending!—They look *forward*, and nothing preſents itſelf, but the righteous Judge; the dreadful Tribunal; and a moſt ſolemn Reckoning—They roll *around* their affrighted Eyes, on attending Friends. If Accomplices in Debauchery; it ſharpens their anguiſh, to conſider this farther Aggravation of their Guilt; That they have not ſinned alone, but drawn others into the Snare. If religious Acquaintance; it ſtrikes a freſh Gaſh into their Hearts, to think of never ſeeing them any more, but only at an unapproachable Diſtance, ſeparated by the unpaſſable Gulf.

At laſt, perhaps, they begin to *pray*. Finding no other poſſible Way of Relief, they are conſtrained to

apply unto the Almighty. With trembling Lips, and a faltering Tongue, they cry unto that Sovereign Being "who kills and makes alive."—But why have they deferred, so long deferred their Addresses to GOD? Why have they slighted all his Counsels; and stood incorrigible, under his incessant Reproofs? How often have they been forewarned of these Terrors; and most importunately intreated, to *seek the LORD, while he might be found?*—I wish, they may obtain Mercy at the eleventh, at the last Hour. I wish, they may be snatched from the Jaws; the opened, the gaping, the almost closing Jaws of Damnation. But, alas! Who can tell, whether affronted Majesty, will lend an Ear to their Complaint? Whether the Holy One will work a Miracle of Grace, in behalf of such Transgressors? He may, for aught any Mortal knows, "laugh at their "Calamity, and mock when their Fear cometh."

THUS they lie, groaning out the poor Remains of Life; their Limbs bathed in Sweat; their Heart struggling with convulsive Throes; Pains insupportable throbbing in every Pulse; and innumerable Darts of Agony transfixing their Conscience.

In that dread Moment, how the frantic Soul
Raves round the Walls of her Clay Tenement;
Runs to each Avenue; and shrieks for Help;
But shrieks in vain! How wishfully She looks
On all She's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O! might She stay, to wash away her Crimes,
And fit her for her Passage! Mournful Sight!
Her very Eyes weep Blood; and every Groan
She heaves, is big with Horror: But the Foe,
Like a staunch Murd'rer, steady to his Purpose,
Pursues her close thro' ev'ry Lane of Life,
Nor misses once the Track; but presses on;

Till,

Till, forc'd at last to the tremendous Verge,
At once she sinks *.—

If *this* be the *End* of the Ungodly, " My Soul, " come not Thou into their Secret! Unto their Af- " sembly, mine Honour, be not Thou united!"— How awfully accomplished is that Prediction of inspired Wisdom! *Sin*, though seemingly sweet in the Commission; yet *at the last, it biteth like a Serpent, and stingeth like an Adder.*—Fly therefore from the Tents, O! fly from the Ways, of such wretched Men.

Happy Dissolution! were this the Period of their Woes. But, alas! all these Tribulations, are only " the *Beginning of Sorrows*;" a small Drop only from that " Cup of Trembling," which is mingled for their future Portion.—No sooner has the last Pang dislodged their reluctant Souls, but they are hurried into the Presence of an injured angry God. Not under the conducting Care of beneficent Angels, but exposed to the Insults of accursed Spirits; who lately *tempted* them, now *upbraid* them, and will for ever *torment* them.— Who can imagine their Confusion and Distress; when they stand, guilty and inexcusable, before their incensed Creator? They are received with Frowns. The God that made them, has no " Mercy on them †." The Prince of Peace, rejects them with Abhorrence. He consigns them over to Chains of *Darkness*, and Receptacles of *Despair*; against the severer Doom, and more public Infamy, of the Great Day.—Then, all the Vials of Wrath, will be emptied upon these wretched Creatures. The Law they have violated, and the Gospel they have slighted; the Power they have defied, and the Goodness they have abused; will all get themselves Ho-

* See a valuable Poem, intitled, *The Grave*. † Isai. xxvii. 11.

nour in their exemplary Deſtruction. Then, GOD, the GOD to whom Vengeance belongeth, will draw the Arrow to the very Head, and ſet them as the Mark of his inexorable Diſpleaſure.

RESURRECTION will be no Privilege to them; but Immortality itſelf, their everlaſting Curſe.—Would they not bleſs the Grave, "that Land where all Things "are forgotten;" and wiſh to lie eternally hid, in its deepeſt Gloom? But, the Duſt refuſes to *conceal* their Perſons; or to draw a *Veil* over their Practices. They alſo muſt awake; muſt ariſe; muſt appear at the Bar; and meet the Judge. A Judge, before whom "the "Pillars of Heaven tremble, and the Earth melts away." A Judge, once long-ſuffering, and very compaſſionate; but now unalterably determined, to teach ſtubborn Offenders—What it is, to *provoke* the Omnipotent Godhead: what it is, to *trample* upon the Blood of his Son: and offer *Deſpite* to all the gracious Overtures of his Spirit.

O! THE Perplexity! the Diſtraction! that muſt ſeize the impenitent Rebels, when they are ſummoned to the great Tribunal!—What will they do, in this Day of ſevere Viſitation? This Day of final Deciſion? —Where? How? Whence, can they find Help?— —To which of the Saints will they turn? Whither betake themſelves, for Shelter or for Succour?—Alas! 'tis all in vain; 'tis all too late.—Friends and Acquaintance know them no more. Men and Angels abandon them, to their approaching Doom. Even the Mediator, the MEDIATOR himſelf, deſerts them in this dreadful Hour.—To *fly*, will be impracticable: to *juſtify* themſelves, ſtill more impoſſible: and now, to make any *Supplications*, utterly unavailable.

BEHOLD! the Books are opened. The Secrets of all Hearts are diſcloſed. The hidden Things of Darkneſs are brought to Light. How empty, how ineffectual

tual *now*; are all those refined *Artifices*; with which Hypocrites imposed upon their Fellow-creatures, and preserved a Character in the Sight of Men!—The jealous GOD, who has been about their Path, and about their Bed, and 'spied out all their Ways, sets before them the Things that they have done. They cannot answer him one in a Thousand, nor stand in the awful Judgment. *The Heavens reveal their Iniquities, and the Earth rises up against them* *. They are *speechless* with Guilt, and *stigmatized* with Infamy, before all the Armies of the Sky, and all the Nations of the Redeemed.—What a Favour would they esteem it; to hide their ashamed Heads, in the Bottom of the Ocean; or even to be buried, beneath the Ruins of the tottering World!

IF the Contempt, poured upon them, be thus insupportable; how will their Hearts endure, when the *Sword* of infinite Indignation is unsheathed; and fiercely waved, around their defenceless Heads; or pointed directly, at their naked Breasts? How must the Wretches scream with wild Amazement, and rend the very Heavens with their Cries, when the *right-aiming Thunderbolts* go abroad; Go abroad, with a dreadful Commission, to drive them from the Kingdoms of Glory; and plunge them—not into the Sorrows of a Moment, or the Tortures of an Hour—but into all the restless Agonies, of unquenchable Fire, and everlasting Despair †.

MISERY of Miseries! too shocking for Reflection to dwell upon. But, if so dismal to *foresee*; and that at

* Job xx. 27.

† Regions of Sorrow, doleful Shades, where Peace
And Rest can never dwell; Hope never comes,
That comes to All: but Torture without End
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd. MILT.

a Distance; together with some comfortable Expectation of escaping it—O! how bitter, inconceivably bitter, to *bear*; without any Intermission; or any Mitigation; through hopeless and eternal Ages!

Who has any Bowels of Pity?—Who has any Sentiments of Compassion? Who has any tender Concern for his Fellow-creatures? Who?—In God's Name, and for Christ's Sake, let Him shew it; by warning every Man, and beseeching every Man, to *seek* the Lord while He may be *found*: To throw down the Arms of Rebellion, before the Act of Indemnity expires: Submissively to adore the Lamb, while he holds out the golden Sceptre.—Here, let us act the friendly Part to Mankind. Here, let the whole Force of our *Benevolence* exert itself: in exhorting Relations, Acquaintance, Neighbours, whomsoever we may probably influence, to take the Wings of *Faith* unfeigned; of *Repentance* undelayed; and flee away from this Wrath to come.

Upon the Whole; what stupendous Discoveries are these! Lay them up in a faithful Remembrance, O my Soul. Recollect them, with the most serious Attention; when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. When thou walkest, receive them for thy *Companions*; when thou talkest, listen to them as thy *Prompters*; and whatever thou doest, consult them as thy *Directors*.—Influenced by these Considerations, thy Views will greaten; thy Affections be exalted; and thou thyself raised above the tantalizing Power of perishing Things. Duly mindful of these, it will be the Sum of thy *Desires*, and the Scope of thy *Endeavours*, to gain the Approbation of that Sovereign Being; who will then fill the Throne, and pronounce the decisive Sentence. Thou

wilt

wilt ſee nothing worth a Wiſh *, in Compariſon of having his Will for thy Rule; his Glory for thy Aim; and his Holy Spirit for thy ever actuating Principle.

WONDER, O Man; be loſt in Admiration; at thoſe *prodigious Events*, which are coming upon the Univerſe. Events, the Greatneſs of which, nothing finite can meaſure. Such, as will cauſe whatever is conſiderable or momentous in the Annals of all Generations, to ſink into Littleneſs and Nothing. Events (JESUS prepare us, for their Approach; defend us, when they take Place!) big with the everlaſting Fates, of all the Living, and all the Dead.—I muſt ſee the Graves cleaving; the Sea teeming; and Swarms unſuſpected, Crouds unnumbered, yea, Multitudes of *thronging Nations*, riſing from both.—I muſt ſee the World in Flames; muſt ſtand at the Diſſolution of all terreſtrial Things; and be an Attendant on the *Burial* of Nature.—I muſt ſee the vaſt Expanſe of the Sky, wrapt up like a Scroll; and the incarnate GOD, iſſuing forth from Light inacceſſible, with ten thouſand times ten thouſand Angels, to judge both *Men* and *Devils*.—I muſt ſee the Curtain of Time drop; ſee all Eternity diſcloſed to View; and enter upon a *State* of Being, that will never, never, have an End.

AND ought I not (let the vaineſt Imagination determine; ought I not) to try the Sincerity of my Faith, and take Heed to my Ways? Is there an *Inquiry*; is there a *Care*; of greater, of equal, of comparable Importance?—Is not this an infinitely preſſing Call, to ſee that my Loins are girded about; my Lamp trimmed; and myſelf dreſſed for the Bridegroom's Appearance?

* Great Day of Dread, Deciſion, and Deſpair!
At Thought of Thee, each ſublunary Wiſh
Lets go its eager Graſp, and quits the World.
Night Thoughts.

4

That,

That, washed in the Fountain opened in my Saviour's Side, and clad with the Marriage Garment wove by his Obedience; I may be found in Peace, unblameable, and unreproveable.—Otherwise, how shall I stand with Boldness; when the Stars of Heaven fall from their Orbs? How shall I come forth *erect* and *courageous*: when the *Earth* itself *reels* to and fro like a Drunkard *? How shall I look up with Joy, and see my Salvation drawing nigh; when the Hearts of Millions and Millions fail for Fear?

Now, Madam, lest my Meditations set in a Cloud; and leave any unpleasing Gloom upon your Mind; let me once more turn to the *brightening Prospects* of the Righteous. A View of Them, and their delightful Expectations may serve to exhilarate the Thoughts; which have been musing upon melancholy Subjects, and hovering about the Edges of infernal Darkness. Just as a spacious Field, arrayed in *chearful Green*, relieves and reinvigorates the Eye; which has fatigued itself by poring upon some minute, or gazing upon some glaring Object.

The Righteous seem to lie by, in the Bosom of the Earth, as a *wary Pilot* in some well-sheltered Creek; till all the Storms, which infest this lower World, are blown over. Here they enjoy safe Anchorage; are in no Danger of *foundering*, amidst the Waves of prevailing Iniquity; or of being *shipwrecked*, on the Rocks of any powerful Temptation. But, ere-long, we shall behold them hoisting their Flag of Hope; riding before a sweet Gale of atoning Merit; and redeeming Love; till they make, with all the Sails of an assured Faith, the blessed Port of eternal Life.

* Isai. xxiv. 20.

THEN,

Then, may the honoured Friend, to whom I am writing; rich in good Works; rich in Heavenly Tempers; but inexpressibly richer in her Saviour's Righteousness—O! may she enter the Harbour, like a gallant *stately Vessel*; returned successful and victorious from some grand Expedition; with Acclamations, Honour, and Joy! While my *little Bark*, attendant on the Solemnity, and a Partaker of the Triumph, glides humbly after: and both rest together in the Haven—the wish'd for, blissful Haven of perfect Security, and everlasting Repose.

REFLEC-

REFLECTIONS

ON A

FLOWER-GARDEN.

I look upon the Pleasure, which we take in a Garden, *as one of the most innocent Delights in human Life. A* Garden *was the Habitation of our first Parents before the Fall. It is naturally apt to fill the Mind with Calmness and Tranquility, and to lay all its turbulent Passions at Rest. It gives us a great Insight into the Contrivance and Wisdom of Providence, and* suggests innumerable Subjects for Meditation.

Spect. Vol. VII. N° 477.



REFLECTIONS

ON A

FLOWER-GARDEN.

In a LETTER to a LADY.

MADAM,

SOME Time ago, my Meditations took a Turn among the *Tombs*. They visited the awful and melancholy Mansions of the Dead *; and you was pleased to favour them with your Attention.—May I, now, beg the Honour of your Company, in

* "Discourses on the *Vanity* of the Creature, which represent "the Barrenness of every Thing in this World, and its Incapacity "of producing any solid or substantial Happiness, are useful.—"Those Speculations also, which shew the *bright Side* of Things, "and lay forth those innocent Entertainments, which are to be "met with among the several Objects that encompass us, are no "less beneficial." *Spect.* Vol. V. N°. 393. *Upon the Plan of these Observations, the preceding and following Reflections are formed.*

a more inviting and delightful Excursion? In a beautiful *Flower-Garden*; where I lately walked, and at once regaled the Sense, and indulged the Fancy.

It was early in a *Summer Morning*. When the Air was cool; the Earth moist; the whole Face of the Creation fresh and gay. The noisy World was scarce awake. *Labour* had not quite shook off his sound Sleep; and *Riot* had but just reclined his giddy Head. All was serene: All was still: Every Thing tended to inspire Tranquility of Mind, and invite to serious Thought.

Only the wakeful Lark had left her Nest, and was mounting on high, to salute the opening Day. Elevated in Air, she seemed to call the laborious Husbandman to his Toil, and all her Fellow-Songsters to their Notes.—Earliest of Birds, said I, Companion of the Dawn, may I always rise at thy Voice! Rise, to offer the Matin-Song; and adore that beneficent Being, "who maketh the Out-goings of the Morning and Evening to rejoice."

How charming to rove abroad, at this sweet *Hour* of *Prime!* To enjoy the Calm of Nature; to tread the dewy Lawns; and taste the unrifled Freshness of the Air!

Sweet is the Breath of Morn, her Rising sweet,
With Charm of earliest Birds.

What a Pleasure do the Sons of *Sloth* lose? Little, ah! little is the Sluggard sensible, how delicious an Entertainment he foregoes, for the poorest of all animal Gratifications *.

The

* See! how Revelation and Reason, the Scriptures and the Classics, unanimously exhort to this most beneficial Practice. They both invite us to *early Rising*, by the most engaging Motives, and the most alluring Representations.

Come,

THE Greyneſs of the Dawn decays gradually. Abundance of ruddy Streaks tinge the Fleeces of the Firmament. Till, at length, the *dappled* Aſpect of the Eaſt is loſt, in one ardent and boundleſs *Bluſh*.—Is it the Surmiſe of Imagination, or do the Skies really redden with Shame; to ſee ſo many ſupinely ſtretched, on their drowſy Pillows?—Shall Man be loſt, in luxurious Eaſe? Shall Man waſte theſe precious Hours, in idle Slumbers? While the vigorous Sun is up, and going on his Maker's Errand? While all the feathered Choir are hymning the Creator, and paying their Homage in Harmony?—No. Let *Him* heighten the Melody of the tuneful Tribes, by adding the rational Strains of Devotion. Let *Him* improve the fragrant Oblations of Nature, by mingling, with the riſing Odours, the more refined Breath of Praiſe.

'TIS natural for Man to look upward; to throw his firſt Glance upon the Objects that are above Him.

Strait towards Heav'n my wond'ring Eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample SKY.

PRODIGIOUS Theatre! Where Lightnings dart their Fire, and Thunders utter their Voice. Where Tempeſts ſpend their Rage, and Worlds unnumbered roll at large!—O the *Greatneſs* of that mighty Hand; which meteth out this amazing Circumference, with a Span! O the *Immenſity* of that wonderful Being;

Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the Field; let us lodge in the Villages. Let us get up early to the Vine-yards; let us ſee if the Vine flouriſh, whether the tender Grape appear, and the Pomegranates bud forth. Cant. vii. 11, 12.

Luciferi primo cum Sidere, frigida Rura
Carpamus: dum mane novum, dum Gramina canent,
Et Ros in tenera Pecori gratiſſimus Herba eſt.
VIRG. *Georg.* III.

before whom this unmeasurable Extent, is no more than a Point!—And O (thou pleasing Thought!) the unsearchable *Riches* of that *Mercy*, which is *greater than the Heavens* *! Is more enlarged and extensive, in its gracious Exercise; than these illimitable Tracts of Air, and Sea, and Firmament! Which pardons Crimes of the most enormous Size, and the most horrid Aggravations; pardons them, in Consideration of the Redeemer's Atonement, with perfect Freeness, and the utmost Readiness! More readily, if it were possible, than this *all-surrounding Expanse* admits, within its Circuit, a Ridge of Mountains, or even a Grain of Sand.

COME hither, then, ye *awakened*, trembling Sinners. Come †, weary and heavy-laden with a Sense of your Iniquities. Condemn yourselves. Renounce all Reliance on any thing of your own. Let your *Trust be in the tender Mercy of* GOD, *for Ever and Ever.*

* Psal. cviii. 4.

† The Lines which follow, are admirably descriptive of the Spirit and Practice, hinted above. In them Desire *pants*; Prayer *wrestles*; and Faith, as it were, *grasps* the Prize —I take Leave to transplant them into this Place; and I could wish them a better, a more conspicuous Situation, than either their *new* or their *native* Soil. Their native Soil, is no other than *The Lamentation of a Sinner*, written by Mr. *Sternhold*. Notwithstanding the unpromising Genius of the Performance, I think, We may challenge the greatest Masters, to produce any thing more spirited and importunate; more full of Nature, or more flushed with Life.

Mercy, Good LORD, Mercy I crave;
This is the total Sum;
For Mercy, LORD, is all my Suit;
LORD, let thy Mercy come.

The short Sentences—Not a single Copulative—The frequent Repetition of the Divine Name—The almost incessant Reiteration of the Blessing, so passionately desired. and inexpressibly needed.—This is the genuine Language of Ardor; these are Beauties obvious to every Eye; and cannot fail, either to please the *judicious* Taste, or to edify the *gracious* Heart.

4 IN

IN them hath he set a Tabernacle for the Sun *.— Behold him coming forth, from the Chambers of the East. See! the Clouds, like floating Curtains, are thrown back at his Approach. With what *refulgent Majesty* does he walk abroad! How transcendently bright is his Countenance; shedding Day, and inexhaustible Light, through the Universe!—Is there a Scene though finished by the most elaborate and costly Refinements of Art, "comparable to these illustrious "Solemnities of opening Sunshine? Before *these*, all "the studied Pageantry of the Theatre; the glittering "Oeconomy of an Assembly; or even the heightened "Ornaments of a Royal Palace; hide their diminished "Heads, and shrink into nothing."—I have read of a Person, so struck with the Splendors of this noble Luminary; that he imagined himself made on Purpose to contemplate its Glories. O! that Christians would adopt his Persuasion, and transfer it to the *Sun of Righteousness!* Thus applied, it would cease to be a chimerical Notion, and become a most important Truth. For sure I am, it is the supreme Happiness of the eternal State; and therefore may well be the ruling Concern of this present Life; *to know the only true GOD, and JESUS CHRIST, whom he hath sent.*—Nor do I stand alone in this Opinion. The very best Judge of whatever is valuable in Science, or perfective of our Nature; a Judge, who formed his Taste on the Maxims of Paradise, and received the Finishings of his Education in the third Heavens; this Judge, determines to *know nothing but JESUS CHRIST, and him crucified.* He possessed, in his own Person, the finest, the most admired *Accomplishments*; yet pronounces them no better than *Dung*, in Comparison

* Psal. xix. 4.

of the * ſupereminent Excellency of this ſaving Knowledge.

METHINKS, I diſcern a thouſand admirable Properties in the Sun. 'Tis, certainly, the beſt material Emblem of the Creator. There is more of GOD in its *Luſtre*, *Energy*, and *Uſefulneſs*, than in any other viſible Being. To worſhip it as a Deity, was the leaſt inexcuſable of all the heathen Idolatries. One ſcarce can wonder, that fallen Reaſon ſhould miſtake ſo fair a *Copy*, for the adorable *Original.* No Compariſon, in the whole Book of ſacred Wiſdom, pleaſes me more; than that which reſembles the bleſſed JESUS, to yonder Regent of the Day †. Who now advances on his azure Road, to ſcatter Light and diſpenſe Gladneſs through the Nations.

WHAT were all the Realms of the World, but a *Dungeon* of *Darkneſs*, without the Beams of the Sun? All their fine Scenes, hid from our View; loſt in Obſcurity.—In vain, we roll around our Eyes in the midnight Gloom. In vain, we ſtrive to behold the Features of amiable Nature. Turn whither we will, no Form or Comelineſs appears. All ſeems a dreary Waſte; an undiſtinguiſhed Chaos. Till the returning Hours, have unbarred the Gates of Light, and let forth the Morn.—Then, what a Proſpect opens! The Heavens are paved with Azure, and ſtrewed with Roſes. A Variety of the livelieſt Verdures array the Plains. The Flowers put on a Glow of the richeſt Colours. The whole Creation ſtands forth dreſſed in all the Charms of Beauty. The raviſhed Eye looks round, and wonders.

* Το υπερεχον της γνωσεως. Phil. iii. 7.

† *Unto you, that fear my Name, ſhall the Sun of Righteouſneſs ariſe, with Healing in his Wings.* Mal. iv. 2.

AND

And what had been the Condition of our intellectual Nature, without the great Redeemer, and his *Divine Revelation?*—Alas! what abſurd and unworthy Apprehenſions, did the *Pagan* Sages form of God! What idle Dreams, what childiſh Conjectures, were their Doctrines of a future State!—How did the Bulk, even of that favoured Nation, the *Jews*, weary themſelves in very Vanity, to obtain Peace and Reconciliation with their offended Jehovah! Till Jesus aroſe upon our benighted Minds, and brought Life and Immortality to light; 'till HE aroſe, *to enlighten the wretched Gentiles, and to be the Glory of his People Iſrael.*

Now we no longer cry out, with a reſtleſs Impatience, *Where is GOD my Maker?* For we are allowed to contemplate the Brightneſs of his Glory, and the expreſs Image of his Perſon, *in the Face of JESUS CHRIST.*—Now, we no longer inquire, with an unſatisfied Solicitude, "Which is the Way to Bliſs?" Becauſe Jesus has marked the *Path*, by his ſhining Example; and left us an unerring *Clue*, in his holy Word.—Now, we have no more Reaſon to proceed with miſgiving Hearts, in our Journey to Eternity; or to aſk anxiouſly, as we go; "Who will roll away the "Stone, and open the everlaſting Doors? Who will "remove the flaming Sword, and give us Admiſſion "into the Delights of Paradiſe?" For it is done, All done, by the Captain of our Salvation. Sin he has *expiated*, by the unblemiſhed Sacrifice of Himſelf. The Law he has *fulfilled*, by his perfect Obedience. The Sinner he *transforms*, by his ſanctifying Spirit. —In a Word; He hath both preſented us with a *clear Diſcovery*, of good Things to come; and adminiſtered to us an *abundant Entrance*, into the final Enjoyment of them.

When-

WHENEVER, therefore, we bless GOD for the circling Seasons, and revolving Day; let us adore, thankfully adore Him, for the *more precious* Appearance of the Sun of Righteousness, and his glorious Gospel. Without which, we should have been groping, even to this Hour, in spiritual Darkness, and the Shadow of Death. Without which, we must have wandered in a Maze of inextricable Uncertainties; and have "stumbled upon "the dark Mountains" of Error, till we fell into the bottomless Pit of Perdition.

WITHOUT that grand *enlivening* Principle, What were this Earth, but a lifeless Mass? A rude Lump of *inactive* Matter? The Trees could never break forth into Leaves, nor the Plants spring up into Flowers: We should no more behold the Meadows, mantled over with Green; nor the Valleys, standing thick with Corn. Or, to speak in the beautiful Language of a Prophet; * *No longer would the Fig-tree blossom, nor Fruit be in the Vine: The Labour of the Olive would fail, and the Fields could yield no Meat: The Flocks must be cut off from the Fold, and there would be no Herd in the Stalls.*—The Sun darts its Beams among all the Vegetables Tribes; and paints the Spring, and enriches the Autumn. This pierces to the Roots of the Vineyard and the Orchard; and sets afloat those fermenting Juices, which at length burst into Floods of Wine, or bend the Boughs with a mellow Load.—Nor are its Favours confined to the *Upper Regions*; but distributed into the *deepest Recesses* of Creation. It penetrates the Beds of Metal, and finds its Way to the Place of the Sapphires. It tinctures the Seeds of Gold, that are ripening into Ore; and throws a Brilliancy into the Water of the Diamond, that is hardening on its

* Hab. iii. 17.

Rock.—

Rock.—In ſhort; the beneficial Agency of this magnificent Luminary, is inexpreſſible. It *beautifies*, and *impregnates*, univerſal Nature. "There is nothing hid "from the Heat thereof."

JUST in the ſame Manner, were the rational World *dead in Treſpaſſes and Sins*, without the reviving Energy of JESUS CHRIST. He is "the Reſurrection and the "Life:" The over-flowing Fountain of the one, and the all-powerful Cauſe of the other. The ſecond *Adam* is *a quickening Spirit*, and all his Saints live through Him. He ſhines upon their Affections; and they ſhoot forth into Heavenly Graces, and abound in the Fruits of Righteouſneſs. Faith unfeigned, and Love undiſſembled, thoſe nobleſt Productions of the renewed Nature, are the Effect of *his* Operation on the Mind. Not ſo much as one divine Diſpoſition could ſpread itſelf, not one Chriſtian Habit unfold and flouriſh, without the kindly Influences of *his* Grace.

As there is no Fruitfulneſs, ſo likewiſe no *Chearfulneſs* *, without the Sun.—When that auſpicious Sovereign of the Day, diffuſes the Mildneſs of his Morning Splendor, He creates an univerſal Feſtival. Millions of glittering Inſects awake into Exiſtence, and baſk in his Rays. The Birds ſtart from their Slumbers, and pour their delighted Souls, in Harmony. The Flocks, with bleating Accents, hail the welcome Bleſſing. The Valleys ring with rural Muſic; the Hills echo back the artleſs Strains. All that is vocal, joins in the general Choir: all that has Breath, exults in the chearing Influence.—Whereas; was that

* "The Sun, which is as the great Soul of the Univerſe, and "produces all the Neceſſaries of Life, has a particular Influence "in *chearing* the Mind of Man, and making the Heart *glad*." *Spect.* Vol. V. N° 387.

radiant

radiant Orb extinguiſhed, a tremendous Gloom would enſue, and Horror inſupportable. Nay; let it only be *eclipſed* for a few Minutes; and all Nature aſſumes an Air of *Sadneſs*. The Heavens are wrapt in Sables, and put on a Kind of Mourning. The moſt ſprightly Animals hang down their dejected Heads. The Songſters of the Grove are ſtruck dumb. Howling Beaſts roam abroad for Prey: Ominous Birds come forth and ſcreech: The Heart of Man fails, or a ſudden Pang ſeizes the foreboding Mind.—So, when CHRIST hides away his Face; when Faith loſes Sight of that Conſolation of *Iſrael*; how *gloomy* are the Proſpects of the Soul! Our GOD ſeems to be a conſuming Fire, and our Sins cry loudly for Vengeance. The Thoughts bleed inwardly; the Chriſtian walks heavily. All without is irkſome; all within is diſconſolate.—Lift up then, moſt gracious JESUS, thou *nobler Day-ſpring* from on high! O lift up the Light of thy Countenance, upon thy People! Reveal the Fulneſs of thy mediatorial Sufficiency; make clear our Title to this great Salvation; and thereby impart

What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The Soul's calm Sunſhine, and the Heart-felt Joy *.

IN one Inſtance more, let me purſue the Similitude. The Sun, I obſerve, pours his Luſtre all *around*; to every *Diſtance*, and in every *Direction*. Profuſely liberal of his Gifts, He illuminates and chears all the Ends of the Earth, and the whole Compaſs of the Skies. The Eaſt reddens, with his riſing Radiance; and the weſtern Hills, are gilded with his ſtreaming Splendors. The chilly Regions of the North, are cheriſhed by his genial Warmth; while the ſouthern Tracts, glow with his Fire.—Thus, are the Influences of the Sun of Righ-

* POPE's *Eth. Ep.*

teouſneſs,

teousness, *diffusive* and *unconfined*. The Generations of old felt them; and Generations yet unborn, will rejoice in them. The Merits of his precious Death extended to the first, and will be propagated to the last, Ages of Mankind.—May they, ere long, visit the remotest Climates, and darkest Corners of the Earth! Command thy Gospel, blessed JESUS, thy everlasting Gospel, to take the Wings of the Morning, and travel with yonder Sun. Let it fly upon strong Pinions among every People, Nation, and Language. That, where the Heat scorches, and the Cold freezes, Thou mayst be known, confessed, and adored! That *Strangers* to thy Name, and *Enemies* to thy Doctrine, may be enlightened with the Knowledge, and won to the Love, of thy Truth! O! may that best of Æras come; that wished for Period advance; when *All the Ends of the World shall remember themselves, and be turned unto the LORD; and all the Kindreds of the Nations worship before him* * !

FROM the Heavens, we retire to the Earth.—Here, the Drops of *Dew*, like so many liquid Crystals †, sparkle upon the Eye. How *brilliant*, and unsullied, is their Lustre! How little inferior to the proud Stone, which irradiates a Monarch's Crown! They want nothing but Solidity and Permanency; to equal them with the finest Treasures of the Jeweler's Casket.—Here, it must be confessed, they are greatly deficient; short-lived Ornaments; possessed of little more, than a *momentary Radiance*. The Sun, that lights them up, will soon melt them into Air, or exhale them into Vapours. Within another Hour, we may "look for

* Psal. xxii. 27.

† Now Morn, her rosy Steps in th' Eastern Clime
Advancing, sow'd the Earth with *orient Pearl*.

MILT.

"their

"their Place, and they shall be away."—O! may every good Resolution of mine, and of my Flock's; may our united Breathings after GOD, not be like these *transient Decorations* of the Morning; but like the substantial Glory of the growing Day! The one shines more and more, with augmented Splendors; while the other, having glittered gaily for a few Moments, disappear and are lost.

How sensibly has this Dew *refreshed* the vegetable Kingdoms! The fervent Heat of Yesterday's Sun, had almost parched the Face, and exhausted the Sweets, of Nature. But what a sovereign Restorative, are these *cooling Distillations* of the Night! How they gladden, and invigorate, the languishing Herbs! Sprinkled with these reviving Drops, their Verdure deepens; their Bloom is new-flushed; their Fragrance, faint or intermitted, becomes potent and copious.—Thus does the ever-blessed SPIRIT *revive* the drooping troubled Conscience of a Sinner. When that Almighty Comforter sheds his sweet Influence on the Soul; displays the all-sufficient Sacrifice of a Divine Redeemer; and "witnesses with our Spirit," that we are *interested* in the Saviour, and, by this Means, are *Children of GOD*; then, what a pleasing Change ensues! Former Anxieties are remembered no more. Every uneasy Apprehension vanishes. Soothing Hopes, and delightful Expectations, succeed. The Countenance drops its dejected Mien; the Eyes brighten with a lively Chearfulness; while the Lips express the Heart-felt Satisfaction, in the Language of Thanksgiving, and the Voice of Melody.—In this Sense, merciful GOD, *be as the Dew unto Israel!* "Pour upon them "the continual Dew of thy Blessing." And O! let not my Fleece be dry, while heavenly Benediction descends upon all around.

WHO

WHO can number these pearly Drops? They hang on every Hedge; they twinkle from every Spray; and adorn the whole Herbage of the Field. Not a Blade of Grass, not a single Leaf, but wears the watry Pendants. So *vast* is the *Profusion*, that it baffles the Arithmetician's Art.—Here, let the benevolent Mind contemplate and admire that emphatical Scripture; which, from this elegant Similitude, describes the *Increase* of the *Messiah*'s Kingdom. The Royal Prophet, speaking of CHRIST, and foretelling the Success of his Religion, has this remarkable Expression *; *The Dew of*

* *Psalm* cx. 3. מרחם משחר לך טל ילדתך. The most exact Translation of this difficult Passage is, I apprehend, as follows; *Præ rore uteri auroræ, tibi est ros juventutis, vel prolis tuæ.* The Dew of thy Birth is larger, more copious, than the Dew which proceeds from the Womb of the Morning.—I cannot acquiesce in the new Version; because that disjoins *the Womb of the Morning*, from *the Dew of thy Birth*. Whereas, they seem to have a clear Affinity, and a close Connection. The Womb of the Morning is, with the utmost Pertinency, applied to the Conception and Production of Dews; agreeably to a delicate Line, in that great Master of just Description, and lively Painting, Mr. *Thomson*:

The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of Dews. Summer.

We meet with a fine Expression in the Book of *Job*, which may serve to confirm this Remark; may illustrate the Propriety of the Phrase, used in this Connection. "Hath the Rain a Father, or "who hath *begotten the Drops of Dew?*" It seems, the Oriental Writers delighted to represent the Dew, as a kind of Birth, as the Offspring of the Morning. And if so, surely there could be no Image in the whole Compass of the Universe, better adapted to the Psalmist's Purpose: or more strongly significant of those Multitudes of Proselytes, which were *born, not of Blood, nor of the Will of the Flesh, nor of the Will of Man, but of GOD*; by the powerful Energy of his Word and Spirit.—Upon this Supposition, the whole Verse describes

The willing Subjection,
The gracious Accomplishments, } of Christ's Converts.
And the vast Number,

q. d.

of thy Birth is of the Womb of the Morning. (i. e.) As the Morning is the Mother of Dews; produces them, as

q. d. *In the Day of thy Power*, when thy glorious Gofpel fhall be publifhed in the World, and accompanied with marvellous Efficacy.—In that memorable Period, *Thy People*, difcontinuing the former Oblations, commanded under the *Mofaic* Law; fhall devote *themfelves*, as fo many living Sacrifices, to thy Honour. Not conftrained by Force, but charmed with thy Excellency, they fhall come in *Volunteers* to thy Service, and be *free will Offerings* in thy Church.—Neither fhall they be "empty Vines," or bare Profeffors; but fhall walk in all the *Beauties of Holinefs*, and bring forth fuch amiable Fruit, as will adorn the Doctrine they embrace.—What is ftill more defireable, they fhall be as *numerous*, as they are willing and holy. Born to Thee in Numbers, immenfe and inconceivable; exceeding even the [illegible] Myriads of Dew-drops, which are begotten by the Night, and iffue from the Womb of the recent Morning.

By this Interpretation, the Text, I think, is cleared of its Obfcurity; and appears both truly fublime, and perfectly juft.

May I be pardoned the *Digreffion*, and acquitted from *Prefumption*; if on this Occafion, I take leave to animadvert upon, what feems harfh and unnatural, in the common Expofition of the laft Verfe of this Pfalm! All the Commentators (as many, at leaft, as I have confulted) inform their Readers; that to *drink of the Brook in the Way*, fignifies *to undergo Sufferings and Death*. Which, in my Opinion, is a Conftruction extremely forced, and hardly fupportable; altogether remote from the Import of fuch poetical Forms of Diction, cuftomary among the Eaftern Nations. In thofe fultry Climes, nothing could be more welcome to the Traveller, than a Brook ftreaming near his Paths. To quench his Thirft, and lave his Feet, in the cooling Current, was one of the greateft Refrefhments imaginable, and re-animated him to purfue his Journey. For which Reafon, among others, Brooks are a very favourite Image with the infpired Penmen; ufed to denote a Situation *fertile* and *delightful*, or a State of *Pleafure* and *Satisfaction*; but never, that I can recollect, to picture out the contrary Condition of Tribulation and Diftrefs.

The *Water-floods*, indeed, in the facred Writings, often reprefent fome imminent Danger, or grievous Affliction. But then they are not—נחלים בדרך—Streams fo *calm*, that they keep within their

as it were, from a prolific Womb; and scatters them, with the most lavish Abundance, over all the Surface of the Earth: *So shall thy Seed be*, O thou everlasting Father! By the Preaching of thy Word, shall such an

their Banks, and glide quietly by the Traveler's Footsteps; so *clear*, that they are fit for the wayfaring Man's Use, and invite his Lips to a Draught; both which Notions are plainly implied in the Text.—They are rather—משברי—*boisterous Billows*; bursting over a Ship, or dashing themselves, with dreadful Impetuosity, upon the Shore: Or—שבלת—*sweeping inundations*; which bear down all before them, and drown the neighbouring Country.—Besides, in these Instances of Horror, we never find the Word—ישתה—*He shall drink*; which conveys a pleasing Idea (unless when it relates to a Cup, filled with bitter, intoxicating, or unpoisoned Liquors; a Case quite different from that under Consideration) but either—בעת—which imports *Terror* and *Astonishment*. Or else—שטף and עבר—which signify to *rush upon*; to *overwhelm*; and even to *bury* under the Waves.

'Upon the Whole: May not the Passage more properly allude to the *Influences* of the *Holy Ghost*? Which were communicated, in unmeasurable Degrees, to our great High-Priest; and were, in fact, the Cause of his surmounting all Difficulties.—These are frequently represented by *Waters*; "Who believeth on Me, out of his Belly "shall flow Rivers of *living Waters*." The Enjoyment of them is described by *drinking*; "He that *drinketh* of the Water that I shall "give him, shall never thirst."—Then, the Sense may run in this well-connected and perspicuous Manner. Is it asked? How shall the Redeemer be able to execute the various and important Offices, foretold in the preceding Parts of the Psalm? The Prophet replies, *He shall drink of the Brook in the Way*. He shall not be left barely to his human Nature, which must unavoidably sink under the tremendous Work of recovering a lost World. But, thro' the whole Course of his incarnate State, thro' the whole Administration of his Mediatorial Kingdom, shall he be supported with omnipotent Succours. He shall drink at the Brook of Almighty Power, and travel on in the Greatness of an uncreated Strength.—*Therefore shall he lift up his Head*. By this Means, shall he be equal to the prodigious Task, and superior to all Opposition. By this Means, shall he be thoroughly successful, in whatever he undertakes; and greatly triumphant, over all his Enemies.

innumerable Race of regenerate Children be born unto Thee; and prove an Ornament and a Bleſſing to all Ages. Millions, Millions of willing Converts, from every Nation under Heaven, ſhall croud into thy Family, and repleniſh thy Church. Till they become like the Stars of the Sky, or the Sands of the Sea for Multitude; or even as *numberleſs* as theſe fine *Spangles*, which now cover the Face of Nature.—Behold then, ye obſtinately Wicked, though you "are not gathered, "yet will the Saviour be glorious." His Deſign ſhall not miſcarry, nor his Labour prove abortive; though you render it of none Effect, with regard to yourſelves. Think not, that IMMANUEL will want Believers, or Heaven Inhabitants, becauſe *You* continue incorrigible. No; the Lamb that was ſlain, will "ſee of the Travail "of his Soul, and be ſatisfied;" in a never-failing Series of faithful People below, and an immenſe Choir of glorified Saints above. Who ſhall form his Retinue, and ſurround his Throne, in ſhining and triumphant Armies, ſuch as no Man can number.

HERE, I was reminded of the various Expedients which Providence, unſearchably wiſe, uſes, to *fructify* both the material and intellectual World.—Sometimes, you ſhall have *impetuous* and heavy *Showers*, burſting from the angry Clouds. They laſh the Plains, and make the Rivers foam. A Storm brings them, and a Deluge follows them.—At other times, theſe *gentle Dews* are formed, in the ſerene Evening Air. They ſteal down by ſlow Degrees, and with inſenſible Stillneſs. So ſubtle, thar they deceive the niceſt Eye: ſo ſilent, that they eſcape the moſt delicate Ear: and, when fallen, ſo very light, that they neither bruiſe the tendereſt, nor oppreſs the weakeſt Flower.—Very *different* Operations! Yet each concurs in the *ſame* beneficial End, and both impart Fertility to the Lap of Nature.

So,

So, ſome Perſons have I known, reclaimed from the unfruitful Works of Darkneſs, by *violent* and ſevere Means. The Almighty addreſſed their ſtubborn Hearts, as he addreſſed the *Iſraelites* at *Sinai*, with Lightning in his Eyes, and Thunder in his Voice. The Conſcience, ſmit with a Senſe of Guilt, and apprehenſive of eternal Vengeance, trembled through all her Powers; juſt as that ſtrong Mountain tottered to its Centre. Pangs of Remorſe, and Agonies of Fear, preceded their new Birth. They were reduced to the laſt Extremities, almoſt overwhelmed with Deſpair, before they found Reſt in JESUS CHRIST.—Others have been recovered from a vain Converſation, by Methods more *mild* and attractive. The Father of Spirits applied himſelf to their teachable Minds, in "a ſtill "and ſmall Voice." His Grace came down, as the Rain into a Fleece of Wool; or as theſe ſoftening Drops, which now water the Earth. The Kingdom of GOD took place in their Souls, without Noiſe or Obſervation. They paſſed from Death unto Life, from a carnal to a regenerate State, by almoſt imperceptible Advances. The Tranſition reſembled the Growth of Corn: was very viſible, when effected; though ſcarce ſenſible, while accompliſhing.—O Thou Author and Finiſher of our Faith, recal us from our Wanderings, and re-unite us to Thyſelf! Whether thou *alarm* us with thy Terrors, or *allure* us with thy Smiles: whether thou drive us with the Scourge of Conviction, or draw us with the Cords of Love: let us, in anywiſe, return to Thee. For Thou art our ſupreme Good; Thou art our only Happineſs.

BEFORE I proceed farther, let me aſcend the *Terrace*, and take one Survey of the neighbouring *Country*.— What a Proſpect ruſhes upon my Sight! How vaſt; how various; how "full and plenteous with all Manner

"of Store!" Nature's whole Wealth!—What a rich and inexhaustible Magazine is here: furnishing Subsistence for every Creature! Methinks, I read, in these spacious Volumes, a most lively Comment, upon that noble Celebration of the Divine Beneficence; *He openeth his Hand, and filleth all Things living with Plenteousness.*

These are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good,
Almighty! Thine this universal Frame,
Thus wond'rous fair! Thyself how wond'rous then!
MILT.

THE *Fields* are covered deep, and stand thick, with Corn. They expand the milky *Grain* to the Sun; while the Gales, now inclining, now raising each flexile Stem, open all their Ranks to the Agency of his Beams. Which will soon impart a firm Consistence to the Grain, and a glossy golden Hue to the Ear. That they may be qualified, to fill the Barns of the Husbandman with Plenty, and his Heart with Gladness.

YONDER lie the *Meadows*, smoothed into a perfect Level; decorated with an Embroidery of the gayest Flowers; and loaded with * spontaneous Crops of *Herbage*. Which, converted into Hay, will prove a most commodious Provision for the Barrenness of Winter; will supply with Fodder our serviceable Animals, when all the Verdure of the Plain is killed by Frost, or buried in Snows.—A winding *Stream*, glides along the flowery Margin; and receives the Image of the bending Skies, and waters the Roots of many a branching Willow. 'Tis stocked, no doubt, with Va-

* — — *Injussa virescunt*
Gramina — — VIRG.

riety of *Fish*; which afford a solitary Diversion to the Angler, and nourish for his Table a delicious Treat. Nor is it the only Merit of this liquid Element, to maintain the finny Nations; it also carries *Cleanliness*; and dispenses *Fruitfulness*, where-ever it rolls the crystal Current.

THE *Pastures*, with their verdant Mounds, chequer the Prospect; and prepare a standing Repast for our Cattle. There, "our Oxen are made strong to labour; "and our Sheep bring forth Thousands and ten Thou-"sands." There, the Horse acquires Vigour, for the Dispatch of our Business; and Speed, to expedite our Journeys. From thence, the Kine bring home their Udders, distended with one of the richest, and healthiest Liquors, in the World.

ON several Spots, a *Grove* of Trees, like some grand Colonnade, erects its tow'ring Head. Every one projects a friendly Shade, for the Beasts; and creates a hospitable Lodging, for the Birds. Every one stands ready, to furnish *Timber* for a Palace; *Masts* for a Navy; or, with a more condescending Courtesy, *Fuel* for our Hearths.—One of them seems skirted with a wild uncultivated *Heath*; which, like well-disposed Shades in Painting, throws an additional Lustre on the more ornamented Parts of the Landscape. Nor is its Usefulness, like that of a Foil, relative only, but real. There, several valuable Creatures are produced, and accommodated; without any Expence, or Care of ours. There, likewise, spring abundance of those *Herbs*, which asswage the Smart of our Wounds, and allay the fiery Tumults of the Fever. Which impart Floridity to our circulating Fluids; add a more vigorous Tone to our active Solids; and, thereby, repair the Decays of our enfeebled Constitutions.

NEARER the Houses, We perceive an ample Spread of Branches; not so stately as the Oaks, but more amiable for their annual Services. A little while ago, I

beheld them; and all was one beauteous, boundless Waste of *Blossoms*. The Eye marvelled, at the lovely Sight; and the Heart rejoiced, in the Prospect of autumnal Plenty. But now, the blooming Maid is resigned, for the useful Matron. The Flower is fallen, and the *Fruit* swells out on every Twig.—Breathe soft, ye Winds! O, spare the tender Fruitage, ye surly Blasts! Let the *Pear-tree* suckle her juicy Progeny; till they drop into our Hands, and dissolve in our Mouths. Let the *Plum* hang unmolested upon her Boughs; till she fatten her delicious Flesh, and cloud her polished Skin with Blue. And as for the *Apples*, that staple Commodity of our *Orchards*, let no injurious Shocks precipitate them immaturely to the Ground; till revolving Suns, have tinged them with a ruddy Complexion, and concocted them into an exquisite Flavour. Then, what copious Hoards, of what burnished Rinds, and what delightful Relishes, will replenish the Store-room! Some, to present us with an early Entertainment, and refresh our Palates amidst the sultry Heats. Some, to borrow Ripeness from the falling Snows, and carry Autumn into the Depths of Winter. Some, to adorn the Salver, make a Part of the Dessert, and give an agreeable * Close to our Feasts. Others, to fill our Vats with a foaming Flood; which, mellowed by Age, may sparkle in the Glass, with a Liveliness and Delicacy, little inferior to the Blood of the Grape.

I OBSERVE several small *Inclosures*, which seem to be apprehensive of some hostile Visit from the North; and, therefore, are defended, on that Quarter, by a thick Wood, or a lofty Wall. At the same time, they cultivate an uninterrupted Correspondence with the South; and throw open their whole Dimensions, to its friendly

* — — *Ab Ovo*
Usque ad Mala — — HOR.

Warmth.

Warmth. One, in particular, lies within the Reach of a distinguishing View; and proves to be a *Kitchen-Garden*. It looks, methinks, like a plain and frugal Republic: Whatever may resemble the Pomp of Courts, or the Ensigns of Royalty, is banished from this humble Community. None of the Productions of the Olitory affect Finery; but all are habited with the very Perfection of Decency. Here, those celebrated Qualities are eminently united, the utmost Simplicity with the exactest Neatness *.—A skilful Hand has parcelled out the whole Ground, into narrow Beds, and intervening Alleys. The same discreet Management has assigned to each verdant Family, a peculiar and distinct Abode. So that there is no Confusion, amidst the greatest Multiplicity; because every Individual knows its proper Home, and all the Tribes are ranged with perfect Regularity.—If it be pleasing to behold their orderly Situation, and their modest Beauties; how much more delightful, to consider the Advantages, they yield! What a *Fund* of choice *Accommodations* is Here! What a Source of wholesome Dainties! And all, for the Enjoyment of Man. Why does the *Parsley*, with her frizzled Locks, shag the Border; or why the *Celery*, with her whitening Arms, perforate the Mold; but to render his Soops savoury? The *Asparagus* shoots its tapering Stems, to offer him the First-fruits of the Season; and the *Artichoke* spreads its turgid Top, to give him a Treat of vegetable Marrow. The Tendrils of the † *Cucumber* creep into the Sun; and, though basking

* *Simplex Munditiis.* HOR.

† *Virgil*, with great Conciseness, and equal Propriety, describes the *Cucumber*—

—*Tortusque per herbam*
Cresceret in Ventrem Cucumis.— Georg. IV.

ing in its hottest Rays, they secrete for their Master, and barrel up for his Use, the most cooling Juices of the Soil. The *Beans* stand firm, like Files of embattled Troops; the *Peas* rest upon their Props, like so many Companies of Invalids; while both replenish their Pods with the Fatness of the Earth, on purpose to pour it on their Owner's Table.—Not one Species, among all this Variety of Herbs, is a Cumberer of the Ground. Not a single Plant, but is good for Food, or some way salutary. With so beneficent an Oeconomy, are the several Periods of their Ministration settled; that no Portion of the Year is left destitute of nourishing Esculents. What is still more obliging, every Portion of the Year affords *such* Esculents, as are best suited to the Temperature of the Air, and the State of our Bodies. —Why then should the *Possessor* of so valuable a Spot, envy the Condition of Kings*? Since He may daily walk amidst Rows of peaceable and obsequious, though mute Subjects. Every One of which tenders him some agreeable Present, and pays him a willing Tribute. Such as is most happily adapted, both to supply his Wants, and to regale his Taste: to furnish Him, at once, with Plenty and with Pleasure.

MILTON has (if We admit Dr. *Bentley*'s Alteration, which is, I think, in *this* Place, unquestionably just) almost translated the *Latin* Poet,

• —— Forth crept
The *swelling* Gourd—

Par. Lost, B. VII. l. 320.

* Hic *rarum tamen in Dumis Olus, albaque circum*
Lilia, Verbenasque premens, vescumque Papaver,
Regum æquabat Opes Animis. *seraque revertens*
Nocte domum, Dapibus Mensas onerabat inemptis.

VIRG. Georg. IV.

At

At a Diſtance, one deſcries the mighty *Hills*. They heave their huge Ridges among the Clouds; and look like the Barriers of Kingdoms, or the Boundaries of Nature. Bare and deformed as their Surface may appear, their Bowels are fraught with inward Treaſures! Treaſures, lodged faſt in the *Quarries*, or ſunk deep in the *Mines*. From thence, Induſtry may draw her Implements, to plow the Soil; to reap the Grain; and procure every neceſſary Convenience. From thence, Art may fetch her Materials, to rear the Dome; to ſwell the Organ; and form the nobleſt Ornaments of politer Life.

On another Side, the *great Deep* terminates the View. *There go the Ships: There is that Leviathan:* And there, in that World of Waters, an inconceivable Number of Animals have their Habitation.—This is the capacious *Ciſtern* of the *Univerſe*; which admits, as into a Receptacle; and diſtributes, as from a Reſervoir; whatever waters the whole Globe. There's not a Fountain, that guſhes in the unfrequented Deſart; nor a Rivulet, that flows in the remoteſt Continent; nor a Cloud, that ſwims in the higheſt Regions of the Firmament; but is fed by this all-repleniſhing Source.—The Ocean is the grand *Vehicle* of *Trade*, and the Uniter of diſtant Nations. To us it is peculiarly kind, not only as it wafts into our Ports, the Harveſt of every Climate; and renders our Iſland the Centre of Traffic; but alſo as it ſecures us from foreign Invaſions, by a ſort of impregnable Entrenchment *.

METHINKS,

* *Whoſe Rampart was the Sea.* Nahum iii. 8.

I hope, this little Excurſion into the Country, will not be looked upon as a *Departure* from my Subject. Becauſe, a rural View, though no eſſential Part of a Garden, is yet a deſirable Appendage, and neceſſary to *complete* its Beauty.—As Uſefulneſs is the moſt valuable Property, which can attend any Production; *this* is the Circum-

METHINKS, the View of this profuſe Munificence inſpires a *ſecret Delight*, and kindles a *diſintereſted Good-will*.—While the "little Hills clap their Hands," and the luxuriant "Valleys laugh and ſing;" who can forbear catching the general Joy? Who is not touched, with lively Senſations of Pleaſure?—While the everlaſting Father, is ſcattering Bleſſings through his whole Family, and crowning the Year with his Goodneſs; who does not feel his Breaſt overflowing, with a diffuſive Benevolence?—My Heart, I muſt confeſs, beats high with Satisfaction; and breathes out *congratulatory Wiſhes*, upon all the Tenants of theſe rural Abodes: "Peace "be within your Walls, as well as Plenteouſneſs "around your Dwellings." Live, ye highly favoured; live ſenſible of your Benefits, and thankful to your Benefactor. Look round upon theſe prodigiouſly large Incomes of the fruitful Soil, and call them (for you have free Leave) all your own.—Only let me remind you of one very important Truth. Let me ſuggeſt, and may you never forget; That you are *obliged* to CHRIST JESUS, for every one of theſe Accommodations, which ſpring from the teeming Earth, and the ſmiling Skies.

1. CHRIST * *made* them, when they were not.—He fetched them up from utter Darkneſs; and gave

Circumſtance, chiefly touched upon in the Survey of the Landſcape. Though every Piece of this extenſive and diverſified Scene, is caſt in the moſt elegant Mould; yet nothing is calculated merely for Shew and Parade. You ſee nothing formed in the Taſte of the oſtentatious Obeliſk, or inſignificant Pomp of the Pyramid. No ſuch idle Expences were admitted into that conſummate Plan, which regulated the Structure of the Univerſe. All the Decorations of Nature are no leſs *advantageous*, than *ornamental*; ſuch as ſpeak the MAKER infinitely beneficent, as well as incomparably magnificent.

* When I aſcribe the Work of Creation to the SON, I would by no Means be ſuppoſed, to withhold the ſame Honour, from the Eternal FATHER, and Ever-bleſſed SPIRIT. The Acts of thoſe incon-

them both their Being, and their Beauty. He created the Materials, of which they are composed; and moulded them into this endless Multiplicity, of amiable Forms, and useful Substances. He arrayed the Heavens, with a Vesture of the mildest Blue; and cloathed the Earth, in a Livery of the gayest Green. His Pencil streaked, and his Breath perfumed, whatever is beautiful or fragrant in the Universe. His Strength set fast the Mountains; His Goodness garnished the Vales; and the same *Touch* which healed the *Leper*, wrought the whole visible *System* into this complete Perfection.

2. CHRIST *recovered* them, when they were forfeited.—By *Adam*'s Sin, we lost our Right to the Comforts of Life, and Fruits of the Ground. His Disobedience was the most impious and horrid *Treason*, against the KING of Kings. Consequently, his whole Patrimony became *confiscated:* as well the Portion of temporal

inconceivably glorious Persons are, like their Essence, undivided and one. But I choose to state the Point in this Manner, because this is the manifest Doctrine of the New Testament; is the express Belief of our Church; and a most noble Peculiarity of the Gospel Revelation.—I choose it also, because I would take every Opportunity of inculcating, and celebrating, the *Divinity* of the REDEEMER. A Truth, which imparts an unutterable Dignity, to Christianity: A Truth, which lays an immoveable Foundation, for all the comfortable Hopes of a Christian: A Truth, which will render the Mystery of our Redemption, the Wonder and Delight of Eternity: And with this Truth, every one will observe, my Assertion is inseparably connected.

If any One questions, whether this be the Doctrine of our Church; let the *Creed*, which we repeat in our most solemn Devotions, determine his Doubt: "I believe," says that Form of sound Words, "in one LORD JESUS CHRIST, very GOD of very GOD, *by* "*whom all Things were made.*"—If it be farther inquired, From whence the *Nicene* Fathers derived this Article of their Faith? I answer, From the Writings of the beloved Disciple, who lay on the Saviour's Bosom; and of that great Apostle, who had been caught up into the Third Heaven. *John* i. 3. *Coloss.* i. 16.

good

good Things, settled upon the human Race during their Minority; as that everlasting Heritage reserved for their Enjoyment, when they should come to full Age. But the "Seed of the Woman," instantly interposing, took off the Attainder, and redeemed the alienated Inheritance. The first *Adam* being disinherited, the second *Adam* * was *appointed Heir of all Things*, visible as well as invisible. And we hold our Possession of the former; we expect an Instatement in the latter; purely by virtue of our Alliance to Him, and our Union with Him.

3. Christ *upholds* them, which would otherwise tumble into Ruin.—*By Him*, says the Oracle of Inspiration, *all Things consist* †. His Finger rolls the Seasons round,

* *Heb.* i. 2.—In this Sense at least, CHRIST is *the Saviour of all Men.* The former and latter Rain; the precious Fruits of the Earth; Food to eat, and Raiment to put on;—all these he purchased even for his irreclaimable Enemies. *They* eat of his Bread, who lift up their Heel against Him.

We learn from hence, in what a peculiar and endearing Light, the *Christian* is to contemplate the Things that are seen. *Heathens* might discover an eternal Power, and infinite Wisdom, in the Structure of the Universe; Heathens might acknowledge a most stupendous Liberality, in the unreserved Grant of the whole Fabric, with all its Furniture, to the Service of Man. But the Christian should ever keep in Mind his Forfeiture of them, and the Price paid to redeem them. He should receive the Gifts of indulgent Providence, as the *Israelites* received their Law, from the Hand of a Mediator. Or rather, To him they should come, not only issuing from the Stores of an unbounded Bounty, but swimming (as it were) in that crimson Tide, which streamed from IMMANUEL's Veins.

[illegible] οὐ μόνον αὐτὸς αὐτὰ ἐκ τοῦ μὴ ὄντος εἰς τὸ εἶναι παρήγαγεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς αὐτὰ συνέχει νῦν· ὥστε ἂν ἀποσπασθῇ τῆς αὐτοῦ προνοίας, ἀπόλωλε καὶ διέφθαρται.

and presides over all the celestial Revolutions. His Finger winds up the Wheels, and impels every Spring, of vegetative Nature. In a Word, the whole Weight of the Creation, rests upon his mighty Arm; and receives the whole Harmony of its Motion, from his unerring Eye.—This habitable Globe, with all its rich Appendages, and fine Machinery, could no more continue, than they could create themselves. *Start* they would into instant *Confusion*; or *drop* into their primitive *Nothing*; did not his Power support, and his Wisdom regulate them, every Moment. In Conformity to his Will, they subsist stedfast and invariable in their Orders, and wait only for his sovereign Nod, to "fall "away like Water, that runneth apace."

4. CHRIST * *actuates* them, which would otherwise be lifeless and insignificant.—Pensioners they are, constant Pensioners, on his Bounty; and borrow their *All* from his Fulness. *He only has Life*; and whatever operates, operates by an Emanation from his All-sufficiency. Does the Grape refresh you, with its enlivening Juices? It is by a Warrant received, and Virtue derived, from the Redeemer. Does Bread strengthen your Heart, and prove the Staff of your Life? Remember, that it is by the Saviour's Appointment, and through the Efficacy of his Operation. You are charmed with *his* Melody, when the "Time of the "Singing of Birds is come, and the Voice of the "Nightingale is heard in your Land." You taste *his*

* *John* v. 17. *My Father worketh hitherto, and I work*; or, I exert that unremitting and unwearied Energy, which is the Life of the Creation.—Thus the Words are paraphrased by a masterly Expositor, who has illustrated the Life of our blessed LORD, in the most elegant Taste of Criticism; with the most amiable Spirit of Devotion; and without any Mixture of the malignant Leaven, or low Singularities, of a Party. See the *Family Expositor*, Vol. I. Sect. 47.

Good-

Goodneſs in the luſcious Fig, the melting Peach, and the muſky Flavour of the Apricot. You ſmell *his* Sweetneſs in the opening Honeyſuckle, and every odoriferous Shrub.

COULD theſe Creatures ſpeak for themſelves, they would, doubtleſs, diſclaim all Sufficiency of their own, and aſcribe the whole Honour to their Maker.—"We "are Servants," would they ſay, "of HIM, who died "for you. *Ciſterns* only, dry Ciſterns in ourſelves, we "*tranſmit* to Mortals no more, than the uncreated "Fountain transfuſes into us. Think not, that, from "any Ability of our own, we furniſh you with Aſſiſt- "ance, or adminiſter to your Comfort. 'Tis the Di- "vine Energy, the Divine Energy alone, that works "in us, and does you Good.—We *ſerve* you, O ye "Sons of Men, that you may *love* Him, who placed us "in theſe Stations. O! love the LORD, therefore, all "ye who are ſupported by our Miniſtry; or elſe we "ſhall * groan, with Indignation and Regret, at your "Abuſe of our Services.—Uſe us, and welcome; for "we are yours, if ye are CHRIST's. Crop our choiceſt "Beauties; rifle all our Treaſures; accommodate your- "ſelves with our moſt valuable Qualities; only let us "be Incentives to your *Gratitude*, and Motives to your "*Obedience*."

HAVING ſurveyed the ſpacious Sky; and ſent a Glance round the inferior Creation; 'tis Time to deſcend from this Eminence, and confine my Attention to the *beautiful Spot* below—Here Nature, always pleaſing, every-where lovely, appears with peculiar Attractions. Yonder, ſhe ſeems dreſſed in her Deſhabille; grand, but irregular. Here, ſhe calls in her Handmaid Art; and ſhines in all the delicate Ornaments, which the niceſt Cultivation is able to convey. *Thoſe*,

* Rom. viii. 22.

are

are her common Apartments, where ſhe lodges her ordinary Gueſts; *This*, is her Cabinet of Curioſities, where ſhe entertains her intimate Acquaintance.—My Eye ſhall often expatiate, over thoſe Scenes of univerſal Fertility: My Feet ſhall ſometimes bruſh through the Thicket, or traverſe the Lawn, or ſtroll along the Foreſt Glade: But to this delightful Retreat, ſhall be my chief Reſort. Thither, will I *make Excurſions*; but Here, will I *dwell*.

If, from my low Procedure, I may form an Alluſion to the moſt exalted Practices; I would obſerve, upon this Occaſion; That the celebrated *Eraſmus*, and our judicious *Locke*, having trod the Circle of the Sciences, and ranged through the whole Extent of *human* Literature, at length betook themſelves ſolely to the *Bible*. Leaving the Sages of Antiquity, they ſat inceſſantly at the Feet of Jesus. Wiſely they withdrew, from that immenſe Multiplicity of Learning; from thoſe endleſs Tracts of amuſing Erudition; where, noxious Weeds are mixed with wholeſome Herbs; where, is generally a much larger Growth of prickly Shrubs, than of fruitful Boughs. They ſpent their moſt mature Hours, in thoſe hallowed Gardens, which God's own Wiſdom planted; which God's own Spirit watereth; and in which God's own Son is continually walking. Where, He meeteth thoſe that ſeek Him; and revealeth to them the Glories of his Perſon, and the Riches of his Goodneſs.

Thus would I finiſh the Remainder of my Days! Having juſt *taſted* (what they call) the politer Studies; I would now devote my whole *Application* to the lively Oracles. From other Purſuits, I might glean, perhaps, a few ſcattered Fragments of low, of lean, of unſatisfactory Inſtruction. From this, I truſt to reap a Harveſt of the ſublimeſt Truths; the nobleſt Improve-

ments; and the pureſt Joys.—Waft me then, O! waft my Mind to *Sion*'s conſecrated Bowers. Let my Thoughts perpetually rove, through the awfully pleaſing Walks of Inſpiration.* Here, grow thoſe Heaven-born Plants, the Trees of *Life* and *Knowledge*; whoſe ambroſial Fruits we now may "take, and eat, and live "for ever." Here, flow thoſe precious Streams of *Grace* and *Righteouſneſs*; whoſe living Waters "whoſoever drinks, ſhall thirſt no more." And, what can the Fables of *Grecian* Song, or the fineſt Pages of *Roman* Eloquence—what can they exhibit, in any Degree comparable to theſe matchleſs Prerogatives of Revelation?—Therefore, though I ſhould not diſlike to pay a *Viſit* now-and-then to my Heathen Maſters, I would *live* with the Prophets and Apoſtles. With thoſe, I would carry on ſome occaſional Correſpondence: but theſe ſhould be my Boſom-Friends; my inſeparable Companions; "my Delight, and my Coun-"ſellors."

WHAT *Sweets* are theſe, which ſo agreeably ſalute my Noſtrils? They are the Breath of the Flowers; the Incenſe of the Garden.—How liberally does the Jeſſamine diſpenſe her odoriferous Riches? How deliciouſly has the Woodbine embalmed this Morning Walk? The Air is all Perfume.—And is not this, another moſt engaging Argument, to forſake the Bed of *Sloth*? Who would lie diſſolved in ſenſeleſs Slumbers; while ſo many breathing Sweets, invite him to a Feaſt of Fragrancy? Eſpecially conſidering, That the advancing Day will exhale the volatile Dainties. A *fugitive Treat* they are, prepared only for the Wakeful and Induſtrious. Whereas, when the Sluggard lifts

* *Quicquid docetur, Veritas; quicquid præcipitur, Bonitas; quicquid promittitur, Felicitas.*

his

his heavy Eyes, the Flowers will droop; their fine Scents be diſſipated; and, inſtead of this refreſhing Humidity, the Air will become a Kind of liquid Fire.

WITH this very *Motive*, heightened by a Repreſentation of the moſt charming Pieces of Morning Scenery, the Parent of Mankind awakes his lovely Conſort. There is ſuch a Delicacy in the Choice, and ſo much Life in the Deſcription, of theſe rural Images; that I cannot excuſe myſelf, without repeating the whole Paſſage.—Whiſper it, ſome friendly *Genius*, in the Ear of every One, who is now ſunk in Sleep, and loſt to all theſe refined Gratifications!

Awake: the Morning ſhines, and the freſh Field
Calls you: Ye loſe the Prime, to mark how ſpring
The tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove;
What drops the Myrrh, and what the balmy Reed;
How Nature paints her Colours; how the Bee
Sits on the Bloom, extracting liquid Sweets.*

HOW delightful is this Fragrance! It is diſtributed in the niceſt *Proportion*; neither ſo ſtrong, as to oppreſs the Organs; nor ſo faint, as to elude them. We are ſoon cloyed at a ſumptuous Banquet; but this Pleaſure never loſes its *Poignancy*, never palls the Appetite.—Here, Luxury itſelf is innocent; or rather, in this Caſe, Indulgence is incapable of Exceſs.—This balmy Entertainment, not only regales the *Senſe*, but † chears the very *Soul*; and, inſtead of clogging, elates its Powers.—It puts me in Mind of that ever memorable Sacrifice, which was once made in Behalf of offending Mortals. I mean the *Sacrifice of the bleſſed* JESUS;

* MILT. Par. Loſt, B. V. l. 20.
† *Ointment and Perfume rejoice the Heart.* Prov. xxvii. 9.

when He offered up Himſelf to GOD; "for a ſweet-"ſmelling Savour." Such the Holy Spirit ſtiles that wonderful Oblation: as if no Image, in the whole ſenſible Creation, was ſo proper to give us an Idea of the *ineffable Satisfaction*; which the Father of Mercies conceived, from that unparalleled Atonement; as the *pleaſing Senſation*, which ſuch rich Perfumes are capable of raiſing. "Thouſands of Rams, and Ten Thouſands of Rivers of Oil," from an apoſtate World; the moſt ſubmiſſive Acknowledgments, added to the moſt coſtly Offerings, from Men of defiled Hands, and unclean Lips; what could they have effected? A Prophet repreſents the "High and Lofty One, that inhabiteth "Eternity," turning Himſelf away from ſuch filthy Rags; turning Himſelf away, with a diſdainful Abhorrence*, as from the noiſome Steams of a Dunghill. —But in CHRIST's immaculate Holineſs; in CHRIST's conſummate Obedience; in CHRIST's moſt precious Blood-ſhedding; with what unimaginable Complacency, does Juſtice reſt ſatisfied, and Vengeance acquieſce!— All thy *Works*, O Thou Surety for ruined Sinners! all thy *Sufferings*, O Thou ſlaughtered Lamb of GOD! as well as all thy *Garments*, O Thou Bridegroom of thy Church! *ſmell of Myrrh, Aloes, and Caſſia*†! They are infinitely more grateful to the eternal Godhead, than the choiceſt Exhalations of the Garden, than all the Odours of the ſpicy Eaſt, can be to the human Noſtrils.
* As the Altar of old ſanctified the Gift; ſo this is the great Propitiation, which recommends the obnoxious Perſons, and unprofitable Services of the believing World. In *this*, may my Soul be intereſted! By *this*, may it be reconciled to the Father!—There is ſuch a leprous Depravity cleaving to my Nature, as pollutes

* Amos v. 21, 22. † Pſalm xlv. 8.

whatever I perform. My most profound Adorations, and sincerest Acts of Religion, must not presume to *challenge* a Reward, but humbly *implore* Forgiveness*. Renouncing, therefore, myself in every Instance of Duty; disclaiming all Shadow of Confidence † in any Deeds of my own; may I now, and evermore, *be accepted through the Beloved!*

WHAT *Colours*, what charming Colours, are here! These, so nobly bold; and Those, so delicately languid. What a Glow is enkindled in some! what a Gloss shines upon others! In one, methinks, I see the Ruby with her bleeding Radiance; in another, the Sapphire with her Sky-tinctured Blue; in all, such an exquisite Richness of Dyes; as no other Set of Paintings in the Universe can boast ‡.—With what a masterly *Skill*, is every

* A Writer of distinguished Superiority, *thus* addresses the great Observer of Actions, and Searcher of Hearts; and vindicates *my* Sentiments, while he so justly and beautifully utters his own;

> Look down, great GOD, with Pity's softest Eye,
> On a poor breathing Particle in Dust.
> His Crimes forgive; forgive his Virtues too,
> Those *smaller Faults, half Converts* to the Right.
>
> *Night-Thoughts*, N° IX.

† See Page 44 and 45. in the *second* Edition of a most *candid* and *evangelical* little Treatise, called CHRISTIANITY the Great ORNAMENT of Human Life.—" If Christians happily " avoid the *dangerous* Extreme, and too often *fatal* Rock, of a " dead *fruitless* Faith on the one hand, He [*i. e.* Satan] will en- " deavour, by all kind of plausible Insinuations, to split them on " the opposite, *viz.* Spiritual Pride, Ostentation, and *Dependence* " *on their Works*, as if THESE were the *meritorious*, or *procuring* " Cause of all true Peace, Hope, Consolation, and Divine Ac- " ceptance—Now this *Self Dependence* may be ranked among the " *most dangerous* of the infernal Forces, because the fatal Poison " lies *deep*, and too often *undiscerned*."

‡ — — — — *Who can paint*
Like Nature? *Can Imagination boast,*

every one of the varying Tints *diſpoſed!* Here, they ſeem to be thrown on with an eaſy Daſh, of Security and Freedom; there, they are adjuſted by the niceſt Touches, of Art and Accuracy. Thoſe which form the Ground, are always ſo judiciouſly choſen, as to heighten the Luſtre of the ſuperadded Figures; while the Verdure of the Impalement, or the Shadings of the Foliage, impart new Livelineſs to the Whole. Indeed; whether they are blended, or arranged; ſoftened, or contraſted; they are manifeſtly under the Conduct of a Taſte, that never miſtakes; a Felicity, that never falls ſhort of; the very Perfection of Elegance.—Fine, inimitably fine, is the *Texture* of the Web; on which theſe ſhining Treaſures are diſplayed. What are the Labours of the *Perſian* Looms, or the boaſted Commodities of *Bruſſels*, compared with theſe curious Manufactures of Nature? Compared with theſe, the moſt admired Chintſes loſe their Reputation; even ſuperfine Cambrics, appear coarſe as Canvaſs in their Preſence.

WHAT a cheering Argument does our Saviour derive from hence, to ſtrengthen our *Affiance* in GOD! He directs us to learn a Leſſon of Heaven-depending Faith, from every Bird, that wings the Air; and from every Flower, that bloſſoms in the Field. If Providence, with unremitted Care, ſupports thoſe inferior Creatures; and arrays theſe inſenſible Beings, with ſo much Splendor; ſurely, He will in no-wiſe with-hold, from his elect Children, "Bread to eat, and Raiment "to put on."—Ye faithful Followers of the Lamb,

Amid his gay Creation, Hues like theſe?
And can he mix them with that matchleſs Skill,
And lay them on ſo delicately fine,
And loſe them in each other, as appears
In ev'ry Bud that blows?— THOMS. Spring.

diſmiſs

diſmiſs every low *Anxiety*, relating to the needful *Suſtenance* of Life. He that feeds the Ravens, from an inexhauſtible Magazine; He that paints the Plants, with ſuch ſurpaſſing Elegance; in ſhort, He that provides ſo liberally, both for the animal and vegetable Parts of His Creation; will not, cannot, neglect His own People.—*Fear not, little Flock*, ye peculiar Objects of Almighty Love! *it is your Father's good Pleaſure, to give you a Kingdom* *. And If He freely gives you, an everlaſting Kingdom hereafter; is it poſſible to ſuppoſe, that he will deny you any neceſſary Conveniencies here?

ONE cannot forbear reflecting, in this Place, on the too prevailing Humour, of being fond and oſtentatious of *Dreſs* †. What an abject and miſtaken Ambition is

* Luke xii. 32.

† Mr. *Addiſon* has a fine Remark on a female Warrior, celebrated by *Virgil*. He obſerves, that with all her other great Qualities, this *little Foible* mingled itſelf. Becauſe, as the Poet relates, an intemperate Fondneſs for a rich and ſplendid Suit of Armour, betrayed her into Ruin. In this Circumſtance our Critic diſcovers a *Moral* concealed; this He admires, as a neat, though oblique *Satire*, on that trifling Paſſion. *Spect.* Vol. I. N° 15.

I would refer it to the judicious Reader, whether there is not a Beauty of the *ſame* Kind, but touched with a *more* maſterly Hand, in the Song of *Deborah*.—Speaking of *Siſera*'s Mother, the ſacred eucharistic Ode repreſents Her, as anticipating, in her fond Fancy, the Victory of her Son; and indulging the following Soliloquy—*Have they not ſped? Have they not divided the Prey? To* Siſera *a Prey of divers Colours; a Prey of divers Colours of Needle-work; of divers Colours of Needle-work on both Sides; meet for the Necks of them that take the Spoil?*—She takes no notice of the Signal Service, which her Hero would do to his Country, by quelling ſo dangerous an Inſurrection. She never reflects on the *preſent* Acclamations, the *future* Advancement, and the *eternal* Renown, which are the Tribute uſually paid to a Conqueror's Merit. She can conceive, it ſeems, nothing greater, than to be clad in an em-

I 3 broidered

is this! How unworthy the Dignity of *immortal*, and the Wiſdom of *rational* Beings! Eſpecially, ſince theſe little Productions of the Earth, have indiſputably the Pre-eminence, in ſuch outward Embelliſhments.—Go: cloathe thyſelf with Purple, and fine Linen; trick thyſelf up in all the gay Attire, which the Shuttle or the Needle can furniſh. Yet know, to the Mortification of thy Vanity, that the *native* Elegance of a common Daiſy*, eclipſes all this *elaborate* Finery.—Nay, wert thou decked like ſome illuſtrious Princeſs, on her Coronation-day, in all the Splendor of royal Apparel; couldſt thou equal even *Solomon*, in the Height of his Magnificence and Glory; yet, would the meaneſt among the *flowery Populace* outſhine thee. Every diſcerning Eye, would give the Preference, to theſe Beau-

broidered Veſture; and to trail along the Ground, a Robe of the richeſt Dyes. This is, in *her* Imagination, the moſt lordly Spoil, He can win; the moſt ſtately Trophy, He can erect.—It is alſo obſervable, how She *dwells* upon the trivial Circumſtance; reiterating it again and again. It has ſo charmed her ignoble Heart; ſo intirely engroſſed her little Views; that She can *think* of nothing elſe; *ſpeak* of nothing elſe, and can hardly ever *deſiſt* from the darling Topic.—Is not this a keen, tho' delicately couched Cenſure, on that poor, contemptible, groveling Taſte; which is enamoured with ſilken Finery, and makes the *Attributes* of a Butterfly the *Idol* of its Affections?

How conſpicuous, is the elevated and magnificent Spirit of that venerable *Mother in Iſrael*; when viewed in compariſon with the low, the deſpicable Turn of this *Canaanitiſh Lady*!—Such ſtrong and beautiful *Contraſts* are, I think, ſome of the moſt ſtriking Excellencies of poetic Painting: and in no Book are they more frequently uſed, or expreſſed with greater Life, than in the *ſacred* Volumes of Inſpiration.

* Peaceful and lowly in their native Soil,
They neither know to ſpin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confeſs'd Magnificence deride
Our mean Attire, and Impotence of Pride.

PRIOR.

ties

ties of the * Ground.—Scorn then to borrow thy Recommendations, from a neat Disposition of Threads, and a curious Arrangement of Colours. Assume a becoming Greatness of Temper. Let thy Endowments be of the immortal Kind. Study to be *all-glorious within*. Be cloathed with Humility. Wear the Ornament of a meek and quiet Spirit †. To say all in a Word; *Put on the* LORD JESUS CHRIST ‡: Let His *Blood* be sprinkled upon thy Conscience, and it shall be whiter than the virgin Snows. Let His *Righteousness*, like a spotless Robe, adorn thy inner Man; and thou shalt be amiable, even in the most distinguishing Eye of GOD. Let His blessed *Spirit* dwell in thy Heart; and, under His sanctifying Operations, thou shalt be made Partaker of a Divine Nature.

THESE are real Excellencies; truly noble Accomplishments these. In this Manner be arrayed, be beautified; and thou wilt not find a Rival, in the Feathers of a Peacock, or the Foliation of a Tulip. These will exalt thee, far above the *low Pretensions* of Lace and Embroidery. These will prepare thee to stand in the beatific Presence, and to take thy Seat among the Angels of Light.

WHAT an inchanting *Situation* is this! One can scarce be melancholy within the Atmosphere of Flowers. Such lively Hues, and delicious Odours, not only ad-

* Mr. Cowley with his usual Brilliancy of Imagination, stiles them *Stars of Earth*.

† How beautifully does the Prophet describe the *Furniture* of a renewed and heavenly *Mind*; under the Similitude of a rich and complete *Suit* of *Apparel! I will greatly rejoice in the* LORD; *my Soul shall be joyful in my* GOD; *for he hath cloathed me with the Garments of Salvation; He hath covered me with the Robe of Righteousness, as a Bridegroom decketh himself with Ornaments, and as a Bride adorneth herself with her Jewels.* Isa. lxi. 10.

‡ Rom. xiii. 14.

dress themselves agreeably to the Senses; but touch, with a surprising Delicacy, the sweetest Movements of the Mind.

——To the Heart inspiring
Vernal Delight and Joy.* MILT. B. IV.

How often have I felt them dissipate the *Gloom* of Thought, and transfuse a sudden Gaiety thro' the dejected Spirit! I cannot wonder, that Kings descend from their *Thrones*, to walk amidst blooming Ivory and Gold; or retire from the most sumptuous Feast, to be recreated with the more refined Sweets of the Garden. I cannot wonder, that Queens forego, for a while, the Compliments of a Nation, to receive the Tribute of the Parterre; or withdraw from all the Glitter of a *Court*, to be attended with the more splendid *Equipage* of a Bed of Flowers.—But, if this be so pleasing; what transporting Pleasure must arise, from the Fruition of uncreated Excellency! O! what unknown Delight, to enter into thy *immediate Presence*, most blessed LORD GOD! To see Thee†, Thou King of Heaven, and

* "I would have my Reader endeavour to MORALIZE this "natural Pleasure of the Soul, and to improve this *vernal Delight* as *Milton* calls it, into a *Christian Virtue*. When we find "ourselves inspired with this pleasing Instinct, this secret Satisfaction and Complacency, arising from the Beauties of the Creation, let us consider, to *Whom* we stand indebted for all these "Entertainments of Sense; and *Who* it is, that thus opens his "Hand, and fills the World with Good.—Such an habitual Disposition of Mind *consecrates* every Field and Wood; turns an "*ordinary Walk* into a morning or evening Sacrifice; and will "improve those transient Gleams, which naturally brighten up "and refresh the Soul on such Occasions, into an inviolable and "perpetual State of Bliss and Happiness."

Spect. Vol. V. N° 394.

† *Isaiah* represents the Felicity of the Righteous, in the everlasting World, by this elegant and amiable Image; *Thine Eyes shall see*

and LORD of Glory, no longer "through a Glaſs "darkly, but Face to Face!" To have all thy Goodneſs, all thy Greatneſs, ſhine before us; and be made glad for ever with the brighteſt Diſcovery of thy Perfections, with the ineffable Joy of thy Countenance!

THIS we cannot bear, in our preſent imperfect State. The Effulgence of unveiled Divinity would dazzle a mortal Sight. Our feeble Faculties, would be *overwhelmed* with ſuch a *Fulneſs* of ſuperabundant Bliſs; and muſt be *oppreſſed*, under ſuch an exceeding great, eternal *Weight* of Glory.—But, when this Corruptible hath put on Incorruption, the Powers of the Soul will be greatly invigorated; and theſe earthly Tabernacles, will be transformed into the Likeneſs of CHRIST's glorious Body. Then, though "the Moon "ſhall be confounded, and the Sun aſhamed*," when the LORD of Hoſts is revealed from Heaven; yet, ſhall his faithful People be enabled to *ſee Him as He is* †.

HERE then, my wiſhes, here be fixed. Be *this* your determined and invariable Aim.—Here my Affections, here give a Looſe to your whole Ardour. Cry out, in the Language of inſpiration; *This one Thing have I deſired of the* LORD, *which*, with inceſſant Earneſtneſs, *I will require*; *that I may dwell in the* celeſtial *Houſe of the* LORD, *all the Days of my* future *Life*; *to behold the*

ſee the King in his Beauty. Iſa. xxxiii. 17.—*Milton* touches the ſame Subject, with wonderful Elevation and Majeſty of Thought:

——— They walk with GOD,
High in Salvation, and the Climes of Bliſs.

MILT. B. XI. v. 707.

Words, which, like the fiery Car, almoſt tranſport our Affections to thoſe glorious Abodes.

* Iſai. xxiv. 23. † 1 John iii. 2.

fair

fair Beauty of the LORD *, and to contemplate, with Wonder and Adoration—with unspeakable and everlasting Rapture—all the Attributes of the incomprehensible Godhead.

SOLOMON, a most penetrating Judge of human Nature, knowing how highly Mankind is charmed, with the fine Qualities of Flowers; has figured out the blessed JESUS, that "fairest among ten thousand," by these lovely Representatives. He stiles him † *The Rose of Sharon*, and *The Lily of the Vallies* ‡; like the first, full of Delights and communicable Graces; like the last, exalted in Majesty, and complete in Beauty.—In that sacred Pastoral, he ranges the Creation; borrows its most finished Forms; and dips his Pencil in its choicest Dyes, to present us with a Sketch of the Amiableness of his Person. His Amiableness, who is the Light of the World; the Glory of his Church; the only Hope, the sovereign Consolation of Sinners; and exalted, infinitely exalted, not only above the sublimest Comparison, but even "above all Blessing and Praise."—May I also make the same heavenly Use, of all sub-

* Psal. xxvii. 4. † Cant. ii. 1.

Malus ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvæ,
Utque Rosæ campis, ut lilia vallibus alba,
Sic CHRISTUS *decus omne suis.*—

‡ By the *Lily of the Vallies*, I apprehend, is meant, not the Flower which commonly passes under that Denomination, and is comparatively mean; but the grand, majestic, garden Lily; growing in a rich irriguous Soil, where it flourishes in the most ample Manner, and arrives at the highest Perfection. The Circumstance of the Vallies, added by the sacred Writer, is significant not of the *Species*, but of the *Place*.—This is by far the noblest Interpretation, and most exactly suitable to the spiritual Sense; which intimates, That the blessed JESUS delights to dwell, by the Communications of his Spirit, in *humble* Hearts.—שושנת העמקים *Lilium Vallibus gaudens.*

lunary

lunary Enjoyments! Whatever is pleasureable, or charming *below*; let it raise my Desire to those delectable Objects, which are *above*. Which will yield, not partial, but perfect Felicity; not transient, but never ending, Satisfaction and Joy.—Yes, my Soul, let these Beauties in *Miniature*, always remind thee of that glorious Person; in whom "dwells all the *Fulness* of the "Godhead bodily." Let these little Emanations, teach thee to thirst after the eternal Fountain. O! may the Creatures, be thy constant Clue to the Creator! For this is a certain Truth, and deserves thy frequent Recollection, demands thy most attentive Consideration; That the whole Compass of finite Perfection, is only a faint *Ray* *, shot from that immense Source—is only a small *Drop*, derived from that inexhaustible Ocean—of all Good.

WHAT a surprising *Variety* is observable, among the flowery Tribes! How has the bountiful Hand of Providence, diversified these nicest Pieces of his Workmanship! added the Charms of an endless Novelty, to all their other Perfections!—A constant Uniformity would soon render the Entertainment tiresome, or insipid; therefore, every Species is formed on a separate Plan, and exhibits something entirely *new*. The Fashion spreads not from Family to Family; but every one has a Mode of its own, which is truly original. The most cursory Glance, perceives an apparent Difference, as well as a peculiar Delicacy, in the *Airs* and *Habits*, the *Attitude* and *Lineaments*, of every distinct Class.

* —Thou sitt'st above all Heav'ns,
To Us invisible, or *dimly seen*
In these thy lowest Works; yet these declare
Thy Goodness beyond Thought, and Pow'r divine.
MILT. Book V.

Some rear their Heads, with a majestic Mien; and overlook, like *Sovereigns* or *Nobles*, the whole Parterre. Others seem more moderate in their Aims, and advance only to the middle Stations; a Genius turned for Heraldry, might term them, the *Gentry* of the Border. While others, free from all aspiring Views, creep unambitiously on the Ground, and look like the *Commonalty* of the Kind.—Some are intersected with elegant *Stripes*, or studded with radiant *Spots*. Some affect to be genteelly *powdered*, or neatly *fringed*; while others are plain in their Aspect, unaffected in their Dress, and content to please with a naked *Simplicity*. Some assume the Monarch's *Purple*; some look most becoming in the Virgin's *White*; but *Black*, doleful Black, has no Admittance into the Wardrobe of Spring. The Weeds of Mourning would be a manifest indecorum, when Nature holds an universal Festival. She would, now, inspire none but delightful Ideas; and therefore always makes her Appearance, in some * amiable Suit.—Here, *stands* a Warrior, clad with Crimson; there, *sits* a Magistrate, robed in Scarlet; and yonder, *struts* a pretty Fellow, that seems to have dipped his Plumes in the Rainbow, and glitters in all the gay Colours of that resplendent Arch. Some *rise* into a curious Cup, or *fall* into a set of beautiful Bells. Some *spread* themselves in a swelling Tuft, or *croud* into a delicious Cluster.—In some, the predominant Stain, softens by the gentlest *Diminutions*; till it has even stole away from itself. The Eye is amused at the agreeable Delusion; and we wonder to find ourselves insensibly decoyed, into a quite different Lustre. In others, you would think, the fine Tinges were emulous of Pre-eminence. Disdaining to mingle, they *confront* one another, with the Resolution of Rivals, determined

* —*Nunc formosissimus annus.* VIRG.

to

to dispute the Prize of Beauty; while each is improved, by the Opposition, into the highest Vivacity of Complexion.

HOW manifold are thy Works *, O LORD! Multiplied even to a Prodigy. Yet *in Wisdom*, consummate Wisdom, *hast thou made them all.*—How I admire the *Vastness* of the Contrivance, and the *Exactness* of the Execution! Man, feeble Man, with Difficulty accomplishes a single Work. Hardly, and after many Efforts, does He arrive at a tolerable Imitation, of some one Production of Nature. But the Almighty Artist spoke Millions of Substances, into instantaneous Being; the whole Collection wonderfully various, and each Individual completely perfect.—Repeated Experiments generally, I might say, always discover Errors or Defects, in *our* happiest Inventions. Nay, what wins our Approbation, at the present Hour, or in this particular Place, is very probably, in some remote Period or some distant Clime, treated with Contempt. Whereas, *these* fine Structures have pleased every Taste, in every Country, for almost six thousand Years. Nor has any † Fault been detected in the original Plan, nor any Room left for the least Improvement upon the first Model.—All our Performances, the more *minutely* they are scanned, the more *imperfect* they appear. With regard to these delicate Objects, the more we search into their Properties, the more we are ravished with their Graces. They are sure to disclose fresh Strokes of the most masterly Skill; in Proportion to the Attention, with which they are examined.

* Psal. civ. 24.

† Eccles. iii. 14. *I know, that whatsoever* GOD *doth, it shall be for ever; Nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it.*

NOR is the *Simplicity* of the *Operation* leſs aſtoniſhing, than the Accuracy of the Workmanſhip, or the Infinitude of the Effects. Should you aſk; "Where, "and what are the Materials, which beautify the "blooming World? What rich Tints; what ſplendid "Dyes; what Stores of ſhining Colours; uſed by the "Heavenly Limner, when he paints the Robe of Na-"ture?" 'Tis anſwered, his powerful Pencil needs no ſuch coſtly Apparatus. A ſingle Principle, under his conducting Hand, branches out into an Immenſity of the moſt varied, and moſt finiſhed Forms. The *Moiſture* of the Earth, and of the circumambient Air, paſſed through proper Strainers, and diffuſed in a Range of pellucid Tubes: This performs all the Wonders, and produces all the Beauties, of Vegetation. This *creeps* along the Fibres of the low ſpread Moſs; and *climbs* to the very Tops of the lofty-waving Cedars. This, attracted by the Root, and circulating through inviſible Canals; this burſts into Gems; expands itſelf into Leaves; and cloaths the Foreſt, with all its verdant Honours.—This one*, *plain* and *ſimple*, Cauſe gives Birth to all the Charms; which deck the Youth, and Maturity, of the Year. This *bluſhes*, in the early Hepatica; and *flames*, in the late advancing Poppy. This *reddens* into Blood, in the Veins of the Mulberry; and *attenuates* itſelf into leafen Gold, to create a Covering for the Quince. This *breathes*, in all the fragrant Gales of our Garden; and *weeps* odorous Gum,

* "When every ſeveral Effect has a particular ſeparate Cauſe, "this gives no Pleaſure to the Spectator, as not diſcovering Con-"trivance. But that Work is beheld with Admiration and De-"light, as the Reſult of deep Counſel, which is *complicated* in its "*Parts*, and yet *ſimple* in its *Operations*. Where a great Variety "of Effects are ſeen to ariſe from one Principle operating uni-formly." ABERNETHY *on the Attributes*.

in

in the Groves of *Arabia*.—So * *wonderful* is our Creator *in Counsel*, and so *excellent in Working!*

In a Grove of Tulips, or a Knot of Pinks, one perceives a Difference in almost every Individual. Scarce any two, are turned, and tinctured, exactly alike. Each allows himself a little *Particularity* in his *Dress*, though all belong to one Family: so that they are various, and yet the same.—A pretty Emblem this, of the *smaller Differences* between Protestant Christians. There are Modes in Religion, which admit of Variation, without Prejudice to sound Faith, or real Holiness. Just as the Drapery, on these Pictures of the Spring, may be formed after a Variety of Patterns, without blemishing their Beauty, or altering their Nature.—Be it so then, that, in some Points of inconsiderable Consequence, several of our Brethren dissent: yet, let Us all live amicably and sociably together; for we harmonize in *Principals*, though we vary in *Punctilios*. Let us join in Conversation, and intermingle Interests; discover no Estrangement of Behaviour, and cherish no Alienation of Affection. If any Strife subsists, let it be to follow our Divine Master most closely, in Humility of Heart, and Unblameableness of Life. Let it be to serve one another most readily, in all the kind Offices of a cordial Friendship. Thus shall we be *united*, though *distinguished*; united in the same grand Fundamentals, though distinguished by some small Circumstantials; united in one important Bond of brotherly Love, though distinguished by some slighter Peculiarities of Sentiment.

Between Christians, whose Judgments disagree only about a Form of Prayer, or Manner of Worship, I apprehend, there is no more *essential* Difference;

* Isa. xxviii. 29.

than

than between Flowers which bloom from the ſame Kind of Seed, but happen to be ſomewhat diverſified in the Mixture of their Colours.—Whereas, if *one* denies the Divinity of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and degrades the incarnate GOD to the Meanneſs of a mere Creature; if *another* cries up the Worthineſs of human Works, and depreciates the alone-meritorious Righteouſneſs of the glorious Mediator; if a *third* addreſſes the incommunicable Honours to a finite Being, and bows to the Image, or prays to the Saint—Theſe are Errors, extremely derogatory to the REDEEMER's Dignity, and not a little prejudicial to the Comfort of his People. Againſt theſe to remonſtrate; againſt theſe to urge every Argument, and uſe every Diſſuaſive; beſpeaks not the cenſorious Bigot, but the Friend of Truth, and the Lover of Mankind.—Whereas, to ſtand neuter and ſilent, while ſuch Principles are propagated, would be an Inſtance of criminal Remiſſneſs, rather than of Chriſtian Moderation.—For the *Perſons*, we will not fail to maintain a tender Compaſſion: we will not ceaſe to put up earneſt Interceſſions: we will alſo acknowledge and love, whatever is excellent and amiable in their Character. Yet, we dare not ſubſcribe their *Creed*; we cannot remit our aſſiduous, but kind Endeavours; if by any Means we may reconcile them to a more *ſcriptural* Belief, and a *purer* Worſhip *.

* In ſome former Editions, I expreſſed myſelf, on this Point, *unwarily* and *harſhly*. But my Meaning, and real Sentiments, were no other than thoſe repreſented above.—The Reader, from ſuch unguarded Intimations, might too naturally be led to conclude, That the Author avows, and would ſtir up, a Spirit of *Perſecution*. But, this is a Method of dealing with Opponents in religious Doctrines, which He diſclaims, as abſurd; and abhors, as iniquitous. He is for no Force, but that of rational Conviction; for no Conſtraint, but that of affectionate Perſuaſion. *Thus*, If You pleaſe, *compel them to come in*, Luke xiv, 23.

ANOTHER

Another Circumſtance, recommending and endearing the flowery Creation, is their *regular Succeſſion*. They make not their Appearance all at once, but in an orderly Rotation. While a proper Number of theſe obliging Retainers are in waiting, the others abſcond; but hold themſelves in a Poſture of Service, ready to take their Turn, and fill each his reſpective Station, the Inſtant it becomes vacant.—The *Snowdrop*, foremoſt of the lovely Train, breaks her Way through the frozen Soil, in order to preſent her early Compliments to her Lord. Dreſſed in the Robe of Innocency, ſhe ſteps forth, fearleſs of Danger; long before the Trees have ventured to unfold their Leaves, even while the Icicles are pendent on our Houſes.—Next, peeps out the *Crocus*; but cautiouſly, and with an Air of Timidity. She hears the howling Blaſts, and ſkulks cloſe to her low Situation. Afraid ſhe ſeems, to make large Excurſions from her Root; while ſo many ruffian Winds are abroad, and ſcouring along the Æther.—Nor is the *Violet* laſt, in this ſhining Embaſſy of the Year. Which, with all the Embelliſhments, that would grace a Royal Garden, condeſcends to line our Hedges, and grow at the Feet of Briars. Freely, and without any Solicitation, ſhe diſtributes the Bounty of her emiſſive Sweets: while herſelf, with an exemplary Humility, retires from Sight; ſeeking rather to adminiſter Pleaſure, than to win Admiration *. Emblem, expreſſive Emblem, of thoſe *modeſt* Virtues, which delight to bloom in Obſcurity: which extend a chearing Influence to Multitudes, who are ſcarce acquainted with the Source of their Comforts! Motive, engaging Motive, to that *ever-active* Beneficence; which ſtays not for the Importunity of the Diſtreſſed, but anticipates their Suit, and prevents them with the Bleſſings of its Goodneſs!—The poor

* *Prodeſſe quam conſpici.*

Polyanthus, that lately adorned the Border with her ſparkling Beauties; and, tranſplanted into our Windows, gave us a freſh Entertainment; is now no more. I ſaw her Complexion fade; I perceived her Breath decay; till at length ſhe expired, and dropt into her Grave.—Scarce have we ſuſtained this Loſs, but in comes the *Auricula*, and more than retrieves it. Arrayed ſhe comes, in a ſplendid Variety of amiable Forms; with an Eye of Cryſtal, and Garments of the moſt gloſſy Sattin; exhaling Perfume, and powdered with Silver. A very diſtinguiſhed Proceſſion this! The favourite Care of the Floriſt! Scarce one among them, but is dignified with a Character of Renown; or has the Honour to repreſent, ſome celebrated Toaſt. But theſe alſo, notwithſtanding their illuſtrious Titles, have exhauſted their whole Stock of Fragrance, and are mingled with the meaneſt Duſt.—Who could forbear grieving at their Departure, did not the *Tulips* begin to raiſe themſelves on their fine Wands, or ſtately Stalks? They fluſh the Parterre with one of the gayeſt Dreſſes, that blooming Nature wears. Did ever *Beau* or *Belle* make ſo gaudy an Appearance, in a Birth-night Suit? Here, one may behold the innocent Wantonneſs of Beauty. Here, ſhe indulges a Thouſand Freaks, and ſports herſelf in the moſt charming Diverſity of Colours. Yet, I ſhould wrong her, were I to call her a *Coquet*; becauſe, ſhe plays her lovely Changes, not to enkindle diſſolute Affections, but to diſplay her Creator's Glory.—Soon ariſes the *Anemone*; incircled at the Bottom, with a ſpreading Robe; and rounded, at the Top, into a beautiful Dome. In its looſely-flowing Mantle, you may obſerve a noble Negligence; in its gently-bending Tufts, the niceſt Symmetry. I would term it, the *fine Gentleman* of the Garden; becauſe, it ſeems to have learnt the ſingular Addreſs, of uniting Simplicity with Refinement, of reconciling Art and

6 Eaſe.

Eafe.—The fame Month has the Merit of producing the *Ranunculus*. All bold and graceful, it expands the Riches of its Foliage; and acquires, by Degrees, the lovelieft Enamel in the World. As Perfons of intrinfic Worth, difdain the fuperficial Arts of Recommendation, practifed by *Fops*; fo, this lordly Flower fcorns to borrow any of its Excellence, from Powders and Effences. It needs no fuch Attractives, to render it the Darling of the Curious; being fufficiently engaging from the Elegance of its Figure, the radiant Variety of its Tinges, and a certain fuperior Dignity of Afpect. —Methinks, Nature improves in her Operations. Her lateft Strokes are moft mafterly. To crown the Collection, fhe introduces the *Carnation*. Which captivates every Eye, with a noble Spread of Graces; and charms another Senfe, with a Profufion of exquifite Odours. This fingle Flower has centred in itfelf, the Perfections of all the preceding. The Moment it appears, it fo commands our Attention, that we fcarce regret the Abfence of the reft.—The *Gilly-flower*, like a real Friend, attends you through all the Viciffitudes and Alterations of the Seafon. While others make a tranfient Vifit only, this is rather an Inhabitant, than a Gueft in your Gardens; adds *Fidelity* to *Complaifance*.

It is in vain to attempt a Catalogue of thefe amiable Gifts. There is an endlefs *Multiplicity*, in their Characters; yet an invariable *Order*, in their Approaches. Every Month, almoft every Week, has its peculiar Ornaments; not fervilely copying the Works of its Predeceffor, but forming, ftill forming, and ftill executing fome new Defign. So lavifh is the Fancy, yet fo exact is the Procefs, of Nature!

Here, let me ftand awhile, to contemplate this *Diftribution* of Flowers, through the feveral Periods of the Year.—Were they all to bloffom together; there would be at once a promifcuous *Throng*, and at once a total

Privation. We should scarce have an Opportunity, of adverting to the dainty Qualities of Half; and must soon lose the agreeable Company of them All. But now, since every Species has a separate Post to occupy; and a distinct Interval for appearing; we can take a leisurely and minute Survey of each succeeding Set. We can view and review their Forms; enter into a more intimate Acquaintance with their charming Accomplishments; and receive all those pleasing Services, which they are commissioned to yield.—This remarkable Piece of Oeconomy, is productive of another very valuable Effect. It not only places, in the most advantageous Light, every particular Community; but is also a sure provisionary Resource, against the Frailty of the whole Nation. Or, to speak more truly, it renders the flowery Tribes a Sort of * *Immortal* Corps. For, though some are continually dropping; yet, by this Expedient, others are as continually rising, to beautify our Borders, and prolong the Entertainment.

What *Goodness* is this, to provide such a Series of Gratifications for Mankind! Both to diversify, and perpetuate, the fine Collation! To take care, that our Paths should be, in a Manner, incessantly strewed with Flowers!—And what *Wisdom*, to bid every one of these insensible Beings, know the precise Juncture for their coming forth! Insomuch that no Actor on a Stage, can be more exact in performing his Part; can make a more regular Entry, or a more punctual Exit.

Who imboldens the *Daffodil*, to venture abroad in *February*; and to trust her flowering Gold, with incle-

* In Allusion to the celebrated Practice of the *Persian* Kings; "who maintained, for their Safeguard, a Body of Troops, called "*Immortal*; because it perpetually subsisted: For as soon as any "of the Men died, another was immediately put into his Place." Rollin's *Antient History*, Vol. II.

ment

ment and treacherous Skies? Who informs the various Tribes of *Fruit-bearing Blossoms*; that vernal Suns, and a more genial Warmth, are fittest for their delicate Texture? Who teaches the *Clove* to stay; till hotter Beams are prepared, to infuse a spicy Richness into her Odours, and tincture her Complexion with the deepest Crimson?—Who disposes these beautiful Troops, into such orderly Bodies; *retarding* some and *accelerating* others? Who has instructed them to *file off*, with such perfect Regularity; as soon as the Duty of their respective Station is over? And, when one Detachment retires, Who gives the Signal, for another immediately to *advance*? Who, but that unerring Providence, which, from the highest Thrones of Angels, to the very lowest Degrees of Existence, orders all Things in "Number, Weight and Measure!"

THESE, O my Soul, are the Regulations of that most adorable, that most beneficent Being, who bowed the Heavens; came down to dwell on Earth; and united the *Frailty* of thy mortal Nature, to all the *Glories* of His Godhead. All the Honour of this admirable Establishment, belongs to thy Ransom, thy Surety, thy Saviour. To HIM it belongs, who sustained the *Vengeance*, which thou hast deserved, and wast doomed to suffer; who fulfilled the *Obedience*, which thou wast obliged, but unable, to perform; and who humbled himself (stupendous, ineffable Loving-Kindness!) humbled Himself to Death, even the Death of the Cross.—HE formed this vast Machine, and adjusted its nice Dependencies. The Pillars, that support it; the Embellishments, that adorn it; and the Laws, that govern it; are the Result of his unsearchable Counsels. O! the *Heights* of His Majesty, and the *Depths* of his Abasement!

WHICH shall we admire most, His essential *Greatness*, or His free *Grace*? He created the exalted Seraph,

that sings in Glory; and every the minutest Insect, that flutters in Air, or crawls in Dust. He marks out a Path, for all those Globes of Light, which travel the Circuit of the Skies; and disdains not to rear the Violet from its lowly Bed, or to plait the Daisy which dresses our Plains. So *grand* are his Operations; yet so *condescending* his Regards!—If Summer, like a sparkling Bride, is brilliant and glorious in her Apparel; what is this, but a feeble Reflection of his uncreated *Effulgence?* If Autumn, like a munificent Host, opens her Stores, and gives us all Things richly to enjoy; what is this but a little Taste of his inexhaustible *Liberality?* If Thunders roar, you hear the Sound of his Trumpet: If Lightnings glare, you see the Launching of his glittering Spear: If "the perpetual Hills be "scattered, and the everlasting Mountains bowed," you behold a *Display*—No, says the Prophet, you have rather * *The Hiding of his Power.* So immense is His Power;

* *Hab.* iii. 4. Nothing can be more magnificently conceived, than the *Imagery* of this whole Chapter; and upon the Foot of our Interpretation, nothing was ever more delicately and nobly turned, than the *Sentiment* of this Clause. Other Senses of the Passage, I acknowledge, may be assigned with equal Propriety. But none, I think can be imagined so *majestic* and *sublime*. As the Original will fairly admit of it; as it carries no Disagreement with the Context; and expresses a most important, as well as undoubted Truth; I hope, I may be permitted to use it, at least by way of Accommodation.—Especially, as it suggests one of the finest *Mottos* imaginable; wherewith to inscribe all the visible Productions of the Creator's Hand. When, struck with Astonishment, we consider their Grandeur, Beauty, and consummate Perfections; let us, in Justice to their Author, apply the exalted Reflection of this sacred Ode: "In all these *is the Hiding*, rather than an adequate Display, *of his* "matchless *Power*. Tho' they challenge our Praise, and surpass "our Comprehension; yet are they by no means the utmost Exer"tions, but rather some slighter Essays, of omnipotent Skill."—*Milton*, relating the Overthrow of the fallen Angels, introduces a grand

Power; so uncontroulable and inconceivable; that all these mighty Works are but a *Sketch*, in which more is concealed than discovered.

THUS, I think, we should always view the visible System; with an Evangelical *Telescope* (if I may be allowed the Expression,) and with an Evangelical *Microscope*. Regarding CHRIST JESUS, as the great Projector and Architect; who planned, and executed, the amazing Scheme. Whatever is magnificent or valuable; tremendous or amiable; should ever be ascribed to the Redeemer. This, is the Christian's *Natural Philosophy*. With Regard to this Method of considering the Things that are seen; we have an inspired Apostle, for our Preceptor and Precedent. Speaking of CHRIST, He says; "Thou, LORD, in the Beginning, hast laid the Foundation of the Earth; and "the Heavens are the Work of thy Hands."—Did we carefully attend to this leading Principle, in all our Examinations of Nature; it would, doubtless, be a most powerful Means of *enkindling* our Love, and * *strengthening* our Faith. When I look round upon Millions

grand Circumstance, not much unlike the preceding. *Messiah*, unaided and alone, had routed an innumerable Host of apostate Spirits. This was great and marvellous. But to create a juster Idea of the illustrious Conqueror, our Poet beautifully adds;

Yet half his Strength he put not forth.

If we forget to make the same Remark, when we contemplate GOD in his Works; we must necessarily form very scanty Conceptions of that SUPREME BEING, before whom all Nations are as a "Drop of a Bucket, and are counted as the small Dust "of the Balance."

* The Apostles, I observe, delight to use this Method, of displaying the *Honours* of the Redeemer, and establishing the *Faith* of his People.—The beloved Disciple, teaching that most precious Doctrine, "of a Lamb slain to take away the Sins of the World;" in

Millions of noble Subſtances, and carry with me this tranſporting Reflection, "The Maker of them all, ex-"pired on a Croſs for me;" how can I remain any longer indifferent? Muſt not the coldeſt Heart, begin to glow with Gratitude?—When I ſurvey an Immenſity of the fineſt Productions imaginable; and remember, That the Author of them all, is my "Righteouſneſs "and my Redemption;" how can I chooſe but repoſe the moſt chearful Confidence, in ſuch a Mediator!

LET me add one more Remark, upon the admirable *Adjuſtment* of every Particular, relating to theſe fine Colonies planted in the Parterre.—With ſuch Accu-

in order to evince the Sufficiency of CHRIST's Sacrifice for this bleſſed Purpoſe, affirms, That *All Things were made by Him: And without him was not any thing*, no, not ſo much as one ſingle being, *made*, John i. 3.—St. *Paul*, preaching the ſame glad Tidings to the *Coloſſians*, and expreſsly maintaining That we have Redemption through his Blood; ſeems to foreſee an Objection of this kind. "To expiate Tranſgreſſion againſt an infinite Majeſty, is a moſt "prodigious Act. It muſt coſt vaſtly more than any common Surety "can pay, to redeem a ſinful World. What Reaſon have we to "believe, that JESUS is equal to this mighty Undertaking?" All poſſible Reaſon, replies the Apoſtle, from the Dignity of his Perſon, For He is *the Image of the inviſible* GOD; and from the Greatneſs of his Works, For *by Him all Things were made*. Conſider the Operations of his Hands, and you cannot doubt the atoning Efficacy of his Death, *Col.* i. 15, 16.—The Author of the Epiſtle to the *Hebrews*, falls exactly into the ſame Train of arguing. Declaring, that CHRIST JESUS has purged our Sins, by the Sacrifice of Himſelf; he proves His ample Ability for this tremendous Office, from His eſſential Excellence because He is the *Brightneſs of his Father's Glory*; and from His admirable Works, becauſe *He made the Worlds, and upholdeth all Things by the Word of his Power*, Heb. i. 2, 3.—Which Truth, as it is ſo important in itſelf; of ſuch ſignal Comfort to Chriſtians; and ſo particularly inſiſted on, by the inſpired Writers; I hope, I ſhall need no Apology, for an Attempt to illuſtrate and enforce it, in a kind of evangelical *Deſcant upon Creation*, annexed to theſe Reflections.

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racy and Correctneſs, is their Structure finiſhed; that any the leaſt conceivable Alteration, would very much impair their Perfection. Should you ſee, for Inſtance, the nice Diſpoſition of the *Tulip*'s Attire fly abroad, diſorderly and irregular, like the flaunting *Woodbine:* Should the *Jeſſamine* rear her diminutive Head, on thoſe grand Columns which ſupport the *Hollihock:* Should the erect and manly Aſpect of the *Piony*, hang down with a penſive Air, like the flexile Bells of the *Hyacinth:* Should that noble Plainneſs, which diſtinguiſhes the *Lily*, be exchanged for the glittering Fringes, which edge the *Pink*; or the gaudy Stains, which bedrop the *Iris:* Should thoſe tapering Pillars, which ariſe in the Middle of its Vaſe, and, tipt with golden Pendants, give ſuch a Luſtre to the ſurrounding Panels of Alabaſter.—Should thoſe ſink and diſappear, like the Chives which cover the Heart of the Anemone:—In many of theſe Caſes, would not the Tranſpoſition be fantaſtical and aukward? In all, to the apparent *Prejudice* of every Individual?

Again; with regard to the *Time* of their appearing; this Circumſtance is ſettled, by a remarkable Foreſight and Precaution. What would become of the *Sailor*; if, in very ſtormy Weather, he ſhould raiſe a lofty Maſt, and croud it with all his Canvaſs! Such would be the ill Effect; if the moſt ſtately Species of Flowers, ſhould preſume to come abroad, in the bluſtering Months. Ah! how would they rue the imprudent Boldneſs! Therefore, thoſe only that ſhoot the ſhorteſt Stems, and diſplay the ſmalleſt Spread of Leaves, or (if you pleaſe) carry the leaſt Sail, are launched amidſt the blowing Seaſons.—How injudiciouſly would the *Perfumer* act; if he ſhould unſeal his fineſt Eſſences, and expoſe them to the Northern Winds, or Wintry Rains! Our blooming Artiſts of the aromatic Profeſſion, at leaſt the moſt delicate among them, ſeem perfectly

fectly aware of the Consequences of such a Procedure. Accordingly, they postpone the Opening of their odoriferous Treasures; till a serener Air, and more * unclouded Skies, grant a Protection to their amiable Traffic: till they are under no more Apprehensions, of having their spicy Cells rifled by rude Blasts, or drowned in incessant Showers!

WHAT a striking Argument is here for *Resignation*; unfeigned Resignation, to all the Disposals of *Providence!* Too often are our dissatisfied Thoughts apt to find Fault with Divine Dispensations. We tacitly arraign our Maker's Conduct, or question his Kindness with regard to ourselves. We fansy our Lot, not so

* *Casimir*, in a very poetical Manner, addresses himself to the dormant Rose; and most prettily invites her to *venture abroad*, by the Mention of these two Circumstances:

Siderum sacros imitata vultus,
Quid lates dudum, Rosa? Delicatum
Effer e terris caput. O tepentis
Filia cœli.

Jam tibi nubes *fugiunt* aquosæ,
Quas fugant albis Zephyri *quadrigis*;
Jam tibi mulcet Boream *jocantis*
Aura Favoni.

Child of the Summer, charming Rose,
No longer in Confinement lie,
Arise to Light; thy Form disclose;
Rival the Spangles of the Sky.

The *Rains* are gone; the Storms are o'er;
Winter retires to make thee way:
Come then, thou sweetly blushing Flow'r;
Come, lovely Stranger, come away.

The *Sun* is dress'd in beaming *Smiles*,
To give thy Beauties to the Day:
Young *Zephyrs* wait, with gentlest *Gales*,
To fan thy Bosom, as they play,

commo-

commodiously situated; or our Condition, not so happily circumstanced; as if we had been placed in some other Station of Life.—But, let us behold this exquisitely nice Regulation of the *minutest* Plants; and be ashamed of our *repining* Folly. Could any Fibre in their Composition, be altered; or one Line in their Features be transposed; without clouding some of their Beauties? Could any Fold in their Vestments, be varied; or any Link in their orderly Succession, be broken; without injuring some delicate Property? And does not that All-seeing Eye, which preserves so exact a Harmony, among these *pretty Toys*! maintain as watchful a Care, over His *rational Creatures*? Does He choose the properest Season, for the Cowslip to arise, and drink the Dews? And can He neglect the Concerns, or misjudge the Conveniencies, of His Sons and Daughters? He, who has so completely disposed, whatever pertains to the vegetable Oeconomy; that the least Diminution or Addition, would certainly hurt the finished Scheme; does, without all Peradventure, preside, with equal Attention, over the Interests of his own People.

Be still, then, thou uneasy Mortal *; know, that God is unerringly wise; and be assured, that, amidst the

* *Permittas ipsis expendere numinibus, quid*
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.
Nam pro jucundis aptissima *quæque dabunt dii:*
Carior est illis homo, quam sibi.— Juv.

Since all the downward Tracts of Time
God's watchful Eye surveys;
O! who so wise to choose our Lot,
And regulate our Ways?

Since none can doubt his equal Love,
Unmeasurably kind;
To his *unerring, gracious* Will,
Be ev'ry Wish resign'd.

God

the greateſt Multiplicity of Beings, He does not overlook thee. Thy Saviour has given me Authority to aſſert, That thou art of far ſuperior Value, in the Eſtimate of Omnipotence, than all the Herbage of the Field.—If His ſacred Will, ordains *Sickneſs* for thy Portion; never dare to imagine, That uninterrupted Health would be more advantageous. If He pleaſes to with-hold, or take away, *Children*; never preſume to conclude, That thy Happineſs is blaſted, becauſe thy Hopes of an increaſing Family are diſappointed. He, that marſhals all the Starry Hoſt, and ſo accurately arranges every the meaneſt Species of Herbs; HE orders all the *Peculiarities*, all the *Changes* of thy State, with a Vigilance, that nothing can elude; with a Goodneſs, that endureth for ever.—Bow thy Head, therefore, in humble Acquieſcence. Reſt ſatisfied, That *whatever is*, by the Appointment of Heaven *, *is right*, is beſt.

AMONG

Good when He gives, ſupremely Good;
Nor leſs, when he denies;
Ev'n Croſſes, from his ſov'reign Hand,
Are Bleſſings in Diſguiſe

* *Whatever is, is right*—If Mr *Pope* underſtands the Maxim, according to the *Limitation* ſuggeſted above, he ſpeaks a moſt undeniable and glorious Truth. But if that great Poet includes whatever comes to paſs, through the wild and extravagant Paſſions of Men; ſurely no thinking Perſon, at leaſt no Chriſtian, can accede to his Opinion.—What GOD orders, is *wiſe*, beyond all Poſſibility of Correction; and *good*, above all that we can aſk or think. His Decrees, are the Reſult of infinite Diſcernment; and his Diſpenſations, the Iſſues of unbounded Benevolence.—But Man, fallen Man, is hurried away, by his Luſts, into a thouſand Irregularities; which are deplorably evil *in themſelves*, and attended with *Conſequences*, manifeſtly pernicious to Society.—Let the Sentiment, therefore, be reſtrained to the Diſpoſals of Heaven, and I moſt readily ſubſcribe it. But, if it be extended to the Conduct of Men, and the Effects of their Folly; I think myſelf obliged, to enter my Proteſt againſt it. For, whatever kindles

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AMONG all the Productions of the Third Creating-Day, this of Flowers seems to be peculiarly designed for Man. Man has the *Monopoly* of this Favour: it is conferred on Him, by a Sort of exclusive Charter. See the *Imperial Crown*, splendid and beautifully grand! See the *Tuberose*, delicate and languishingly fair! See all the Pomp and Glory of the Parterre; where Paint and Perfume do Wonders. Yet the inferior Animals are neither smit with their Beauties, nor regaled with their Odours. The Horse never stands still, to gaze upon their Charms; nor does the Ox turn aside, to browse upon their Sweets. Senses they have, to discern these curious Objects in their *gross*; but no Taste, to *distinguish* or relish their fine Accomplishments.—Just so, carnal and unenlightened Men, may understand the literal Meaning of Scripture; may comprehend the Evidences of its Divine Inspiration. Yet have no ardent *Longing* for the spiritual Blessings, it offers; see "no Form or Comeliness" in the Saviour, it describes, so as to render Him the *supreme* Desire of their Souls.

THE *chief* End of these beautiful Appearances, Philosophers say, is to enfold and cherish the Embryo Seed; or to swathe the tender Body, during its infant State.—But, whatever is the chief End of Nature; 'tis certain she never departs from the Design, of administering *Delight* to Mankind*. This is inseparably connected with

the Divine Indignation—is Cause of final Ruin to the Author—is strictly forbidden by GOD's holy Word—is contrary to the whole Design of his revealed Will, and the very Reverse of his essential Attributes—*This*, cannot possibly be right. *This*, is most undoubtedly wrong. Omnipotence, indeed, can over-rule it, and educe Good from it. But the very Notion of *over-ruling*, supposes it to be absolutely *wrong* in itself.

* "We find that the most important Parts in the Vegetable "World, are those which are the most beautiful. These are the Seeds

with her other Views.—Were it only to ſecure a re-productive Principle, what need of ſuch *elegant Complications?* Why ſo much Art employed, and ſo many Decorations added? Why ſhould Veſtments be prepared, richer than Brocades; more delicate than Lawns; and of a finer Glow, than the moſt admired Velvets?—If the great Mother had no other Aim, than barely to accommodate her little Offspring; warm Flannel, or homely Fuſtian, would have ſerved her Turn. Served it, full as well as the moſt ſumptuous Tiſſues, or all the Furniture of the Mercer's Shop.

Evident then it is, that Flowers were endued with ſuch enchanting Graces, for the *Pleaſure* of *Man*. In Purſuance of this original Intention, they have always paid their Court to the Human Race; they ſtill ſeem particularly ſolicitous of recommending themſelves to our Regard. The fineſt of each Species croud about our Habitations; and are rarely to be ſeen, at a Diſtance from our Abodes. They *thrive* under our cultivating Hand, and obſerving Eye; but degenerate, and *pine away*, if unregarded by their Lord.—To win his Attention, and deck his Retreats, they hide their Deformities under Ground; and diſplay nothing but the moſt *graceful* Forms and *engaging* Colours, to his Sight.—To merit a farther Degree of his Eſteem, the Generality of them diſpenſe a delightful Perfume. What is ſtill more obliging, they * reſerve their *richeſt*

" Seeds by which the ſeveral Races of Plants are propagated and
" continued, and which are always lodged in Flowers or Bloſſoms.
" Nature ſeems to hide her principal Deſign, and to be induſtrious
" in making the Earth gay and delightful, while ſhe is carrying on
" her great Work, and intent upon her own Preſervation."
Spect. Vol. V. N° 387.

* — — — — The Flow'rs,
That open *now* their choiceſt boſom'd Smells,
Reſerv'd from Night, and *kept for thee in Store*. Milt.

Exhalations,

Exhalations, to embalm his Morning and Evening Walks *. Because He usually chooses those cool Hours, to recreate himself among their blooming Ranks; therefore, at those Hours, they are most lavish of their Fragrance, and breathe out their choicest Spirits.

O MAN, greatly beloved by thy Creator! The Darling of Providence! Thou art distinguished by *his Goodness*; distinguish thyself also by *thy Gratitude*. Be it thy one undivided Aim, to glorify him; who has been at so much Expence, to gratify thee!—While all these inferior Creatures, in *silent* Eloquence, declare the Glory of GOD; do thou lend them thy *Tongue*. Be thou the High-Priest of the mute Creation. Let their Praises become vocal in thy Songs.—Adore the supreme Benefactor, for the Blessings He showers down, upon every Order of Beings. Adore him for numberless Mercies, which are appropriated to thyself. But, above all, adore Him, for that noble Gift of a *rational*, and *immortal* Soul.—This constitutes us Masters of the Globe, and gives us the real Enjoyment of its Riches. This discovers ten thousand Beauties, which otherwise had been lost; and renders them both a Source of Delights, and a Nursery of Devotion.—By Virtue of this exalted Principle, we are qualified to admire our Maker's Works, and capable of *bearing* his illustrious *Image*: bearing his illustrious Image, not only when these Ornaments of the Ground, have resigned their Honours; but, when the great Origin of Day, is extinguished in the Skies; and all the flaming Orbs on high,

* The twining Jasmine, and the blushing Rose,
With lavish Grace their *Morning* Scents disclose;
The smelling Tub'rose and Jonquil declare
The stronger Impulse of an *Ev'ning* Air.

PRIOR's *Sol.*

high, are put out in obscure Darkness.—*Then* to survive; to survive the Ruins of one World, and to enjoy GOD—to resemble GOD—to be "filled with all the "Fulness of GOD," in another—What a Happiness, what an inestimable Happiness, is this! Yet, *this* is thy Privilege, (barter it not, for Trifles of an Hour!) this thy glorious Prerogative, O Man!

O! THE Goodness, the *exuberant Goodness*, of our GOD! I cannot forbear celebrating it once more, before I pass to another Consideration.—How much should we think ourselves obliged, to a generous Friend; who should *build* a stately Edifice *, purely for our Abode! But, how greatly would the Obligation be increased; if

* I cannot persuade myself, that the Comparison is stretched beyond proper Bounds, when carried to this Pitch. It is my stedfast Opinion, That the World, at least this lower World, with its various Appurtenances, was intended *purely* for Man; that it is *appropriated* to him; and that he (in Subordination to GOD's Glory) is the *End* of its Creation.—Other Animals, 'tis true, partake of the Creator's Benefits: but then, they partake under the Notion of Man's Domesticks, or on the Foot of Retainers to Him; as Creatures, which bear some Relation to his Service, and some Way or other contribute to his Good. So that still He is the *Centre* of the Whole; or, as our incomparable *Milton*, equally Master of Poetry and Divinity, expresses himself, *All Things live for Man. Par. Lost.* B. XI. 161.

Mr. *Pope*, in his Ethic Epistles, is pleased to explode this Tenet, as the Height of *Pride*, and a gross *Absurdity*.—For my Part, I see no Reason for such a Charge. With all Submission to so superior a Genius, it seems very remote from Pride, to be duly sensible of Favours vouchsafed: to contemplate them in all the Extent of their Munificence, and acknowledge them accordingly. I should rather imagine, That to contract their Size, when they are immensely large; to stint their Number, when they are altogether innumerable; that such a Procedure savours more of *Insensibility*, than our Hypothesis of Presumption; and has more in it of *Ingratitude*, than that of Arrogance.

And

if the Hand that built, should also *furnish* it! And not only furnish it, with all that is commodious and comfortable;

And how can it be deemed an Absurdity, To maintain that GOD gave us *a World*, for our Possession; when it is our Duty to believe, That he gave us his *only Son*, for our Propitiation? Sure, it can be neither difficult, nor extravagant to suppose, That he designed the habitable Globe, with its whole Furniture, for our present Use; since he with-held not his holy Child JESUS, but freely delivered him up, for our final Salvation.

Upon the Whole; I cannot but conclude, That the Attempt of our famous Poet is neither *kind*, with regard to his Fellow-creatures—nor *grateful*, with regard to his Creator—neither is his Scheme, in Fact, *true*. The Attempt not *kind*, with regard to Man; because, it robs him of one of the most delightful and ravishing Contemplations imaginable. To consider the great Author of Existence as having *me* in his Eye, when he formed universal Nature; as contriving all Things, with an immediate View, to the Exigencies of my particular State; and making them all in such a Manner, as might be most conducive to my particular Advantage; this must occasion the strongest Satisfactions, whenever I cast a Glance on the Objects that surround me—Not *grateful* with regard to GOD; because it has the most direct Tendency to diminish our Sense of his Kindness, and by that Means, to throw a Damp upon our Gratitude. It teaches us to look upon ourselves, as almost lost among a Croud of other Beings, or regarded only with an occasional and incidental Beneficence. Which must certainly weaken the Disposition, and indeed slacken the Ties, to the most adoring Thankfulness.—To which, I apprehend, we may justly add; Neither is the Scheme, in Fact, *true*. For, not to mention what might be urged from the sure Word of Revelation, this one Argument appears sufficiently conclusive. The World began with Man; the World must cease with Man; consequently, the grand Use, the principal End of the World, is, to subserve the Interest of Man. It is on all Sides agreed, That the Edifice was erected, when Man was to be furnished with an Habitation; and that it will be demolished, when Man has no farther Need of its Accommodations. When he enters into the House not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens, "the Earth, and all the Works "that are therein, shall be burnt up." From which it seems a

fortable; but *ornament* it alſo, with whatever is ſplendid and delightful! *This*, has our moſt indulgent Creator done; in a Manner infinitely ſurpaſſing, all we could wiſh, or imagine.

The *Earth* is aſſigned us for a Dwelling.—The *Skies* are ſtretched over us, like a magnificent Canopy, dyed in the pureſt Azure; and beautified, now with Pictures of floating Silver, now with Colourings of reflected Crimſon.—The *Graſs* is ſpread under us, as a ſpacious Carpet; wove with ſilken Threads of Green, and damaſked with Flowers of every Hue.—The *Sun*, like a golden Lamp, is hung out in the ethereal Vault; and pours his Effulgence, all the Day, to lighten our Paths.—When Night approaches, the *Moon* takes up the friendly Office; and the *Stars* are kindled in twinkling Myriads, to chear the Darkneſs with their milder Luſtre, not diſturb our Repoſe by too intenſe a Glare.—The *Clouds*, beſides the rich Paintings they hang around the Heavens, act the Part of a ſhifting Screen; and defend us, by their ſeaſonable Interpoſition, from the ſcorching Beams of Summer. May we not alſo regard them, as the great Watering-pots of the Globe? Which, wafted on the Wings of the

very obvious and fair Deduction, That Man is the *final Cauſe* of this inferior Creation.

So that I think my Readers and myſelf, *privileged* (not to ſay, on the Principles of Gratitude, *obliged*) to uſe thoſe lovely Lines of our Author, with a Propriety and Truth, equal to their Elegance and Beauty;

For me *kind Nature wakes her genial Pow'r,*
Suckles each Herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry Flow'r!
Annual, for me, *the Grape, the Roſe renew*
The Juice nectareous, and the balmy Dew;
For me, *the Mine a thouſand Treaſures brings;*
For me, *Health guſhes from a thouſand Springs.*

Eth. Ep. I. *ver.* 129.

Wind-

Wind, dispense their Moisture * evenly through the universal Garden; and fructify, with their Showers, whatever our Hand plants.—The *Fields* are our exhaustless Granary.—The *Ocean* is our vast Reservoir.—The *Animals* spend their Strength, to dispatch our Business; resign their Cloathing, to replenish our Wardrobe; and surrender their very Lives, to provide for our Tables.—In short, every *Element* is a Storehouse of Conveniencies; every *Season* brings us the choicest Productions; all *Nature* is our Caterer.—And, which is a most endearing Recommendation of these Favours, they are all as lovely, as they are useful. You observe nothing mean or inelegant. All is clad in *Beauty's* fairest Robe †, and regulated by *Proportion's* nicest

* This Circumstance, amidst Abundance of other delicate and edifying Remarks upon the Wonders of Nature, is finely touched in the *Philosophical Transactions* recorded in the Book of *Job*, Chap. xxxviii. ver. 25.—מי פלג לשטף תעלה *Who hath divided a Water-course for the Overflowing of Waters?*—The *Hebrew* is so pregnant and rich with Sense, that no *Translation* can do it Justice. The following *Paraphrase*, perhaps, may represent the principal Ideas comprehended in the expressive Original.—Who has *branched out*, and with admirable Judgment, *disposed* a Variety of *Aq. educts*; for that immense Collection of Waters, which float in the Sky? Who *distributes* those pendulous Floods, through all the Borders of the Earth? Distributes them, not in dreadful Cataracts, or *promiscuous* Gluts of Rain; but in kindly Drops, and refreshing Showers; with as much *Regularity* and *Oeconomy*, as if they were conveyed by *Pipes* from a *Conduit?*—To WHOM shall we ascribe that Niceness of Contrivance, which now emits, now restrains them: sometimes derives their humid Train to one Place, sometimes to another: dispenses them to *this* Soil in larger, to *that* in smaller Communications: and, in a Word, so manages the mighty Fluid, that every Spot is *supplied*, in exact Proportion to its Wants; none *destroyed*, by an undistinguishing Deluge?

† Perhaps, it was from such an Observation, that *the Greeks*, those critical and refined Judges of Things, expressed the *Mundane System* by a Word, which signifies *Beauty*—κοσμος.

Rule. The whole Scene, exhibits a Fund of Pleasures to the Imagination, at the same Time, that it more than supplies all our Wants *.

THEREFORE thou art *inexcusable*, O Man, whosoever thou art, that *rebellest* against thy Maker. He surrounds thee, with unnumbered Benefits; and follows thee, with an Effusion of the richest, noblest Gifts. He courts thy Affections; He solicits thy Gratitude; by Liberalities which are never intermitted, by a Bounty which knows no Limits.—Most Blessed LORD, let this thy Goodness, thy unwearied Goodness, lead us to Repentance. *Win* us to thyself, Thou Fountain of Felicity, by these sweet Inducements. *Draw* us to our Duty, Thou GOD of our Salvation, by these "Cords of Love."

WHAT a living Picture is Here, of the *beneficial* Effects of *Industry!* By Industry and Cultivation, this neat Spot is an Image of *Eden*. Here, is all that can entertain the Eye, or † regale the Smell. Whereas, without Cultivation, this sweet Garden had been a desolate Wilderness. Vile Thistles had made it loathsome, and tangling Briers inaccessible. Without Cultivation, it might have been a Nest for Serpents, and the horrid Haunt of venomous Creatures. But, the Spade and Pruning-knife in the Hand of Industry, have improved it into a Sort of Terrestrial Paradise.

How naturally does this lead our Contemplation, to the Advantages which flow from a virtuous *Educa-*

* "Those several living Creatures, which are made for our "Service or Sustenance, at the same Time either fill the Woods "with their Music, furnish us with Game, or raise pleasing Ideas "in us by the Delightfulness of their Appearance. Fountains, "Lakes, and Rivers, are as refreshing to the Imagination, as to "the Soil through which they pass." *Spect.* Vol. V. N° 387.

† *Omnis copia narium.* HOR.

tion;

tion; and the Miseries, which ensue from the * *Neglect* of it!—The Mind, without early Instruction, will, in all Probability, become like the "Vineyard of the "Sluggard." If left to the Propensities of its own depraved Will; what can we expect, but the most luxuriant Growth of unruly Appetites; which, in Time, will break forth into all Manner of scandalous Irregularities? What?—but that *Anger*, like a prickly Thorn, arm the Temper with an untractable Moroseness: *Peevishness*, like a stinging Nettle, render the Conversation irksome and forbidding: *Avarice*, like some choaking Weed, teach the Fingers to gripe, and the Hands to oppress: *Revenge*, like some poisonous Plant, replete with baneful Juices, rankle in the Breast, and meditate Mischief to its Neighbour: While unbridled *Lusts*, like Swarms of noisome Insects, taint each rising Thought; and render "every Imagination "of the Heart, only evil continually."—Such, are the usual Products of savage Nature!—Such, the Furniture of the uncultivated Soul!

WHEREAS, let the Mind be put under the "Nur-"ture and Admonition of the LORD;" Let holy Discipline clear the Soil: Let sacred Instructions sow it with the best Seed: Let Skill and Vigilance dress the rising Shoots; direct the young Ideas, how to spread; the wayward Passions, how to move.—Then, what a different State of the inner Man, will quickly take place! *Charity* will breathe her Sweets, and *Hope* expand her Blossoms: The *personal* Virtues display their Graces, and the *social* ones their Fruits †: The Sentiments

* *Neglectis urenda filix innascitur agris.* HOR.

† This Transformation of the *Heart*, and Renewal of the *Life*, are represented in Scripture, by Similitudes very nearly allied to the Images used above.—GOD, by his sanctifying Spirit, *will make the Soul as a watered Garden.* Under the Operation of this divine Principle,

timents become generous; the Carriage endearing; the Life honourable and useful *.

O! THAT Governors of *Families*, and Masters of *Schools*, would watch, with a conscientious Solicitude, over the Morals of their tender Charge! What Pity it is, that the advancing Generation should lose these invaluable Endowments, through any Supineness in their Instructors!—See! with what Assiduity, the *curious Florist* attends his little Nursery! He visits them early and late; furnishes them with the properest Mould; supplies them with seasonable Moisture; guards them from the Ravages of Insects; screens them from the Injuries of the Weather; marks their springing Buds; observes them attentively, through their whole Progress; and never intermits his Anxiety, till he beholds them blown into full Perfection.—And shall a Range of *painted Leaves*, which flourish To-day, and To-morrow fall to the Ground—Shall these be tended, with more zealous Application, than the exalted Faculties of an *immortal* Soul!

YET trust not in Cultivation *alone*. It is the Blessing of the Almighty Husbandman, which imparts *Success* to such Labours of Love. If GOD "seal up the "Bottles of Heaven," and command the Clouds to

Principle, *The Desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the Rose.* Wherever it exerts the refining and ennobling Energy, *Instead of the Thorn, shall come up the Fir-tree; and, instead of the Brier, the Myrtle-tree,* Jerem. xxxi. 12. Isa. xxxv. 1. lv. 13.

* —— *A teneris assuescere tanti est!* VIRG.

———— ου γαρ μικρον διαφερει, το ουτως η ουτως ευθυς εκ νεων εθιζεσθαι, αλλα παμπολυ, μαλλον δε το παν. ARISTOT.

The Principles we imbibe, and the Habits we contract, in our early Years, are not Matters of *small Moment*, but of the *utmost Consequence* imaginable. They not only give a transient or superficial Tincture, to our *first* Appearance in Life; but most commonly stamp the Form, of our *whole* future Conduct, and even of our *eternal* State.

with-

with-hold their Fatness, the best manured Plot becomes a barren Desart. And if HE restrain the Dew of his Heavenly Benediction, all human Endeavours miscarry; the rational Plantation languishes; our most pregnant Hopes, from Youths of the most promising Genius, prove abortive. *Their Root will be as Rottenness, and their Blossom will go up as Dust* *.—Therefore, let *Parents* plant; let *Tutors* water; but let both look up to the Father of *Spirits*, for the desired Increase.

On every Side, I espy several *budding* Flowers. As yet, they are like Bales of Cloth from the Packer's Warehouse. Each is wrapt within a strong Enclosure, and its Contents are tied together by the firmest Bandages. So that all their Beauties lie concealed, and all their Sweets are locked up.—Just such is the *niggardly* Wretch; whose Aims are all turned inward, and meanly terminated upon *Himself*. Who makes his own private Interests, or personal Pleasures, the sole Centre of his Designs, and the scanty Circumference of his Actions.

Ere long, the searching Beams will open these silken Folds, and draw them into a graceful *Expansion*. Then, what a lovely Blush will glow in their Cheeks; and what a balmy Odour exhale from their Bosoms! —So, when Divine Grace shines upon the Mind, even *the Churl becomes bountiful*. The Heart of Stone is taken away; and a Heart of Flesh, a Heart susceptible of the softest, most compassionate Emotions, is introduced in its Stead. O! how sweetly do the social Affections dilate themselves, under so benign an Influence! Just like these disclosing Gems, under the powerful Eye of Day. The tender Regards, are no longer

* Isa. v. 24.

confined to a single Object; but *extend* themselves into a generous Concern for Mankind, and shed liberal Refreshments on all within their Reach *.

ARISE then, Thou Sun of Righteousness; arise, with Healing under thy Wings; and transfuse thy gentle, but penetrating Ray, through all our intellectual Powers. Inlarge every *narrow* Disposition, and fill us with a *diffusive* Benevolence. Make Room in our Breasts, for the whole human Race; and teach us to love all our Fellow-creatures, for their amiable Creator's Sake. May we be pleased with their Excellencies, and rejoice in their Happiness; but feel their Miseries as our own, and, with a Brother's Sympathy, hasten to relieve them!

DISPOSED at proper Distances, I observe a Range of strong and *stately Stalks*. They stand like Towers, along the Walls of a fortified City; or rise like lofty Spires, amidst the Group of Houses. They part, at the Top, into several pensile spiky Pods. From each of which, We shall soon see a fine Figure displaying itself: *rounded* into a Form, which constitutes a perfect Circle; *spread wide* open, into the most frank and

* The Prophet, describing the *charitable* Temper, very beautifully says; *If thou draw out thy Soul to the Hungry!*—This, I think, may not improperly be illustrated by the Circumstances observed above. The Opening of those Buds into a large and extensive Spread, is a pretty Pourtrait of the *Amplitude* of a *generous* Heart; which cannot shut up its Compassion, or remain unconcerned at any human Calamity. The Freeness and Copiousness, with which the expanded Flowers are continually pouring out their choicest Essences, may represent the various Acts of an unwearied Liberality; together with those endearing Words, and that cordial Affection, which *embalm*, as it were, a Gift; double its value; and constitute what the sacred Penman stiles, *Drawing out the Soul*, ותפק לרעב נפשך *Deprompseris Animam tuam*. Isa. lviii. 10.

communicative Air; and tinged with the Colour, which is so peculiarly captivating to the Miser's Eye.

But the Property I chiefly admire, is its passionate *Fondness* for the *Sun*. When the Evening Shades take place, the poor Flower droops, and folds up its Leaves. It mourns all the long Night, and pines amidst the Gloom, like some forlorn Lover, banished from the Object of his Affections. No sooner does Providence open "the Eyelids of the Morning," but it meets * and welcomes the returning Light; courts and caresses it, all the Day; nor ever loses Sight of the refulgent Charmer, so long as he continues above the Horizon! —In the Morning, you may perceive it, presenting a golden Bosom to the East; at Noon, it points upward, to the middle Sky; in the Evening, follows the same attractive Influence to the West.

Surely, Nature is a Book, and every Page rich with sacred Hints. To an attentive Mind, the *Garden* turns *Preacher*; and its blooming Tenants, are so many lively Sermons. What an engaging Pattern, and what an excellent Lesson, have we here!—*So*, let the Redeemed of the Lord *look unto* Jesus †, and be conformed to their Beloved. Let us all be *Heliotropes* (if I may use the Expression) to the *Sun* of *Righteousness*. Let our Passions rise and fall; take this Course or that; as his Word determines, as his holy Example guides. Let us be so accommodated, both to his commanding and providential Will, as the Wax is turned to the imprinted Seal; or, as the Aspect of this enamoured Flower, to the splendid Star, which creates our Day.

In every *Enjoyment*, O thou watchful Christian, look unto Jesus; receive it as proceeding from his Love,

* ——*Illa suum, quamvis Radice tenetur,*
Vertitur ad Solem.—— Ovid.

† Heb. xii. 2.

and

and purchased by his Agonies *.—In every *Tribulation* look unto JESUS; mark his gracious Hand, managing the Scourge, or mingling the bitter Cup; attempering it to a proper Degree of Severity; adjusting the Time of its Continuance; and ready to make these seeming Disasters, productive of real Good.—In every Infirmity and *Failing*, look unto JESUS, thy merciful High-Priest; pleading his atoning Blood, and making Intercession for Transgressors.—In every *Prayer* look unto JESUS, thy prevailing Advocate; recommending thy Devotions, and "bearing the Iniquity of thy holy "Things †."—In every *Temptation* look unto JESUS, the Author of thy Strength, and Captain of thy Salvation; who alone is able to lift up the Hands which hang down, to envigorate the enfeebled Knees, and make thee more than Conqueror over all thy Enemies.—But especially, when the *Hour* of thy *Departure* approaches; when "thy Flesh and thy Heart fail;" when all the Springs of Life are irreparably breaking; *then* look unto JESUS with a believing Eye ‡. Like expiring *Stephen*, behold him standing at the Right-hand of GOD, on purpose to succour his People, in this their last Extremity. Yes, my Christian Friend; when thy Journey through Life is finished, and thou art arrived on the very Verge of Mortality; when thou art just launching out into the invisible World, and all before thee is vast Eternity; Then, O then, be sure to look stedfastly unto JESUS! "See by Faith the LORD's

* He sunk beneath our heavy Woes,
To raise us to his Throne;
There's not a Gift his Hand bestows,
But cost his Heart a Groan. WATTS.

† Exod. xxviii. 38.

‡ *Look unto ME, and be ye saved, all the Ends of the Earth.* Isa. xlv. 22.

"CHRIST."

"CHRIST." View him, as the only *Way* *, to the everlasting Mansions; as the only *Door* †, to the Abodes of Bliss.

YONDER Tree, which faces the South, has something too remarkable, to pass without Observation.— Like the fruitful, though feeble Vine, She brings forth a large Family of Branches: but, unable to support them herself, commits them to the Tuition of a sunny Wall. As yet, the tender Twigs have scarce gemmed their future Blossoms. However, I may anticipate the well-known Productions; and picture to myself the *Passion-Flower*. Which will, in due Time, with a long and copious Succession, adorn the Boughs.

I HAVE read, in a *Latin* Author, of Flowers inscribed with the Names of Kings ‡; but here is One, imblazoned with the Marks of the bleeding Prince of Life. I read, in the inspired Writings, of Apostolic Men; who bore about in their Bodies, the Dying of the LORD JESUS §; but, here is a *blooming Religiosa*, that carries apparent Memorials of the same tremendous and fatal Catastrophe.—Who would have expected to find such a Tragedy of Woe, exhibited in a Collection of the most delicate Delights? Or to see *Calvary*'s horrid Scene, pourtrayed on the softest Ornaments of the Garden?—Is Nature then actuated by the noble Ambition, of paying *commemorative* Honours, to her agonizing Sovereign? Is She kindly officious to *remind* forgetful Mortals, of that Miracle of Mercy; which it is their Duty to contemplate, and their Happiness to believe?—Or, is a *sportive* Imagination my Inter-

* John xiv. 6. † John x. 9.

‡ *Dic, quibus in terris inscripti Nomina Regum*
Nascantur Flores?—— VIRG.

§ 2 Cor. iv. 10.

preter;

preter; and all the ſuppoſed Reſemblance, no more than the precarious Gloſs of Fancy? Be it ſo: yet even Fancy has her Merit, when ſhe ſets forth, in ſuch pleaſing Imagery, the crucified JESUS. Nor ſhall I refuſe a willing Regard, to Imagination herſelf; when ſhe employs her creative Powers, to revive the Senſe of ſuch unparalleled Love, and prompt my Gratitude to ſo divine a Friend.

THAT *ſpiral Tendril*, ariſing from the Bottom of the Stalk; is it a Repreſentation of the *Scourge*, which laſhed the Redeemer's unſpotted Fleſh; and inflicted thoſe Stripes, by which our Souls are healed? Or, is it twiſted for the *Cord*, which bound his Hands in painful and ignominious Confinement: thoſe beneficent Hands, which were inceſſantly ſtretched out to unlooſe the heavy Burdens, and to impart Bleſſings of every choice Kind? —Behold the *Nails*, which were drenched in his ſacred Veins, and riveted his Feet to the accurſed Tree: thoſe beautiful Feet *, which always went about doing Good; and travelled far and near, to ſpread the glad Tidings of everlaſting Salvation.—See the *Hammer* ponderous and maſſy, which drove the rugged Irons through the ſhivering Nerves; and forced a Paſſage for thoſe dreadful Wedges, between the diſlocated Bones.—View the *Thorns*, which incircled our Royal Maſter's Brow, and ſhot their keen afflictive Points into his bleſſed Head. O the Smart! the racking Smart! when, inſtead of the triumphal Laurel, or the odoriferous Garland, that pungent and ragged Wreath, was planted on the meek Meſſiah's Forehead! When violent and barbarous Blows of the ſtrong Eaſtern Cane †, ſtruck the

* *How beautiful are the Feet of him that bringeth good Tidings, that publiſheth Peace, that bringeth good Tidings of Good, that publiſheth Salvation!* Iſa. lii. 7.

† *They took the Reed*, ſays the ſacred Hiſtorian, *and ſmote Him on the Head*; " and ſo, as it were, nailed down the Thorns into his " Forehead

the prickly Crown, and fixed every Thorn deep in his throbbing Temples*—There ſtand the *Diſciples*, ranged in the green Impalement; and forming a Circle, round the Inſtruments of their great-Commander's Death. They appear like ſo many faithful Adherents, who breathe a gallant Reſolution, either of defending their LORD to the laſt Extremity, or of dropping honourably by his Side. But did they give ſuch Proofs of Zeal and Fidelity in their Conduct, as their ſteady Poſture, and determined Aſpect, ſeem to promiſe? Alas! what is all human Firmneſs, when deſtitute of Succours from above, but an expiring *Vapour*? What is every Saint, if unſupported by powerful Grace, but an abandoned *Traitor*?—Obſerve the *Glory*, delineated in double Rays, grand with imperial Purple, and rich with æthereal Blue. But ah! how incapable are Threads, though ſpun by Summer's fineſt Hand; though dyed in Snows, or dipped in Heaven; to diſplay the immaculate Excellency of his human, or the ineffable Majeſty of

"Forehead and Temples, and occaſioned thereby exquiſite Pain, "as well as a great Effuſion of Blood." *Family Expoſitor*, Vol. II. Sect. 188.—"It is moſt probable, *adds the ſame judicious Critic*, "this was a Walking-Staff, which they put into his Hand as a "Sceptre; for a *Blow* with a *ſlight Reed* would ſcarce have been "felt, or have deſerved a Mention in a Detail of ſuch dreadful "Sufferings."

* The Smart, attending this unparalleled Piece of Contempt and Barbarity, muſt be *inexpreſſibly ſevere*: not only, on account of the many painful Punctures made in the Fleſh; but principally, becauſe the *Perioſteum*, an exquiſitely ſenſible Tegument of the Bones; lying, in thoſe Parts, very near the external Skin; muſt receive a *Multitude* of terrible Wounds. The Anguiſh of which, could not fail of being inflamed to an Exceſs of Rage, by the *Continuance* of ſo many thorny Lancets, in that extremely tender Membrane; which in ſuch a Caſe,

—tremblingly alive all o'er,
Muſt ſmart and agonize at ev'ry Pore.

his Divine Nature! Compared with these sublime Perfections, the most *vivid* Assemblage of Colours, fades into an *unmeaning* Flatness; the most charming Effects of Light and Shade, are not only mere Daubings, but an absolute Blank.

AMONG all the Beauties, which shine in sunny Robes, and sip the silver Dews; this, I think, has the *noblest Import*, if not the *finest Presence*. Where they all in Review, and expect the Award of Superiority from my Decision; I should not hesitate a Moment. Be the Prize assigned to this amiable Candidate; which, has so eminently distinguished, and so highly dignified herself by bearing such a remarkable Resemblance to "The righteous Branch; The Plant of Renown *." While Others appoint it a Place in the Parterre; I would transplant the Passion-Flower, or rather transfer its sacred Significancy, to my Heart. *There* let it bloom, both in Summer and in Winter; bloom, in the most impressive Characters, and with an undecaying Lustre. That I also may wear—wear on my very Soul, the Traces of IMMANUEL; pierced for my Sins, and bruised for my Transgressions. That I also may *be crucified with* CHRIST †; at least in penitential Remorse, and affectionate Sympathy. That I may *know the Fellowship of his Sufferings* ‡; and feel all my evil Affections, wounded by his Agonies, mortified by his Death.

THERE is another Subject of the verdant Kingdom, which, on Account of its very uncommon Qualities, demands my particular Notice. One, so extremely diffident in her Disposition, and delicate in her Constitution; that She dares not venture herself abroad in the

* So the blessed JESUS is described, *Jerem.* xxiii. 5. *Ezek.* xxxiv. 29.

† Gal. ii. 20. ‡ Phil. iii. 10.

open

open Air: but is nursed up in the Warmth of a *Hot-bed*; and lives cloistered in the Cells of a *Green-house*. But, the most curious Peculiarity is, That, of all her kindred Species, she alone partakes of *perceptive* Life; at least advances nearest to this more exalted State of Being; and may be looked upon as the Link, which connects the animal and the vegetable World. A Stranger, observing her Motions, would almost be induced to suspect; that she is endued with some inferior Degrees of Consciousness and Caution. For, if You offer to handle this *Sensitive Plant*, She immediately takes an Alarm; hastily contracts her Fibres; and, like a Person under Apprehensions of Violence, *withdraws* from your Finger, in a Kind of precipitate *Disorder*. Perhaps, the Beauty of her Aspect might be sullied, or the Niceness of her Texture discomposed, by the human Touch. Therefore, like a coy Virgin, she recedes from all unbecoming Familiarities; and will admit no such improper, if not pernicious, Freedoms.

Whatever be the Cause of this unusual Effect; it suggests an instructive Admonition to the Christian. *Such* should be our apprehensive timorous Care, with Regard to Sin; and all, even the most distant, Approaches of Vice. *So* should we avoid the very Appearance of Evil, and stand aloof from every Occasion of falling.—If Sinners entice; if forbidden Pleasures tempt; or if Opportunity beckon, with the Gain of Injustice in her Hand: O! turn from the gilded Snare; touch not the beauteous Bane; but fly, fly with Haste, fly without any Delay, from the bewitching Ruin.—Does *Anger* draw near with her lighted Torch, to kindle the Flame of Resentment in our Breasts? Does *Flattery* ply our Ears, with her inchanting and intoxicating Whispers? Would *Discontent* lay her leaden Hand upon our Temper, and mould into our Minds her sour Leaven; in order to make Us a Burden to

ourselves, and unamiable to Others? Instantly let us divert our Attention from the dangerous Objects; and not so much endeavour to *antidote*, as to *shun*, the moral Contagion. Let us revolve in our Meditations, that wonderful *Meekness* of our distressed Master; which, amidst the most abusive and provoking Insults, maintained an uniform Tenour of unshaken Serenity. Let us contemplate that prodigious *Humiliation*; which brought Him, from an infinite Height above all Worlds, to make his Bed in the Dust of Death. Let us sooth our jarring, our uneasy Passions, with the Remembrance of that *Chearfulness* and *Resignation*; which rendered him, in the deepest Poverty, unfeignedly thankful; and, under the heaviest Tribulations, most submissively patient.

Harbour not, on any Consideration, the Betrayer of your Virtue. Be deaf, inflexibly deaf, to every beguiling Solicitation. If it obtrude into the unguarded Heart; give it Entertainment, no, not for a Moment. To parley with the Enemy, is to open a Door for Destruction. Our Safety consists in Flight: and, in this Case, *Suspicion* is the truest *Prudence*; *Fear*, the greatest *Bravery*.—Play not on the Brink of the Precipice. Flutter not round the Edges of the Flame. Dally not with the Stings of Death. But reject, with a becoming Mixture of Solicitude and Abhorrence, the very first Insinuations of Iniquity: as cautiously, as the *smarting Sore* shrinks even from the softest Hand; as constantly, as this *jealous Plant* recoils at the approaching Touch*.

Not

* The Prophet *Isaiah*, in an elegant and lively Description of the *upright Man*, says *He shaketh his Hands from holding of Bribes*; and, I may add, from practising any kind of Iniquity. The Image, exceedingly beautiful, and equally expressive, both illustrates and enforces

Not long ago, these curious Productions of the Spring, were *coarse* and mis-shapen *Roots*. Hád we opened the Earth, and beheld them in their Seed, how uncouth and contemptible had their Appearance been! But now, they are the Boast of Nature; the Delight of the Sons of Men; finished Patterns for Enamelling and Embroidery; outshining even the happiest Strokes of the Pencil. They are taught to bloom, but with a very inferior Lustre*, in the richest Tapestries, and most magnificent Silks. Art never attempts to *equal* their incomparable Elegancies; but places all her Merit, in *copying* after these delicate Originals. Even those, who glitter in Silver, or whose Cloathing is of wrought Gold; are desirous to borrow additional Or-

enforces the Doctrine of this whole Section.—*Shaketh his Hands*; just as a Person would do, who happens to have *burning Coals* fall into his Lap, or some *venomous Creature* fastening upon his Flesh. In such a Case, none would stand a Moment to consider, or to debate with Himself the Expediency of the Thing. He would instantly fling off the pernicious Incumbrance; instantly endeavour to disengage Himself, from the clinging Mischief.—*Isa.* xxxiii. 15.

I have represented the Danger, of not extinguishing immediately the *very first* Sparks of Temptation, in a Variety of Views. Because a proper Behaviour, in this Conjuncture, is of such vast Importance to the Purity, the Safety, and the Comfort of our Minds.—Because, I had the *Royal Moralist* in my Eye; who, deterring his Pupils from the Path of the Wicked, cries; with an Air of deep Concern, and in the Language of vehement Importunity, cries; *Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it; and pass away.* How strongly is the Counsel urged, by being so *frequently* repeated; in such a remarkable *Diversity* of concise and abrupt, consequently of forcible and pressing Admonitions! *Prov.* iv. 15.

* The Cowslip smiles in *brighter Yellow* drest,
Than that which veils the nubil Virgin's Breast:
A *fairer Red* stands blushing in the Rose,
Than that which on the Bridegroom's Vestments flows.
PRIOR's *Sol.*

 naments

naments, from a Sprig of Jeſſamine, or a little Aſſemblage of Pinks.

WHAT a fine Idea may we form, from hence, of the *Reſurrection* of the *Juſt*, and the State of their reanimated Bodies! As the Roots even of our choiceſt Flowers, when depoſited in the Ground, are rude and ungraceful; but, when they ſpring up into blooming Life, are moſt elegant and ſplendid: ſo, the Fleſh of a Saint, when committed to the Duſt, alaſs! what is it? A Heap of Corruption; a Maſs of putrefying Clay. But, when it obeys the great Archangel's Call, and ſtarts into a new Exiſtence; what an aſtoniſhing Change enſues! What a moſt ennobling Improvement takes place!—That which was ſown in *Weakneſs*, is raiſed in all the Vivacity of *Power*. That which was ſown in *Deformity*, is raiſed in the Bloom of celeſtial *Beauty*. Exalted, refined, and glorified, it will ſhine "as the Brightneſs of the Firmament," when it darts the inimitable Blue, through the Fleeces—the ſnowy Fleeces of ſome cleaving Cloud.

FEAR not, then, thou faithful Chriſtian; fear not, at the appointed Time, to deſcend into the Tomb. Thy *Soul* thou mayeſt truſt with thy omnipotent Redeemer, who is LORD of the unſeen World; "Who "has the Keys of Hell, and of Death." Moſt ſafely mayeſt thou truſt thy better Part, in thoſe beneficent Hands, which were pierced with Nails, and faſtened to the ignominious Tree, for thy Salvation.—With regard to thy *earthly Tabernacle*, be not diſmayed. It is taken down, only to be rebuilt upon a diviner Plan, and in a more heavenly Form. If it retires into the Shadow of Death, and lies immured in the Gloom of the Grave; it is only to return, from a ſhort Confinement, to endleſs Liberty. If it falls into Diſſolution, it is in order to riſe more illuſtrious from its Ruins; and

and wear an infinitely brighter Face of Perfection, and of Glory.

HAVING, now, made my *Panegyric*; let me, next, take up a *Lamentation*, for these loveliest Productions of the vegetable World.—For, I foresee their approaching Doom. Yet a little while, and all these pleasing Scenes vanish. Yet a little while, and all the Sweets of the breathing, all the Beauties of the blooming Spring, are no more. Every one of these amiable Forms, must be shriveled to Deformity; and trodden to the Earth.—Significant Resemblance this, of all created Beauty. *All Flesh is Grass*; like the green Herbage, liable and prone to fade. Nay, *all the Goodliness thereof*, its finest Accomplishments and what the World universally admires, *is as the Flower of the Field* *; which loses its Gloss, decays and perishes, more speedily than the Grass itself.—Behold then, ye brightest among the Daughters of *Eve*; behold yourselves, in this Glass. See the Charms of your *Person* eclipsed, by the Lustre of these little Flowers; and the Frailty of your *State* represented, † by their transient

* Isa. xl. 6.

† Και το ῥοδον καλον εςι, και ο χρονος αυτο μαραινει:
Και το ιον καλον εςιν εν ειαρι, ϗ ταχυ γηρᾳ·
Λευκον το κρινον εςι, μαραινεται ανικα πιπτῃ·
Α δε χιων λευκα, και τακεται ανικα παχθῃ·
Και καλλος καλον εςι το παιδικον, αλλ' ολιγον ζῃ·

The Reader will excuse me, if I *imitate*, rather than *translate*, these Lines from *Theocritus*. If I vary one Image, add another, and give a new Turn to the whole.

When Snows descend, and robe the Fields
In *Winter's* bright Array;
Touch'd by the Sun, the Lustre fades,
And weeps itself away.

 When

sient Glories. A Fever may scorch those polished Veins; a Consumption may emaciate the dimpling Cheeks; and a Load of unexpected Sorrows, depress those lively Spirits. Or should these Disasters, in Pity, spare the tender Frame; yet Age, inexorable Age and Wrinkles, will assuredly come at last; will wither all the fine Features, and blast every sprightly Grace.

THEN, ye *Fair*, when those sparkling Eyes are darkened, and sink in their Orbs; when they are rolling in Agonies, or swimming in Death; How will you sustain the Affliction? How will you repair the Loss?— Apply your Thoughts to *Religion*. Attend to the *One Thing needful*. Believe in, and imitate, the blessed JESUS. Then shall your Souls mount up to the Realms of Happiness; when the well proportioned Clay, is mingling with its mean Original. The Light of GOD's

When *Spring* appears; when Violets blow,
And shed a rich Perfume;
How soon the Fragrance breathes its last!
How short-liv'd is the Bloom!

Fresh in the Morn, the *Summer* Rose
Hangs withering ere 'tis Noon;
We scarce enjoy the balmy Gift,
But mourn the Pleasure gone.

With gliding Fire, an Evening Star
Streaks the *Autumnal* Skies;
Shook from the Sphere, it darts away,
And, in an Instant, dies.

Such are the Charms, that flush the Cheek,
And sparkle in the Eye:
So, from the lovely finished Form
The transient Graces fly.

To this the *Seasons*, as they roll,
Their Attestation bring:
They warn the Fair; their ev'ry Round
Confirms the Truth I sing.

Countenance

Countenance will irradiate, with matchless and consummate Perfection, all their exalted Faculties. Cleansed intirely from every Dreg of Corruption, like some unsullied Mirror, they will reflect the complete Image of their Creator's Holiness.—O! that you would thus *dress* your *Minds*, and prepare for the immortal State! Then, from shining among your Fellow-creatures on Earth; you shall be translated, to shine around the Throne of GOD. Then, from being the Sweeteners of our Life, and the Delight of our Eyes, here below; you shall pass, by an easy Transition, into Angels of Light; and become "an everlasting Excellency, the "Joy of all Generations."

YES; *Ye flowery Nations*, *Ye must all decay*.—Yonder *Lily*, that looks like the Queen of the gay Creation—See, how gracefully it erects its majestic Head! What an Air of Dignity and Grandeur ennobles its Aspect! For elevated Mien, as well as for incomparable Lustre, justly may it be preferred to the magnificent Monarch of the East *. But, all stately and charming as it is, it will hardly survive, a few more Days. That unspotted Whiteness, must quickly be tarnished; and the snowy Form, defiled in the Dust.

As the Lily pleases, with the noble Simplicity of its Appearance; the *Tulip* is admired, for the Gaiety and Multiplicity of its Colours. Never was Cup, either painted, or enamelled, with such a Profusion of Dyes. Its Tinges are so glowing; its Contrasts so strong; and the Arrangement of them both, so elegant and artful!—'Twas lately the Pride of the Border, and the reigning Beauty of the delightful Season. As exquisitely fine as the Rainbow, and almost as extremely transient. It spread, for a little Moment, its glittering

* Mat. vi. 29.

Plumage; but has, now, laid all its variegated and superior Honours down. Those radiant Stripes are blended, alas! rudely blended with common Mold.

To a graceful Shape, and blooming Complexion, the *Rose* adds the most agreeable Perfume. Our Nostrils make it repeated Visits, and are never weary of drinking in its Sweets. A Fragrance, so peculiarly rich and reviving, transpires from its opening Tufts; that every one covets it Acquaintance. How have I seen even the accomplished *Charissa*, for whom so many Votaries languish, fondly caressing this little Flower! That lovely Bosom, which is the Seat of Innocence and Virtue; whose least Excellency it is, to rival the Delicacy of the purest Snows; among a thousand Charms of its own, thinks it possible to adopt another from the Damask Rose-bud.—Yet, even this universal Favourite must fail. Its native Balm cannot preserve it from Putrefaction. Soon, soon, must it resign all those endearing Qualities; and hang neglected on its Stem, or drop despised to the Ground.

One could wish, methinks, these most amiable of the inanimate Race, a longer Existence: But in vain. They *fade*, almost as soon as they *flourish*. Within less than a Month, their Glories are extinct. Let the Sun take a few more Journeys through the Sky; then visit this inchanting Walk; and you will find nothing, but a wretched Wilderness of ragged or naked Stalks.—But (my Soul exults in the Thought) the *Garment* of celestial *Glory*, which shall ere long array the reanimated Body, will never wax old. The illustrious *Robes* of a Saviour's consummate *Righteousness*, which even now adorn the justified Spirit, are incorruptible and immortal. No Moth can corrode their Texture; no Number of Ages sully their Brightness. The Light of Day may be quenched, and all the Stars sink in Obscurity; but, the Honours of "Just Men made per-

"fect,"

"fect," are subject to no Diminution. Inextinguishable and unfading, is the Lustre of their Crown.

YES; *Ye flowery Nations, Ye must all decay.*—Winter, like some enraged and irresistible Conqueror, that carries Fire and Sword, where-ever he advances: that demolishes Towns; depopulates Countries; spreads Slaughter and Desolation, on every Side—So, just so, will *Winter*, with his savage and unrelenting Blasts, invade this beautiful Prospect. The Storms are gathering, and the Tempests mustering their Rage, to fall upon the Vegetable Kingdoms. They will ravage through the Dominions of Nature; and plunder her *Riches*, and lay waste her *Charms*.—Then, ye Trees, must ye stand stript of your verdant Apparel; and, ye Fields, be spoiled of your waving Treasures. Then, the Earth, disrobed of all her gay Attire, must sit in Sables, like a disconsolate Widow. The Sun too, who now rides in Triumph round the World, and scatters Gaiety from his radiant Eye, will then look faintly from the Windows of the South; and, casting a short Glance on our dejected World, will leave us to the uncomfortable Gloom of tedious Nights.—Then, these pretty *Choristers* of the *Air*, will chant no more to the gentle Gales. The Lark, the Linnet, and all the feathered Songsters, abandon their Notes, and indulge their Woes. The Harmony of the Woods is at an End; and Silence, (unless it be interrupted by howling Winds) a sullen Silence, sits brooding upon the Boughs; which are now made vocal, by a thousand warbling Throats.

BUT (sweet Recollection! ravishing Expectation!) the *Songs* of *Saints* in Light, never admit a Pause for Sadness. All Heaven will resound with the Melody of their Gratitude; and all Eternity echo to their triumphant Acclamations. The *Hallelujahs* of that

World; and the harmonious Joy of its Inhabitants; will be as laſting, as the Divine Perfections, they celebrate.—Come then, Holy Love, and *tune* my *Heart*; deſcend, Celeſtial Fire, and *touch* my *Tongue*; that I may ſtand ready to ſtrike up, and bear my Part, in that great Hoſanna, that everlaſting Hymn.

YES; *yes*; *Ye flowery Nations, Ye muſt all decay.*—And, indeed, could you add the Strength of an Oak, or the Stability of a Pyramid *, to all the Delicacy of your Texture; yet ſhort, exceeding ſhort, even then, would your Duration be. For *I ſee, that all Things come to an End.* The Pillars of Nature are tottering. The Foundations of the round World are falling away. "The Heavens themſelves wax old like a Garment." —But, amidſt theſe Views of general Ruin, Here is our Refuge; This is our Conſolation; *We know, that our Redeemer liveth.* Thy Years, bleſſed JESUS, ſhall not fail. From Everlaſting to Everlaſting, Thou art ſtill the ſame: the ſame moſt excellent and adorable

* I know not any Performance, in which the *tranſitory* Nature, of theſe moſt *durable* Monuments of human Grandeur, is hinted with ſuch a modeſt Air of Inſtruction; or their hideous Ruin deſcribed, in ſuch a Pomp of pleaſing Horror; as in a ſmall, but ſolemn, picturesque, and majeſtic Poem, intitled—THE RUINS OF ROME, written by the Rev. Mr. DYER. Whom the Reader (if He has the Pleaſure of peruſing that beautiful Piece) will eaſily perceive, to have taken his Draughts from the *Originals* themſelves; as nothing but the *Sight* of theſe magnificent Remains, could have inſpired his Lines with ſuch Vivacity.—As a Specimen of the Work, and a Confirmation of the Remark ſuggeſted above, I take Leave to tranſcribe the following Paſſage:

——— *The Pilgrim oft,*
At dead of Night, 'mid his Oraiſon hears
Aghaſt the Voice of Time, diſparting Tow'rs,
Tumbling all precipitate down daſhed,
Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the Moon:

Perſon;

Perſon; the ſame omnipotent and faithful Friend; the ſame all-ſufficient and ineſtimable Portion. O! may we but partake of thy Merits; be ſanctified by thy Grace; and received into thy Glory!—Then periſh, if ye will, all inferior Delights. Let all that is *ſplendid* in the Skies, expire; and all that is *amiable* in Nature, be expunged. Let the whole Extent of Creation, be turned again into one undiſtinguiſhable Void; one univerſal Blank.—Yet, if GOD be ours, we ſhall have *enough*. If GOD be ours, we ſhall have *all*, and abound *. All that our Circumſtances can want, or our Wiſhes crave, to make us inconceivably bleſſed and happy. Bleſſed and happy, not only through this little Interval of Time, but through the unmeaſureable Revolutions of Eternity.

THE *Sun* is, now, come forth in his Strength; and beats fiercely, upon my throbbing Pulſe.—Let me retire to yonder inviting *Arbour*. There, the Woodbines retain the lucid Drop; there, the Jeſſamines, which line the verdant Alcove, are ſtill impearled, and deliciouſly wet with Dews.—Welcome, ye *refreſhing Shades!* I feel, I feel, your chearing Influence. My languid Spirits revive; the ſlackened Sinews are new ſtrung; and Life bounds briſker, through all her crimſon Channels.

RECLINED on this moſſy Couch; and ſurrounded by this fragrant Coldneſs; let me renew my Aſpirations, to the ever-preſent Deity. Here, let me remember, and imitate, the pious *Auguſtine*, and his Mother *Monica*. Who, being engaged in Diſcourſe on the Beauties of the viſible Creation; roſe, by theſe Ladders, to the Glories of the inviſible State. Till

* His Hand the good Man faſtens on the Skies,
And bids Earth roll, nor feels the idle Whirl.
Night Thoughts, N° IV.

they were inspired with the most *affecting Sense*, of their supereminent Excellency; and actuated with the most *ardent Breathings*, after their full Enjoyment. Insomuch, that they were almost rapt up into the Bliss they contemplated; and scarce "knew, whether they were "in the Body, or out of the Body."

WHEN *Tempests* toss the Ocean: when plaintive Signals of Distress, are heard from the bellowing Deep; and melancholy Tokens of Shipwreck, come floating on the foaming Surge; then, how delightful to stand safe on Shore, and hug one's self in conscious Security*!—When a *Glut* of *Waters*, bursts from some mighty Torrent; rushes headlong over all the neighbouring Plains; sweeps away the helpless Cattle; and drives the affrighted Shepherd from his Hut: then, from the Top of a distant Eminence, to descry the Danger, we need not fear; how pleasing!—Such, methinks, is my *present Situation*. For, now, the Sun blazes from on high: The Air glows with his Fire: The Fields are rent with Chinks: The Roads are scorched to Dust: The Woods seem to contract a sickly Aspect, and a russet Hue: The Traveller, broiled as he rides, hastens to his Inn, and intermits his Journey: The Labourer, bathed in Sweat, drops the Scythe, and desists from his Work: The Cattle flee to some shady Covert, or else pant and toss under the burning Noon. Even the stubborn Rock, smit with the piercing Beams, is ready to cleave. All Things *languish*, beneath the dazzling

* As *Lucretius* gave the Hint for these Observations; so He assigns the Reason of the Pleasure specified. It arises, not from the Consideration of *Another's Misery*; this would argue the rankest Malevolence: but from the agreeable Contemplation of our *own* personal *Safety*. Which, while We view Circumstances, that are pernicious to Others, but harmless to Ourselves, is not a little heightened by the Contrast. *Suave Mari magno*, &c.

Deluge—

Deluge—While I ſhall enjoy a *cool* Hour, and *calm* Reflection; amidſt the Gloom of this bowery Receſs, which ſcarce admits one Speck of Sunſhine.

THUS, may both the Flock, and their Shepherd, *dwell beneath the Defence of the Moſt High*, and *abide under the Shadow of the Almighty**. Then, though † the *Peſtilence* walketh in Darkneſs, and the *Sickneſs* deſtroyeth at Noon-day; though Thouſands fall beſide us, and ten Thouſands at our Right-hand; we need fear no Evil. Either, the deſtroying Angel ſhall paſs over our Houſes; or elſe, He ſhall diſpenſe the Corrections of a Friend, not the Scourges of an Enemy; which, inſtead of hurting us, ſhall work for our Good. —Then, though *Profaneneſs* and *Infidelity*, far more malignant Evils, breathe deadly Contagion, and taint the Morals of Multitudes around us; yet, if the great Father of Spirits "hide us in the Hollow of his Hand," we ſhall hold faſt our Integrity, and be faithful unto Death.

LET then, deareſt LORD, O! let thy Servant, and the People committed to his Care, be received into thy Protection. Let us take ſanctuary under that *Tree of Life*, erected in thy ignominious Croſs. Let us fly for Safety to that *City of Refuge*, opened in thy bleeding Wounds. Theſe ſhall be a ſacred Hiding-place, not to be pierced by the Flames of Divine Wrath, or the fiery Darts of Temptation. Thy dying Merits, and perfect Obedience, ſhall be to our Souls, *as Rivers of Water in a dry Place*, or *as the Shadow of a great Rock in a weary Land*‡.

* Pſalm xci. 1.

† This was written, when a very infectious and mortal Diſtemper, raged in the Neighbourhood.

‡ Iſa. xxxii. 2.

BUT

But most of all, in that *last tremendous* Day, when the Heavens are rent asunder, and wrapped up like a Scroll: when thy Almighty Arm shall arrest the Sun in his Career, and dash to Pieces the Structure of the Universe: when the Dead, both Small and Great, shall be gathered before the Throne of thy Glory; and the Fates of all Mankind, hang on the very Point of a final irreversible Decision:—Then, blessed Jesus, let us be owned by Thee, and we shall not be *ashamed*; defended by Thee, and we shall not be *afraid*. O! may we, at that awful, that unutterably important Juncture, be covered with the Wings of thy Redeeming Love; and we shall behold all the horrible Convulsions of expiring Nature, with Composure, with Comfort! We shall even welcome the Dissolution of all Things as the *Times of Refreshing from the Presence of the* Lord*.

There are, I perceive, who still attend the Flowers; and, in Defiance of the Sun, ply their Work on every expanded Blossom. The *Bees* I mean. That Nation of Chymists! To whom Nature has communicated the rare and valuable Secret, of enriching themselves, without impoverishing others. Who extract the most delicious Syrup, from every fragrant Herb; without wounding its Substance, or diminishing its Odours.—I take the more Notice of these ingenious Operators; because, I would willingly make them my Pattern†. While the gay *Butterfly*, flutters her painted Wings; and sips a little fantastic Delight, only for the present Moment. While the gloomy *Spider*, worse than idly busied, is preparing his insidious Nets for Destruction;

† —— *Ego apis matinæ*
More modoque
Grata carpentis thyma. Hor.

tion; or sucking Venom, even from the most wholesome Plants. This frugal Community, are wisely employed in providing for Futurity; and collecting a copious Stock of the most balmy Treasures.—And O! might these Meditations sink into my Soul! Would the GOD, who suggested each heavenly Thought; vouchsafe to convert it, into an *established Principle*; to determine all my Inclinations, and regulate my whole Conduct! I should, then, gather Advantages from the same blooming Objects; more precious than your golden Stores, ye industrious Artists. I also should go home, laden with the *richest Sweets*, and the *noblest Spoils*; though I crop not a Leaf, nor call a single Flower my own.

HERE I behold, assembled in *one View*, almost all the various Beauties, which have been severally entertaining my Imagination. The *Vistas*, struck through an ancient Wood, or formed by Rows of venerable Elms; conducting the Spectator's Observation, to some remarkable Object; or leading the Traveller's Footsteps, to this delightful Seat:—The *Walls*, enriched with Fruit-trees, and faced with a Covering of their leafy Extensions; I should rather have said, hung with different Pieces of Nature's noblest Tapestry:—The *Walks*, neatly shorn, and lined with Verdure; or finely smoothed, and coated with Gravel:—The *Alleys*, arched with Shades, to embower our Noon-tide Repose; or thrown open for the free Accession of Air, to invite us to our Evening Recreation:—The decent *Edgings* of Box, which inclose, like a plain Selvage, each beautiful Compartment, and its splendid Figures:—
—The shapely *Evergreens*, and *flowering Shrubs*; which strike the Eye, and appear with peculiar Dignity, in this distant Situation:—The *Bason*, with its crystal Fount, floating in the Centre; and diffusing an agree-

able

able Freshness, through the Whole:—The Waters, falling from a remote *Cascade*; and gently murmuring, as they flow along the Pebbles;—*These*, added to the rest; and all so disposed, that each recommends, and endears each; render the *Whole*, a most sweet ravishing Scene, of Order and Variety, of Elegance and Magnificence.

FROM so many lovely Prospects, clustering upon the Sight, it is impossible not to be reminded of *Heaven*. That World of Bliss; those Regions of Light; where the Lamb that was slain manifests his beatific Presence, and his Saints live for evermore.—But O! what Pencil can sketch out a Draught of that goodly Land! What Colours, or what Style, can express the Splendors of IMMANUEL's Kingdom! Would some celestial Hand draw aside the Veil, but for one Moment; and permit us to throw a single Glance, on those Divine Abodes; how would all sublunary Possessions, become tarnished in our Eyes, and grow flat upon our Taste! A Glimpse, a transient Glimpse of those unutterable Beatitudes, would captivate our Souls, and engross all their Faculties. *Eden* itself, after such a Vision, would appear a chearless *Desart*; and all earthly Charms, intolerable *Deformity*.

VERY *excellent Things are spoken of Thee, Thou City of* GOD*. Volumes have been written, and those by inspired Men, to display the Wonders of thy Perfections. All that is rich and resplendent in the visible Creation, has been called in to aid our Conceptions, and elevate our Ideas. But, indeed, no Tongue can utter; no Pen can describe; no Fancy can imagine; what GOD, of his unbounded Munificence, has prepared for them that love Him.—Seeing then, that all terrestrial Things must come to a speedy End; and there remaineth a Rest,

* Psalm lxxxvii. 2.

a blissful

a blissful and everlasting Rest, for the People of God; let me never be too fondly attached, to any present Satisfactions. Weaned from whatever is temporal, may I maintain a superior Indifference, for such transitory Enjoyments; but long, long earnestly, for the Mansions that are above; the Paradise, "which the "Lord hath planted, and not Man." Thither, may I transmit the Chief of my *Conversation*; and from thence expect the Whole of my *Happiness*. Be that the sacred, powerful Magnet, which ever influences my Heart; ever attracts my Affections. *There*, are such transcendent Glories, as Eye has not seen: *There*, are such transporting Pleasures, as Ear has not heard: *There*, is such a Fulness of Joys, as the Thought of Man cannot conceive.

Into that consummate Felicity; those eternal Fruitions; permit me, Madam, to wish You, in due Time, an *abundant Entrance*: and to assure You, that this Wish [illegible], with the same Sincerity and Ardor, [illegible] Correspondent, as it is, Madam, [illegible]

Your most Obedient, &c.

J. Hervey.

A

DESCANT

UPON

CREATION.

With Joy, with Grief, that healing Hand I see;
The Skies *it form'd, and yet it* bled *for me.*

Night-Thoughts, N° IV.



A DESCANT UPON CREATION.

IF the Reader pleases to look back on Page 136; He will find me engaged by a *promissory* Note, to subjoin a *DESCANT* upon *CREATION.*

To *know the Love of* CHRIST; to have such a deep Apprehension of his unspeakable Kindness, as may produce in our Hearts an adoring Gratitude, and an unfeigned Faith; this, according to St. *Paul's* Estimate, is the highest and happiest Attainment in the sacred Science of Christianity *. What follows, is an Attempt to assist the attentive Mind, in learning a Line or two of that best and greatest Lesson. It introduces the most conspicuous Parts of the visible System, as so many *Prompters* to our dull Affections; each suggesting a *Hint*, adapted to the important Occasion, and suited to its respective Character.

* Eph. iii. 19.

CAN there be a more powerful Incentive to devout *Gratitude*; than to consider the magnificent and delicate Scenes of the Universe, with a particular Reference to CHRIST, as the Creator?—Every Object, viewed in this Light, will surely administer incessant Recruits, to the languishing Lamp of Divine Love. Every Production in Nature, will strike a Spark into the Soul; and the whole Creation concur, to raise the smoking Flax into a Flame.

CAN any thing impart a stronger *Joy* to the Believer; or more effectually confirm his *Faith* in the crucified JESUS; than to behold the Heavens declaring his Glory, and the Firmament shewing his Handywork? Surely, it must be Matter of inexpressible Consolation to the poor Sinner; to observe the Honours of his Redeemer, written with Sun-beams, over all the Face of the World.

WE delight to read an Account of our incarnate JEHOVAH; as He is revealed in the Books of *Moses* and the Prophets, as He is displayed in the Writings of the Evangelists and Apostles. Let us also endeavour to see a Sketch of his Perfections; as they stand delineated in that stately Volume, where every *Leaf*, is a spacious Plain—every *Line*, a flowing Brook—every *Period*, a lofty Mountain.

SHOULD any of my Readers be unexercised in such Speculations, I beg Leave (in pursuance of my Promise) to present them with a *Specimen*: or to offer a Clue, which may possibly lead their Minds, into this most improving and delightful Train of Thinking.

SHOULD any be inclined to suspect the Solidity of the following Observations; or to condemn them, as the Voice of Rant, and the lawless Flight of Fancy; I must entreat such Persons to recollect, That the grand Doctrine, the Hinge on which they all turn, is warranted and established by the unanimous Testimony of the

the inspired Penmen. Who frequently celebrate IMMANUEL, or CHRIST JESUS, as the great Almighty Cause of all; assuring Us, that *All Things were created by Him, and for Him; and that in Him all Things consist* *.

On such a Subject, what is wonderful, is far from being *extravagant*. To be wonderful, is the inseparable Characteristic of GOD and his Works; especially, of that most distinguished and glorious Event of the Divine Works, REDEMPTION. So glorious, that "all the Miracles in *Egypt*, and the marvellous "Acts in the Field of *Zoan*;" all that the *Jewish* Annals have recorded, or the human Ear has heard; all dwindle into *trivial Events*, are scarce worthy to be *remembered* †, in comparison of this infinitely grand and infinitely gracious Transaction.—Kindled, therefore, into pleasing Astonishment, by such a Survey, let me give full Scope to my Meditations. Let me pour out my whole Soul on the boundless Subject; not much regarding the Limits, which cold Criticism, or colder Unbelief, might prescribe.

O YE *Angels*, that surround the Throne; ye Princes of Heaven, "that excel in Strength," and are cleathed with transcendant Brightness; He, who placed You in those Stations of exalted Honour, and dignified your Nature with such illustrious Endowments; He, whom You all obey, and all adore: HE took not on Him the Angelic Form, but was made Flesh, and found in Fashion as a Man. Like us wretched Mortals, He was subject to Weariness, Pain, and every Infirmity, Sin only excepted.—That We might, one Day, be raised to your sublime Abodes; be adopted into your

* *Col.* i. 16, 17. Before my Reader enters upon the following Descant, he is desired to peruse the Note, pag. 106, 107.

† Isa. xliii. 18.

blissful Society; and join with your transported Choir, in giving Glory to HIM that sitteth upon the Throne, and to the LAMB for ever and ever *.

O YE *Heavens*; whose azure Arches rise immensely high, and stretch unmeasurably wide. Stupendous Amphitheatre! amidst whose vast expansive Circuit, Orbs of the most dreadful Grandeur are perpetually running their amazing Races. Unfathomable Depths of Æther! where Worlds unnumbered float; and, to our limited Sight, Worlds unnumbered are lost.—He, who adjusted your Dimensions with his Span, and formed the magnificent Structure with his Word; HE was once wrapt in Swaddling-cloaths, and laid in a Manger.—That the Benefits accruing to his People, through his most meritorious Humiliation, might have no other Measure of their Value than Immensity; might run parallel, in their Duration, with Eternity.

YE *Stars*; that beam with inextinguishable Brilliancy, through the Midnight Sky. Oceans of Flame, and Centres of Worlds, though seemingly little Points of Light!—He, who shone, with essential Effulgence, innumerable Ages, before your twinkling Tapers were kindled; and will shine with everlasting Majesty and Beauty, when your Places in the Firmament shall be known no more. HE was involved, for many Years, in the deepest Obscurity; lay concealed in the contemptible City *Nazareth*; lay disguised, under the mean Habit of a Carpenter's Son.—That He might plant the Heavens †, as it were, with new Constellations; and array these Clods of Earth, these Houses of Clay, with a Radiancy, far superior to yours. A Radiancy which will adorn the very Heaven of Hea-

* Rev. v. 13. † Isai. li. 16.

vens, when you ſhall vaniſh away like Smoke *; or expire, as momentary Sparks from the ſmitten Steel.

COMETS; that ſometimes ſhoot into the illimitable Tracts of Æther, farther than the Diſcernment of our Eye is able to follow; ſometimes, return from the long, long Excurſion, and ſweep our affrighted Hemiſphere with your enormous fiery Train. That ſometimes make near Approaches to the Sun, and burn almoſt in his immediate Beams; ſometimes, retire to the remoteſt Diſtance, and freeze, for Ages, in the exceſſive Rigours of Winter.—He, who at his ſovereign Pleaſure, withdraws the blazing Wonder: or leads forth the portentous Stranger, to ſhake Terror over guilty Kingdoms. HE was overwhelmed with the moſt ſhocking Amazement, and plunged into the deepeſt Anxiety; was chilled with Apprehenſions of Fear, and ſcorched by the Flames of avenging Wrath. —That I, and other depraved rebellious Creatures, might not be eternally agitated, with the Extremes of jarring Paſſions; oppoſite, yet, on either Side, tormenting. Far more tormenting to the Soul, than the ſevereſt Degrees of your Heat and Cold to the human Senſe.

YE *Planets*; that, winged with unimaginable Speed, traverſe the Regions of the Sky. Sometimes climbing

* Alluding to a Paſſage in *Iſaiah*, which is, I think, grand and elevated beyond all Compariſon.—*Lift up your Eyes to the Heavens, and look upon the Earth beneath: for the Heavens ſhall vaniſh away like Smoke, and the Earth ſhall wax old like a Garment, and they that dwell therein ſhall die* like the feeble Inſect: *but my Righteouſneſs ſhall be for ever, and my Salvation ſhall not be aboliſhed*, Iſa. li. 6.—With the great *Vitringa*, I tranſlate the Words כמו כן not, *in like manner*; but, *like the feeble Inſect*. Which renders the Period more complete; the Senſe more emphatical; and is more agreeable to the Genius of the ſacred Original.

Millions and Millions of Miles above, ſometimes deſcending as far below, the great Axle of your Motions. Ye, that are ſo minutely faithful, to the Viciſſitudes of Day and Night; ſo exactly punctual, in bringing on the Changes of your reſpective Seaſons.—He, who launched You, at firſt, from his mighty Arm; who continually impels you, with ſuch wonderful Rapidity; and guides you, with ſuch perfect Regularity. Who fixes "the Habitation of his Holineſs and his Glory," infinite Heights above your ſcanty Rounds. HE once became a helpleſs Infant; ſojourned in our inferior World; fled from the Perſecutor's Sword; and wandered as a Vagabond in a foreign Land.—That He might lead our Feet into the Way of Peace; that He might bring us Aliens near to God, bring Us Exiles home to Heaven.

Thou *Sun*; inexhauſted Source of Light, and Heat, and Comfort! Who, without the Aſſiſtance of any other Fire, ſheddeſt Day through a thouſand Realms; and, not confining thy Munificence to Realms only, extendeſt thy enlightening Influences to ſurrounding Worlds. Prime Chearer of the Animal, and great Enlivener of the Vegetable Tribes! So beautiful in thyſelf, ſo beneficial in thy Effects, that erring Heathens addreſſed thee with Adorations, and miſtook thee for their Maker!—He, who filled thy Orb with a Profuſion of Luſtre; before whom thy meridian Splendors are but a Shade.—HE diveſted Himſelf of his all-tranſcending Diſtinctions, and drew a Veil over the Effulgence of his Divinity; that, by ſpeaking to Us, Face to Face, as a Man ſpeaketh unto his Friend, He might diſpel our intellectual Darkneſs. His "Viſage was marred *," and He became the Scorn of Men, the

* Iſa. lii. 14.

Outcaſt

Outcaſt of the People; that, by this Manifeſtation of his unutterably tender Regard for our Welfare, He might diffuſe many a Gleam of Joy through our dejected Minds. That, in another State of Things, He might clothe even our fallen Nature, with the Honours of that magnificent Luminary; and give all the Righteous to ſhine forth as the Sun, in the Kingdom of their Father.

THOU *Moon*; that walkeſt among the Hoſt of Stars, and, in thy lucid Appearance, art ſuperior to them all. Fair Ruler of the Night! Sometimes, half-reſtoring the Day, with thy waxing Brightneſs; ſometimes, waning into Dimneſs, and ſcarcely ſcattering the nocturnal Gloom; ſometimes, covered with Sackcloth, and alarming the gazing Nations.—He, who dreſſes thy opake Globe, in beaming, but borrowed Silver; He, whoſe Dignity is unchangeable, underived, and all his own; He vouchſafed to wear a Body of Clay. HE was content to appear as in a bloody Eclipſe, ſhorn of his reſplendent Beams, and ſurrounded with a Night of Horror, which knew not one reviving Ray. —Thus, has He impowered his Church, and all Believers, to tread the Moon under their Feet *. Hence, inſpired with the Hope of brighter Glory, and of more enduring Bliſs, are they enabled to triumph over all the vain Anxieties, and vainer Amuſements, of this ſublunary, precarious, mutable World.

YE *Thunders*; that, awfully grumbling in the diſtant Clouds, ſeem to meditate Indignation, and form the firſt Eſſays of a far more frightful Peal; or, ſuddenly burſting over our Heads, rend the Vault above, and ſhake the Ground below, with the hideous, horrid

* Rev. xii. 1.

Crack.

Crack. Ye, that ſend your tremendous Vollies from Pole to Pole, ſtartling the ſavage Herds *, and aſtoniſhing the human Race.—He, who permits Terror to ſound her Trumpet, in your deep, prolonged, inlarging, aggravated Roar: HE uttered a feeble infantile Cry in the Stable, and ſtrong expiring Groans on the accurſed Tree.—That He might, in the gentleſt Accents, whiſper Peace to our Souls; and, at length, tune our Voices to the Melody of Heaven.

O YE *Lightnings*; that brood, and lie couchant, in the ſulphureous Vapours; that glance, with forked Fury, from the angry Gloom, ſwifter and fiercer than the Lion ruſhes from his Den; or open into vaſt expanſive Sheets of Flame, ſublimely waved over the proſtrate World, and fearfully lingering in the frighted Skies. Ye, that formerly laid in Aſhes the licentious Abodes of Luſt and Violence; that will, ere long, ſet on fire the Elements, and co-operate in the Conflagration of the Globe.—He, who kindles your Flaſh, and directs You when to ſally, and where to ſtrike: He, who commiſſions your whirling Bolts, whom to kill, and whom to ſpare: HE reſigned his ſacred Perſon to the moſt barbarous Indignities; ſubmitted his beneficent Hands to the ponderous Hammer, and the piercing Nail; yea, with-held not his Heart, his very Heart, from the Stab of the Executioner's Spear. And, inſtead of flaſhing Confuſion on his outrageous Tormentors; inſtead of plunging them to the Depths of Hell with his Frown; He cried—in his laſt Moments, and with his agonizing Lips, He cried; FATHER, FORGIVE THEM; FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO!—O! what a Pattern of Patience for his Saints! What an Object of Admiration for Angels! What a

* Pſal. xxix. 8.

Conſtel-

Constellation of every mild, amiable, and benign Virtue; shining, in this Hour of Darkness, with ineffable Splendor and Beauty * !—Hence, hence it is, that We are

* One can hardly forbear animadverting upon the *disingenuous* Temper, and perverse Taste of *Celsus*; who attempts to turn, this most distinguishing and ornamental Part of our LORD's Life, into Ridicule and Reproach.—Having spoken of CHRIST, as despitefully used, and arrayed in a purple Robe; crowned with Thorns; and holding, by Way of mock Majesty, a Reed instead of a Sceptre (for he enters into all these Circumstances, which is a Testimony to their Truth even from the Mouth of an Enemy) He adds—Τι ουκ, ει μη προσθεν, αλλα νυν γουν θειον τι επιδεικνυται; και της αισχυνης ταυτης εαυτον ρυεται, και τους υβριζοντας εις εαυτον τε και τον πατερα δικαιοι; Orig. contra CELS. p. 81. i. e. *Why, in the Name of Wonder, does He not, on this Occasion, at least, act the* GOD? *Why does He not deliver himself from this shocking Ignominy; or execute some signal Vengeance, on the Authors of such injurious and abusive Insults, both of Himself and his Father?*—Why, *Celsus?* Because, HE was Meekness and Gentleness itself: Whereas *your* Deities were Slaves to their own turbulent and resentful Passions. Because, *they* were little better than Savages in human Shape; who too often made a Merit of Slaughter, and took a horrid Pride in spilling Blood. While CHRIST was the Prince of Peace, and came not to destroy Mens Lives, but to save. Because, any Madman on Earth, or Fury from Hell, is capable of venting his Rage. But Who, amidst such unsufferable Provocations and Barbarities; Who, having in his own Hand, the Power to rescue himself, the Power to avenge himself; could submit to all, with an unruffled Serenity of Patience; and not only not be exasperated, but *overcome*, in so triumphant a Manner, *Evil with Good?* None but CHRIST! None but CHRIST! This was Compassion worthy of a GOD; Clemency and Charity *truly divine*.

Therefore, the Calumny raised by the same virulent Objector, in another Place, carries its own Confutation: or rather, falls with a Weight of *Infamy* on his dunghill Deities, while it bears a most *honourable* Testimony, to the majestic and invincible Meekness of our Saviour.—Συ μεν, says he to the Christian, τα αγαλματα των λοιδορων καταγελας, ος αυτον γε τον Διονυσον η τον Ηρακλεα παροντα ει ελοιδορησας, ουκ αν ισως χαιρων απηλλαξας τον γε σου Θεον παροντα καταΤεινοντες και κολαζοντες, ουδεν οι ταυτα

are not trembling under the Lightnings of Mount *Sinai*; that we are not blasted by the Flames of Divine Vengeance; or doomed to dwell with everlasting Burn-

Ye frowning *wintry Clouds*; Oceans pendent in the Air, and burdening the Winds. He, in whose Hand, You are an overflowing Scourge; or, by whose Appointment, an Arsenal * of warlike Stores. He, who opens your Sluices, and a Flood gushes forth; to destroy the Fruits of the Earth, and drown the Husbandman's Hopes: Who moulds you into frozen Balls, and You are shot, linked with Death †, on the Troops of his Enemies. He, instead of discharging the Furiousness of his Wrath upon this guilty Head; poured out his Prayers; poured out his Sighs; poured out his very Soul; for me and my Fellow-transgressors.—That,

δρασαντες πεπονθασι, ibid. p. 103. i. e. *You, indeed, take upon You, to deride the Images of our Deities; but if* Bacchus *himself, or* Hercules *had been present, You would not have dared to offer such an Affront; or if you had been so presumptuous, would have severely smarted for your Insolence. Whereas, they who tormented the very Person of your* God, *and even extended him with mortal Agony on the Cross, suffered no Effects of his Displeasure.*

* *Juvenal* seems to consider the Clouds, under this same Character, in that beautiful Line,

Quicquid habent Telorum Armamentaria Cœli.

† *Job* has informed Us, for what Purpose the Magazines of the Firmament are stocked with Hail. That they may be ready, *against the Day of Battle and War.* Job xxxviii. 23.—*Joshua* has recorded, what terrible Slaughter has been made, by those *missive Weapons* of the Almighty. *Josh.* x. 11.—Modern Historians relate, that, when *Edward* III. invaded *France*, a Shower of Hail-stones descended, of such a prodigious Size; that six thousand Horses, and one thousand Men, were struck dead instantaneously.—But, the most dreadful Description of this *great Ordnance* of the Heavens, is given us in *Rev.* xvi. 21. *There fell upon Men a great Hail out of Heaven, every Stone about the Weight of a Talent.*

by virtue of his ineſtimable Propitiation, the Overflowings of Divine Good-will might be extended to ſinful Men; that the Skies might pour down Righteouſneſs; and Peace on her downy Wings, Peace with her balmy Bleſſings, deſcend to dwell on Earth.

YE *vernal Clouds*; Furls of finer Air, Folds of ſofter Moiſture. He, who draws you in copious Exhalations, from the briny Deep; bids you leave every diſtaſteful Quality behind; and become floating Fountains of ſweeteſt Waters. He, who diſſolves You into gentle Rain, and diſmiſſes You in fruitful Showers; who kindly commiſſions You, to drop down Fatneſs, as You fall, and to ſcatter Flowers over the Field.—HE, in the unutterable Bitterneſs of his Spirit, was without any comforting Senſe of his Almighty Father's Preſence. He, when his Bones were burnt up like a Firebrand, had not one Drop of that ſacred Conſolation, which, on many of his afflicted Servants, has been diſtilled as the Evening Dews, and has "given Songs in the Night" of Diſtreſs.—That, from this unallayed and inconſolable Anguiſh of our all-gracious Maſter, We, as from a Well of Salvation, might derive large Draughts of ſpiritual Refreſhment.

THOU grand *etherial Bow*; whoſe Beauties fluſh the Firmament, and charm every Spectator. He, who paints thee on the fluid Skirts of the Sky; who decks thee with all the Pride of Colours; and bends thee into that graceful and majeſtic Figure. At whoſe Command, thy vivid Streaks ſweetly riſe, or ſwiftly fade.—HE, through all his Life, was arrayed in the humble Garb of Poverty; and, at his Exit, wore the gorgeous Garment of Contempt. Inſomuch, that even his own familiar Friends, aſhamed or afraid to own

Him,

Him, "hid as it were their Faces from Him *."—To teach us a becoming Diſdain, for the unſubſtantial and tranſitory Glitter of all worldly Vanities. To introduce Us, in Robes brighter than the Tinges of thy reſplendent Arch; even in the Robes of his own immaculate Righteouſneſs, to introduce Us before that auguſt and venerable Throne, which the peaceful Rainbow ſurrounds. Surrounds, as a Pledge of inviolable Fidelity, and infinite Mercy.

YE *Storms* and *Tempeſts*, which vex the Continent, and toſs the Seas; which daſh Navies on the Rocks, and drive Foreſts from their Roots. He, whoſe Breath rouſes You into ſuch reſiſtleſs Fury, and whoſe Nod controuls You in your wildeſt Career. He, who holds the rapid and raging Hurricane in ſtreightened Reins; and walks, dreadfully ſerene, on the very Wings of the Wind. HE went, all meek and gentle, like a Lamb to the Slaughter for Us; and, as a Sheep before her Shearers is dumb, ſo he opened not his Mouth.—Thus, are we inſtructed to bear, with decent Magnanimity, the various Aſſaults of Adverſity; and to paſs, with a becoming Tranquillity of Temper, through all the rude Blaſts of injurious Treatment. Thus, are We delivered from the unutterably fiercer Storms, of incenſed and inexorable Juſtice; from the "Fire, the "Brimſtone, and the horrible Tempeſt, which will be "the final Portion of the Ungodly."

THOU *Peſtilence*, that ſcattereſt ten Thouſand Poiſons from thy baleful Wings; tainting the Air, and infect-

* *Iſa.* liii. 3. כמסתר פנים ממנו *Fuit tanquam aliquis, a quo quiſque faciem occultorat. He was as ſome* flagitious and *abandoned Wretch, from whom every one*, diſdaining ſuch a Character, and diſclaiming ſuch an Acquaintance, ſtudiouſly *hid his Face.*

ing

ing the Nations. Under whofe malignant Influence, Joy is blafted, and Nature fickens; mighty regions are depopulated, and once crouded Cities are left without Inhabitants. He, who arms thee with inevitable Deftruction, and bids thee march before * his angry Countenance; to fpread Defolation among the Tents of the Wicked, and be the Forerunner of far more fearful indignation. HE, in his holy Humanity, was arraigned as a Criminal; and, though Innocence itfelf, yea, the very Pattern of Perfection, was condemned to die, like the moft execrable Mifcreant. As a Nuifance to Society, and the very Bane of the public Happinefs, He was hurried away to Execution, and hammered to the Gibbet.—That by his Blood, He might prepare a fovereign Medicine, to cure Us of a more fatal Diftemper, than the Peftilence which walketh in Darknefs, or the Sicknefs which deftroyeth at Noon-day. That he might himfelf fay to our laft Enemy, " O Death, I will be thy Plague! " O Grave, I will be thy Deftruction †."

HEAT; whofe burning Influence parches the *Libyan* Wilds; tans into Soot, the *Ethiopian*'s Complexion; and makes every Species of Life pant, and droop, and languifh. *Cold*, whofe icy Breath glazes yearly the *Ruffian* Seas; often glues the frozen Sailor to the Cordage; and ftiffens the Traveler into a Statue of rigid Flefh.—HE, who fometimes blends You both, and produces the moft agreeable Temperature; fometimes, fuffers You to act feparately, and rage with intolerable Severity. That King of Heaven, and Controuler of univerfal Nature, when dwelling in a Tabernacle of Clay, was expofed to chilling Damps,

* *Before him went the Peftilence*, Hab. iii. 5.
† Hof. xiii. 14.

and

and ſmitten by ſultry Beams. The Stars, in their Midnight Watches, heard him pray; and the Sun, in his meridian Fervours, ſaw Him toil.—Hence are our frozen Hearts diſſolved, into a mingled Flow of Wonder, Love, and Joy: being conſcious of a Deliverance from thoſe inſufferable Flames, which, kindled by divine Indignation, burn to the loweſt Hell.

THOU *Ocean*, vaſt World of Waters! He, who ſunk that capacious Bed for thy Reception, and poured the liquid Element into unfathomable Channels; before Whom, all thy foaming Billows, and floating Mountains, are as the ſmall Drop of a Bucket. Who, by the leaſt Intimation of his Will, ſwells thy fluid Kingdoms, in wild Confuſion, to mingle with the Clouds; or reduces them, in calm Compoſure, to ſlumber on the Shores. He, who once gave thee a Warrant to overwhelm the whole Earth, and bury all its degenerate Inhabitants in a watery Grave; but has, now, laid an everlaſting Embargo on thy boiſterous Waves; and bound thee, all fierce and madding as thou art, in Chains ſtronger than Adamant, yet formed of deſpicable Sand.—All the Waves of Vengeance and Wrath, of Tribulation and Anguiſh, paſſed over HIS crucified Body, and HIS agonizing Soul. That We might emerge from thoſe Depths of Miſery, from that Abyſs of Guilt, into which we were plunged by *Adam*'s Fall, and more irretrievably ſunk by our own Tranſgreſſions. That, at the laſt, we might be reſtored to that happy World, which is repreſented, in the Viſion of GOD, as having "no Sea *;" to denote its perpetual Stability, and undiſturbed Serenity.

YE *Mountains*, that overlook the Clouds, and project a Shade into diſtant Provinces. Everlaſting Pyra-

* Rev.

mids

mids of Nature, not to be ſhaken by conflicting Elements; not to be ſhattered by the Bolts of Thunder; nor impaired even by the Ravages of Time.—He, who bid your Ridges riſe ſo high, and your Foundations ſtand ſo faſt. He, in whoſe Scale, You are lighter than Duſt; in whoſe Eye, You are leſs than nothing. —HE ſunk, beneath a Load of Woes; Woes inſupportable, but not his own; when He took our Iniquities upon Himſelf, and heaved the more than mountainous Burden from a guilty World.

Ye verdant *Woods*, that crown our Hills, and are crowned yourſelves with leafy Honours. Ye humble *Shrubs*, adorned, in Spring, with opening Bloſſoms; and fanned, in Summer, by gentle Gales. Ye, that in diſtant Climes, or in cultivated Gardens, breathe out ſpicy Odours, and embalm the Air with delightful Perfumes.—Your all-glorious and ever-bleſſed Creator's Head, was incircled with the thorny Wreath; his Face was defiled with contumelious Spitting; and his Body bathed in a bloody Sweat. That we might wear the Crown, the Crown of Glory, which fadeth not away; and live for evermore, ſurrounded with Delights, as much ſurpaſſing yours, as yours exceed the rugged Deſolations of Winter.

Thou mantling *Vine*; He who hangs on thy ſlender Shoots, the rich, tranſparent, weighty Cluſter. Who, under thy unornamented Foliage, and amidſt the pores of thy otherwiſe worthleſs Bough, prepares the Liquor—the refined and exalted Liquor, which chears the Nations, and fills the Cup of Joy. *Trees*, whoſe Branches are elevated and waving in Air; or diffuſed, in eaſy Confinement, along a ſunny Wall. He, who bends You with a lovely Burden of delicious Fruits; whoſe genial Warmth beautifies their Rind, and mellows their

Taſte.—HE, when voluntarily ſubject to our Wants, inſtead of being refreſhed with your generous juices, or regaled with your luſcious Pulp; had a loathſome Potion of Vinegar, mingled with Gall, addreſſed to his Lips.—That we might ſit under the Shadow of his Merits, with great Tranquility and the utmoſt Complacency. That, ere long, being admitted into the Paradiſe of GOD, We might eat of the Tree of Life *; and drink new Wine with Him, in his Father's Kingdom.

YE luxuriant *Meadows*; He who, without the Seedſman's Induſtry, repleniſhes your irriguous Lap, with never-failing Crops of Herbage; and enamels their chearful Green, with Flowers of every Hue.—Ye fertile *Fields*; He, who bleſſes the Labours of the Huſbandman; enriches your well-tilled Plains with waving Harveſts, and calls forth the Staff of Life from your Furrows. He, who cauſes both Meadows and Fields to laugh and ſing, for the Abundance of Plenty.—HE was no Stranger to corroding Hunger, and parching Thirſt. He, alas! eat the bitter Bread of Woe, and had "Plenteouſneſs of Tears to drink."—That we might partake of richer Dainties, than thoſe which are produced by the Dew of Heaven, and proceed from the Fatneſs of the Earth. That we might feed on "the hidden Manna," and eat the Bread which giveth Life, eternal Life, unto the World.

YE *Mines*, rich in yellow Ore, or bright with Veins of Silver; that diſtribute your ſhining Treaſures, as far as Winds can waft the Veſſel of Commerce; that beſtow your Alms on Monarchs, and have Princes for your Penſioners.—Ye Beds of *Gems*, Toy-ſhops of Nature! Which form, in dark Retirement, the glit-

* Rev. ii. 7.

tering Stone. *Diamonds*, that ſparkle with a brilliant Water; *Rubies*, that glow with a crimſon Flame; *Emeralds*, dipped in the freſheſt Verdure of Spring; *Sapphires*, decked with the faireſt Drapery of the Sky; *Topaz*, emblazed with a golden Gleam; *Amethyſt*, impurpled with the Bluſhes of the Morning.—He, who tinctures the metallic Duſt, and conſolidates the lucid Drop; HE, when ſojourning on Earth, had no Riches, but the Riches of diſintereſted Benevolence; had no Ornament, but the Ornament of unſpotted Purity. Poor he was in his Circumſtances, and mean in all his Accommodations; that WE might be rich in Grace, and "obtain Salvation with eternal "Glory." That We might inhabit the new *Jeruſalem*: that ſplendid City! Whoſe Streets are paved with Gold; whoſe Gates are formed of Pearl; and the Walls garniſhed with all manner of precious Stones *.

YE guſhing *Fountains*, that trickle potable Silver through the matted Graſs. Ye fine tranſparent *Streams*, that glide, in cryſtal Waves, along your fringed Banks. Ye deep and ſtately *Rivers*, that wind and wander in your Courſe, to ſpread your Favours wider; that gladden Kingdoms in your Progreſs, and augment the Sea with your Tribute.—He, who ſupplies all your Currents, from his own ever-flowing and inexhauſtible Liberality: HE, when his Nerves were racked with exquiſite Pain, and his Blood inflamed by a raging Fever, cried, I THIRST; and was denied (unparalleled Hardſhip!) in this his great Extremity, was denied the poor Refreſhment of a ſingle Drop of Water.—That We, having all Sufficiency in all Things, might abound to every good Work; might be filled with the Fulneſs of ſpiritual Bleſſings Here, and Hereafter be ſatisfied

* Rev. xxi. 19, 21.

with that Fulneſs of Joy, which is at GOD's right Hand for evermore.

YE *Birds*, chearful Tenants of the Bough, gaily dreſſed in gloſſy Plumage; who wake the Morn, and ſolace the Groves, with your artleſs Lays. Inimitable Architects! Who, without Rule or Line, build your penſile Structures, with all the Nicety of Proportion. You have each his commodious Neſt, roofed with Shades, and lined with Warmth, to protect and cheriſh the callow Brood.—But He, who tuned your Throats to Harmony, and taught You that curious Skill; HE was a Man of Sorrows, and had not where to lay his Head. Had not where to lay his Head, till he felt the Pangs of Diſſolution, and was laid in the ſilent Grave.—That We, dwelling under the Wings of Omnipotence, and reſting in the Boſom of infinite Love, might ſpend an harmonious Eternity, in "ſinging the Song of *Moſes*, and of the LAMB."

BEES, induſtrious Workmen! That ſweep, with buſy Wing, the flowery Garden; and ſearch the blooming Heath; and ſip the mellifluous Dews. Strangers to Idleneſs! That ply, with inceſſant Aſſiduity, your pleaſing Taſk; and ſuffer no opening Bloſſom to paſs unexplored, no ſunny Gleam to ſlip away unimproved. Moſt ingenious Artificers! That cling to the fragrant Buds; drain them of their treaſured Sweets; and extract (if I may ſo ſpeak) even the odoriferous Souls of Herbs, and Plants, and Flowers.—You, when you have compleated your Work; have collected, refined, and ſecurely lodged the ambroſial Stores: when you might reaſonably expect the peaceful Fruition of your Acquiſitions; You, alas! are barbarouſly deſtroyed, and leave your hoarded Delicacies to others: leave them to be enjoyed by your very Murderers. I cannot but

pity your hard Destiny!—How then should my Bowels melt with Sympathy, and my Eyes flow with Tears *; when I remember, that *thus*, *thus* it fared with your and our incarnate Maker! After a Life of the most exemplary and exalted Piety; a Life, filled with Offices of Beneficence, and Labours of Love; HE was, by wicked Hands, crucified and slain. He left the Honey of his Toil, the Balm of his Blood, and the Riches of his Obedience, to be shared among others: to be shared even among Those, who too often crucify Him afresh, and put him to open Shame.

SHALL I mention the Animal †, which *spins* her soft, her shining, her exquisitely fine *silken* Thread? Whose matchless Manufactures lend an Ornament to Grandeur, and make Royalty itself more magnificent.—

* Can'st Thou, ungrateful Man, his Torments see,
Nor *drop a Tear* for HIM, who *pour'd* his *Blood* for Thee?
PITTS's *Poems.*

† No One, I hope, will be offended at my introducing, on *such* an Occasion, Creatures of so low a Rank. Since, even the Volumes of Inspiration seem to lend me the Sanction of their sacred Authority. As they disdain not to compare the blessed JESUS to a *Door*, a *Highway*, &c. And, perhaps, all Comparisons, which respect a Being of *infinite* Dignity, are not only mean, but *equally* mean and unworthy.

I am sensible, likewise, that in this Paragraph, and some others, *all* the Circumstances are not completely correspondent. But if, in *some* grand Particulars, the Reddition answers to the Description; this, I trust, will be sufficient for my Purpose, and satisfactory to my Readers.—Perhaps, it would be no mistaken Caution, to apply the same Observation to many of the beautiful Similitudes, Parables, and Allegories, used by our LORD; such as the *brazen Serpent*, the *unjust* Steward, the *Thief* in the Night, &c. Which, if scrupulously sifted, or rigorously strained, for an intire Coincidence in *every* Circumstance, must appear to great Disadvantage, and lead into palpable Inconveniences.

Shall I take Notice of the Cell, in which, when the Gaiety and Business of Life are over, the little Recluse immures herself, and spends the Remainder of her Days in Retirement?—Shall I rather observe the Sepulchre, which, when cloyed with Pleasure, and weary of the World, she prepares for her own Interment? Or how, when a stated Period is elapsed, She wakes from a death-like Inactivity; breaks the Inclosure of her Tomb; throws off the dusky Shroud; assumes a new Form; puts on a more sumptuous Array; and, from an Insect creeping on the Ground, becomes a winged Inhabitant of the Air?—No: this is a poor *Reptile*; and therefore unworthy to serve as an Illustration, when any Character of the Son of God comes under Consideration. But let me correct myself. Was not CHRIST (to use the Language of his own blessed Spirit) *a Worm and no Man* *? In Appearance such, and treated as such.—Did he not also bequeath the fine Linen of his own most perfect Righteousness, to compose the Marriage-Garment † for our disarrayed and defiled Souls? Did He not, before his Flesh saw Corruption, emerge triumphant from the Grave; and not only mount the lower Firmament, but ascend the Heaven of Heavens; taking Possession of those sublime Abodes, in our Name, and as our Forerunner?

YE *Cattle*, that rest in your inclosed Pastures; Ye *Beasts*, that range the unlimited Forest; Ye *Fish*, that rove

* Psalm xxii. 6.

† This, and several other Hints, interspersed in this Work refer to the *active* and *passive* Righteousness of CHRIST, *imputed* to Believers, for their Justification. Which, in the Opinion of many great Expositors, is the mystical and the most sublime Meaning of the *Wedding-Garment*, so emphatically and forcibly recommended by the Teacher sent from GOD, *Matt.* xxii. 11.

A Doc-

rove through trackless Paths of the Sea. *Sheep*, clad in Garments, which, when left by You, are wore by Kings. *Kine*, who feed on Verdure, which, transmuted in your Bodies, and strained from your Udders, furnishes a Repast for Queens. *Lions*, roaring after your Prey; *Leviathan*, taking your Pastime in the great Deep; with all that wing the Firmament, or tread the Soil, or swim the Wave.—He, who spreads his ever-hospitable Board; who admits You all to be his continual Guests; and suffers You to want no manner of Thing that is good.—HE was destitute

A Doctrine, which Some of Those who honour my Meditations with a Perusal, probably may not receive with much, if any, Approbation. I hope, the *whole* Performance will not be cashiered, for *one* Difference in Sentiment. And I beg, that the Sentiment itself may not hastily be rejected, without a serious Hearing. For, I have the Pleasure of being intimately acquainted with a Gentleman of good Learning, and distinguished Sense, who had *once* as strong Prepossessions *against* this Tenet, as can well be imagined. Yet *now*, He not only admits it, as a Truth; but embraces it, as the Joy of his Heart; and cleaves to it, as the Rock of his Hopes.

A clear and cogent Treatise, intitled *Submission to the Righteousness of* GOD, was the Instrument of removing his Prejudices, and reducing him to a better Judgment.—In which he has been happily confirmed, by the Authority of the most *illustrious* Names, and the Works of the most *eminent* Pens, that have ever adorned our Church and Nation. In this Number are—Bishop *Jewel*, one of our great Reformers; and the other venerable Compilers of our Homilies—Archbishop *Usher*, that Oracle of Universal Learning—Bishop *Hall*, the devout and sprightly Orator of his Age—the copious and fervent Bishop *Hopkins*—the singularly good and unaffected Bishop *Beveridge*—that everlasting Honour of the Bench of Judicature, Lord Chief Justice *Hales*—the nervous, florid, and persuasive Dean *Stanhope*—the practical and perspicuous Mr. *Burkit*—and, to summon no other Evidence, that *matchless* Genius *Milton*; who, in various Parts of his divine Poem, inculcates this *comfortable* Truth; and, in *one* Passage, represents it under the very same Image, which is made use of above, *Book* X. *line* 222.

destitute, afflicted, tormented: He endured all that was miserable and reproachful; in order to exalt a degenerate Race, who had debased themselves to a Level with the Beasts that perish, unto Seats of distinguished and immortal Honour; in order to introduce the Slaves of Sin, and Heirs of Hell, into Mansions of consummate and everlasting Bliss.

SURELY, the Contemplation of such a Subject, and the distant Anticipation of such a Hope, may almost turn Earth into Heaven, and make even inanimate Nature vocal with Praise. Let it, then, break forth from every Creature. Let the *meanest* feel the inspiring Impulse; let the *greatest* acknowledge themselves unable, worthily to express the stupendous Goodness.

I had almost forgot to mention that the Treatise intitled *Submission*, &c. was written by Mr. *Benjamin Jenks*.—Whose Book of *Devotions* has deservedly passed through *Eleven* Editions; is truly admirable for the Sublimity, Spirituality, and Propriety of the Sentiments; as well as for the concise Form, and pathetic Turn of the Expression.—Whose Book of *Meditations*, though no less worthy of general Acceptance, has, for a considerable Time, been almost unknown and extinct. But was revived, and republished, in Two Octavo Volumes, by Mr. *James Rivington*. For which Service, He has my Thanks: I flatter myself, He will have the Thanks of the Public: as I am persuaded, could Religion and Virtue speak, He would have *their* Acknowledgments also. Since few Treatises are more happily calculated, to represent Religion in its native Beauty, and to promote the Interests of genuine Virtue.—On which Account, I trust, the *Candid* will excuse me, and the *Judicious* will not condemn me, even though the Recommendation of those Devotions and of these Meditations, may appear to be a Digression from my Subject.

N. B. *Should the Reader be inclined to examine the aforementioned Tenet, He will find it stated, discussed, and applied to its due Improvement, in a Piece intitled* THERON *and* ASPASIO.

PRAISE HIM, ye *Insects* that crawl on the Ground; who, though high above all Height, humbled himself to dwell in Dust. *Birds* of the Air, wast on your Wings, and warble in your Notes, HIS Praise; who, though LORD of the celestial Abodes, while sojourning on Earth, wanted a Shelter commodious as your Nests.—Ye rougher World of *Brutes*, join with the gentle Songsters of the Shade, and howl to HIM your hoarse Applause; who breaks the Jaw-Bones of the infernal Lion; who softens into Mildness the savage Disposition; and bids the Wolf lie down, in amicable Agreement, with the Lamb. *Bleat* out, ye Hills; let broader *Lows* be responsive from the Vales; ye Forests catch, and ye Rocks retain, the inarticulate Hymn; because MESSIAH the Prince *feeds his Flock, like a Shepherd. He gathers the Lambs with his Arm; He carries them in his Bosom; and gently leads those that are with Young* *.—Wave, ye stately *Cedars*, in Sign of Worship, wave your branching Heads to HIM; who meekly bowed his own, on the accursed Tree. Pleasing *Prospects*, Scenes of Beauty, where nicest Art conspires with lavish Nature, to form a Paradise below; lay forth all your Charms, and in all your Charms confess Yourselves a mere Blank; compared with his Amiableness, who is "fairest among ten Thousand, "and altogether lovely."—Drop down, ye *Showers*; and testify, as you fall; testify of HIS Grace, which descends more copiously than the Rain, distils more sweetly than the Dew. Let sighing *Gales* breathe, and murmuring *Rivulets* flow; breathe and flow, in harmonious Consonance to HIM; whose Spirit is far more reviving, than the cooling Breeze; who is Himself the Fountain of living Waters.

* Isa. xl. 11.

YE *Lightnings*, blaze to HIS Honour; ye *Thunders*, sound HIS Praise; while reverberating *Clouds* return the Roar, and bellowing *Oceans* propagate the tremendous Anthem.—*Mutest* of Creatures, add your silent Oratory, and display the Triumphs of HIS Meekness; who, though He maketh the Clouds his Chariot, and treadeth upon the Waves of the Sea; though the Thunder is his Voice, and the Lightning his Sword of Justice; yet, amidst the most abusive and cruel Injuries, was submissive and lifted not his Hand, was "dumb "and opened not his Mouth."—Great *Source* of *Day*, address thy radiant Homage to a far sublimer Sun. Write, in all thy ample Round, with every lucid Beam, O! write a Testimony to HIM, who is the Brightness of his Father's Glory. Who is the Sun of Righteousness to a sinful World; and is risen, never to go down; is risen, to be our everlasting Light.—Shine clear, ye *Skies*; look gay, thou *Earth*; let the *Floods* clap their Hands; and let *every* Creature wear a Smile: for He cometh, the CREATOR Himself cometh, to be manifested in the Flesh; and with Him comes Pardon, Peace, and Joy; every Virtue and all Felicity comes in his Train.—*Angels* and *Archangels*, let your Songs be of JESUS, and teach the very Heavens to echo with his adored and majestic Name. Ye beheld Him, with greater Transports of Admiration, when you attended his Agony in the Garden, and saw Him prostrate on the Ground; than when You beheld universal Nature rising at his Call, and saw the Wonders of his creating Might. Tune to loftiest Notes your golden Harps, and waken Raptures, unknown before even in heavenly Breasts: while all that has *Breath*, swells the Concert of Harmony; and all that has *Being*, unites in the Tribute of Praise.

CHIEFLY,

CHIEFLY, let *Man* exalt his Voice; let Man, with diſtinguiſhed Hoſannas, hail the REDEEMER. For Man, He was ſtretched on the racking Croſs; for Man, He was conſigned to the gloomy Sepulchre; for Man, He procured Grace unmeaſurable, and Bliſs inconceivable.—However *different*, therefore, in your Age, or more different in your Circumſtances, be *unanimous*, O Men, in magnifying a Saviour, who is no Reſpecter of Perſons; who gave Himſelf a Ranſom for all.—Bend, ye *Kings*, from your Thrones of Ivory and Gold; in your Robes of imperial Purple, fall proſtrate at HIS Feet; who forſook a nobler Throne, and laid aſide more illuſtrious Enſigns of Majeſty; that You might reign with GOD for ever and ever.—*Children* of *Poverty*, meaneſt of Mortals (if any can be called poor, who are *thus* enriched; if any can be accounted mean, who are *thus* ennobled); rejoice, greatly rejoice, in GOD your Saviour. Who choſe to be indigent, was willing to be contemned; that you might be intitled to the Treaſures, and be numbered with the Princes, of Heaven.—*Sons* of *Affliction*, though haraſſed with Pain, and inured to Anguiſh, O! change your Groans into Songs of Gratitude. Let no complaining Voice, no jarring String be heard, in the univerſal Symphony; but *glorify* the LAMB even *in the Fires* *. Who Himſelf bore greater Torment, than You feel; and has promiſed You a Share in the Joy, which He inherits: who has made your Sufferings ſhort, and will make your Reſt eternal.—*Men* of *hoary* Locks, bending beneath a Weight of Years, and tottering on the Brink of the Grave; let CHRIST be your Support, under all Infirmities; lean upon CHRIST, as the Rock of your Salvation. Let his Name, his precious Name, form the laſt Accents, which quiver on your pale ex-

* Iſa. xxiv. 15.

piring

piring Lips.—And let this be the first, that lisps on your Tongues, ye tender *Infants*. Remember your REDEEMER, in your earliest Moments. Devote the Choice of your Hours, to the learning of his Will; and the Chief of your Strength, to the glorifying of HIS Name. Who, in the Perfection of Health, and the very Prime of Manhood, was content to become a motionless and ghastly Corpse; that You might be girt with the Vigour, and cloathed with the Bloom of eternal Youth.

YE *Spirits* of *just* Men made *perfect*, who are released from the Burden of the Flesh; and freed from all the vexatious Solicitations of Corruption in Yourselves; delivered from all the injurious Effects of Iniquity in others. Who sojourn no longer in the Tents of Strife, or the Territories of Disorder; but are received into that pure, harmonious, holy Society, where every one acts up to his amiable and exalted Character; where GOD Himself is pleased *graciously* and *immediately* to preside.—You find, not without pleasing Astonishment, your Hopes improved into actual Enjoyment, and your Faith superseded by the Beatific Vision. You feel all your former Shyness of Behaviour, happily lost in the Overflowings of unbounded Love: and all your little Differences of Opinion, intirely born down by Tides of invariable Truth. Bless, therefore, with all your inlarged Powers, bless *His* infinitely larger Goodness; who, when He had overcome the Sharpness of Death, opened the Gates of Paradise, opened the Kingdom of Heaven, to all Generations, and to every Denomination, of the Faithful.

YE Men of *holy* Conversation, and *humble* Tempers, think of HIM, who *loved You, and washed You from your Sins in his own Blood.* Think of Him, on your silent Couch; talk of Him, in every social Interview. Glory

Glory in his Excellencies; make your Boaſt of his Obedience; and add, ſtill continue to add, the Incenſe of a dutiful Life, to all the Oblations of a grateful Tongue.—*Weakeſt of Believers*, who go mourning under a Senſe of Guilt, and conflicting with the ceaſeleſs Aſſaults of Temptation; put off your Sack-cloth, and be girded with Gladneſs. Becauſe JESUS, is as merciful to hear, as He is mighty to help. Becauſe, He is touched with the tendereſt ſympathizing Concern, for all your Diſtreſſes; and He lives, ever lives, to be your *Advocate* with the FATHER. Why then ſhould uneaſy Doubts ſadden your Countenances? Why ſhould deſponding Fears oppreſs your Souls? Turn, turn thoſe diſconſolate Sighs into chearful Hymns; ſince you have his *powerful Interceſſion*, and his *ineſtimable Merits*, to be your Anchor in all Tribulations, to be your Paſſport into eternal Bleſſedneſs.

MOST of all, Ye *Miniſters* of the *Sanctuary*; Heralds commiſſioned from above; lift, every One, his Voice like a Trumpet, and loudly proclaim the REDEEMER. Get Ye up, Ye Ambaſſadors of Peace, get Ye up into the high Mountains; and ſpread far and wide the Honours of the LAMB, "that was ſlain, "but is alive for evermore." Teach every ſacred Roof, to reſound with his Fame; and every human Heart, to glow with his Love. Declare, as far as the Force of Words will go, declare the inexhauſtible Fulneſs of that great Atonement; whoſe Merits are commenſurate with the Glories of the DIVINITY *. Tell the

* If in this Place and others, I have ſpoken magnificently of the Blood of CHRIST, and its inſuperable Efficacy to expiate Guilt; I think, it is no more than is expreſſed, in a very celebrated Hymn; written by one of the greateſt *Wits*, who had alſo been one of the greateſt *Libertines*, and afterwards commenced one of

the sinful Wretch, what Pity yearns in IMMANUEL's Bowels; what Blood he has spilt, what Agonies he has endured, what Wonders He has wrought, for the Salvation of his Enemies. Invite the Indigent, to become rich; intreat the Guilty, to accept of Pardon; because, with the crucified JESUS is plenteous Redemption, and All-sufficiency to save.—While you, placed in conspicuous Stations, pour the joyful Sound; may I, as I steal through the Vale of human Life, catch the pleasing Accents! For *me*, the Author of all Blessings became a Curse: for *me*, his Bones were dislocated, and his Flesh was torn: He hung, with streaming Veins, and an agonizing Soul, on the Cross for *me*. O! may I, in my little Sphere, and amidst the scanty Circle of my Acquaintance, at least whisper these glad transporting Tidings; whisper them from my own Heart, that they may surely reach, and sweetly penetrate theirs.

BUT, when Men and Angels raise the grand Hymn; when all Worlds, and all Beings, add their *collective*

of the most remarkable *Penitents*, in *France*. A Hymn, which even Mr. *Bayle* confesses to be a *very fine* one; which another great Critic calls an *admirable* one; and which, a Genius superior to them both, recommends as a *noble* one. (See *Spect.* Vol. VII. N° 513.)

The Author, having acknowledged his Crimes to be, beyond Measure heinous, and almost beyond Forgiveness provoking:—so provoking, as to render Tears from such Eyes offensive, and Prayers from such Lips abominable:—composes himself to submit, without the least repining Sentiment; to submit, even with Praise and Adoration, to the most dreadful Doom. Accordingly, he stands in resigned Expectation of being instantly struck by the Bolts of Vengeance: but—with a Turn of Thought equally surprising and sprightly; with a Faith properly founded, and happily firm; He adds,

Yet where! O where! *can* ev'n thy Thunders fall?
CHRIST's Blood o'erspreads and shields me from them *all*.

Acclamations; this full, fervent, and univerſal Chorus, will be ſo *inferior* to the Riches of the REDEEMER's Grace; ſo *diſproportionate* to the Magnificence of his Glory; that it will ſeem but to *debaſe* the unutterable Subject, it attempts to exalt. The loud Hallelujah will *die away*, in the ſolemn mental Eloquence of proſtrate, rapturous, *ſilent* Adoration.

O Goodneſs infinite! Goodneſs immenſe!
And Love that paſſeth Knowledge!—*Words are vain*;
Language is loſt in Wonders ſo divine.
"*Come then, expreſſive* SILENCE, *muſe his Praiſe.*"

THE

THE FRONTISPIECE

Exhibits a View of the nocturnal Heavens.—On the Top of an OBSERVATORY, two Persons examine the celestial Bodies with their Telescopes: Instruments, which gave Rise to the most important Improvements in the Science of *Astronomy*.

An aged Philosopher is represented, instructing his Pupils. He describes, with his Compasses, the Order and Courses of the Planets; according to the *Newtonian* Hypothesis, intimated by a Book bearing that great Author's Name.—The whole Tenour of the Lecture, in Concert with the whole Structure and Œconomy of the Skies, ENARRANT GLORIAM DEI, professedly *declare the Glory of GOD.*—Behind the Philosopher stands one of his Scholars, with an Air of close Attention, computing on his Fingers the Distances, the Magnitudes, the Velocities of the planetary Orbs.—Another at his Right-hand, attending to the Description of the stupendous System, is struck with Surprize, and impressed with Awe.—A third, with conscious Humilia-

tion in his Countenance, holds a Scroll, inſcribed with a Diagram; expreſſing the joint Action of the *centrifugal* and *centripetal* Forces. As by the one, the Planets are continually endeavouring to fly off; but by the other, are perpetually drawn towards the Centre of their Motion; SIC GRATIA DEI, *Such is the Operation of Divine Grace:* correcting the irregular Impulſe of our natural Depravity; determining our Deſires to the Centre of Happineſs; and directing our Goings in the Circle of Duty.—A Youth on the Left, overwhelmed with Veneration for the Almighty Maker, in a tranſport of Gratitude, and a Poſture of Adoration, pours out his Soul in thoſe emphatical Words; *When I conſider thy Heavens, the Work of thy Fingers, the Moon and the Stars which thou haſt ordained:*—LORD, *what is Man, that thou art mindful of him; and the Son of Man, that thou viſiteſt him?* Pſal. viii. 3, 4.

CONTEMPLATIONS

ON THE

NIGHT.

Night *is fair* Virtue's *immemorial Friend:*
The conſcious Moon, *through ev'ry diſtant Age,*
Has held a Lamp to Wiſdom.

Night-Thoughts, N° V.

TO

PAUL ORCHARD,

OF

STOKE-ABBEY, in DEVONSHIRE, Esq;

DEAR SIR,

AS your honoured Father was pleased to make choice of me, to answer in your Name at the Font, and to exercise a sort of *Guardianship* over your spiritual Interests; permit me, by putting these little Treatises into your Hand, to fulfil some Part of that solemn Obligation.

GRATITUDE for your many signal Favours, and a conscientious Regard to my sacred Engagement, have long ago inspired my Breast with the warmest Wishes, both for your true *Dignity*, and real *Happiness*. Nor can I think of a more endearing, or a more effectual Way, of advancing either the one or the other, than to set before you a Sketch of your excellent

Father's Character.—Illustrious Examples are the most winning Incitements to Virtue. And none can come attended with such particular Recommendations to You, Sir, as the Pattern of that worthy Person, from whom you derive your very Being.

A MOST cordial, and reverential Esteem for the *Divine Word*, was one of his remarkable Qualities. Those Oracles of Heaven were his principal Delight, and his inseparable Companions. Your Gardens, your solitary Walks, and the Hedges of your Fields can witness *, with what an unwearied Assiduity He exercised Himself in the Law of the LORD. From hence He fetched his Maxims of Wisdom, and formed his Judgment of Things. The sacred *Precepts*, were the Model of his Temper, and the Guide of his Life; while the precious *Promises*, were the Joy of his Heart, and his Portion for ever.

IMPROVING Company was another of his most relishing Pleasures. Few Gentlemen were better furnished, either with Richness of Fancy, or Copiousness of Expression, to bear a shining Part in Conversation. With these

* Josh. xxiv. 27.

Talents,

Talents, He always endeavoured to give some *useful*, generally some *religious*, Turn to the Discourse. Nor did he ever reflect, with greater Complacency, on his social Hours, than when they tended to glorify the Eternal Majesty; and to awaken, in Himself and others a more lively Spirit of Devotion.

To project for the Good of Others, was his frequent *Study*, and to carry those benevolent Contrivances into Execution, his favourite *Employ*. When visited by the young Persons of the Neighbourhood, far from taking an ungraceful Pride to initiate them in a Debauchery, or confirm them in a riotous Habit; it was his incessant Aim, by finely-adapted Persuasives, to encourage them in *Industry*, and establish them in a Course of *Sobriety*; to *guard* them against the Allurements of Vice, and *animate* them with the Principles of Piety. A noble Kind of Hospitality this! Which will probably transmit its beneficial Influence, to their earthly Possessions; to their future Families; and even to their everlasting State.

A Conviction of human Indigence, and a thorough Persuasion of the Divine All-sufficiency, induced him to be *frequent in Prayer*.

To proſtrate himſelf in profound Adoration, before that infinitely exalted Being, who dwells in Light inacceſſible, was *his Glory*; to implore the Continuance of the Almighty Favour, and the Increaſe of all Chriſtian Graces, was *his Gain*. In thoſe Moments, no doubt, he remembered You, Sir, with a particular Earneſtneſs; and lodged many an ardent Petition in the Court of Heaven, for his Infant Son. Ceaſe not to ſecond them with your own devout Supplications, that they may deſcend upon your Head, "in the Fulneſs of the Bleſſings of "the Goſpel of Peace."

To give their genuine Luſtre to all his other Endowments, he was careful to maintain an *humble Mind*. Though his Friends might admire his ſuperior Abilities, or his Acquaintance applaud his exemplary Behaviour, he ſaw how far he *fell ſhort* of the Mark of his high Calling: ſaw, and lamented his Defects: ſaw, and renounced Himſelf: relying, for final Acceptance, and endleſs Felicity, on a *better Righteouſneſs* than his own; even on the tranſcendently perfect Righteouſneſs, and inconceivably precious Death, of JESUS the Redeemer. This was the Rock of his Hope, and the very Crown of his Rejoicing.

THESE,

These, Sir, are ſome of the *diſtinguiſhing* Characteriſtics of your deceaſed Parent. As you had the Misfortune to loſe ſo valuable a Relative, before you was capable of forming any Acquaintance with his Perſon; I flatter myſelf, you will the more attentively obſerve his Picture. This His *moral Picture*; deſigned, not to be ſet in Gold, or ſparkle in Enamel, but to breathe in your Spirit, and to live in all your Conduct.———Which, though it be intirely your own, calculated purely for yourſelf, may poſſibly (like the Family Pieces in your Parlour, that glance an Eye upon as many as enter the Room) make ſome *pleaſing* and *uſeful* Impreſſion on every Beholder.—May every one, charmed with the beautiful Image, catch its Reſemblance; and Each, in his reſpective Sphere, "go and do likewiſe."

But You, Sir, are peculiarly concerned to copy the amiable Original. As the Order of an indulgent Providence, has made you Heir of the *affluent Circumſtances*; let not a gay and thoughtleſs Inadvertence, cut you off from the *richer Inheritance*, of theſe noble Qualifications.—Theſe will be your Security, amidſt all the glittering Dangers; which are inſeparable

from blooming Years, and an elevated Situation in Life. These are your Path, your sure and only Path, to true Greatness, and solid Happiness.——Tread in these Steps, and you cannot fail to be the Darling of your Friends, and the Favourite of Heaven. Tread in these Steps, and you will give inexpressible Joy to one of the best of Mothers; you will become an extensive Blessing to your Fellow-Creatures; and which, after such most engaging Motives, is scarce worthy to be mentioned, you will be the Delight, the Honour, and the Boast of,

Dear SIR,

Your very affectionate Godfather,

And most faithful humble Servant,

Weston-Favell,
Northampton,
July 14, 1747.

JAMES HERVEY.

PREFACE.

WE have already exercised our Speculations, on the Tombs and Flowers; surveying Nature, covered with the deepest Horrors, and arrayed in the richest Beauties. Allegory *taught many of the Objects, to speak the Language of Virtue; while* Imagination *lent her Colouring, to give the Lessons an engaging Air.—And this with a View of imitating that* Divine *Instructor; who commissioned the* Lily *, *in her silver Suit, to remonstrate in the Ear of unbelieving Reason: Who sent his Disciples (Men ordained to* teach *the Universe) to* learn *Maxims of the last Importance, from the most* insignificant *Birds *, that wander through the Paths of the Air; from the very* meanest *Herbs *, that are scattered over the Face of the † Ground.*

Embold-

* Matt. vi. 26, 28, 29, 30.

† Celebrated Writers, as *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, *Thucydides* and *Livy*, are observed to have a Stile peculiar to themselves.—Now, whoever considers the Discourses of *Christ*, will find Him distinguishing Himself by a Stile, which may properly be called *HIS OWN*. Majestic, yet familiar; happily uniting Dignity with Condescen-

 sion;

Emboldened by the kind Acceptance of the preceding Sketches, I beg Leave to confide in the same Benevolence *of* Taste, *for the Protection and*

sion; it consists, in teaching his Followers the *sublimest* Truths, by spiritualizing on the most *common* Occurrences. Which, besides its being level to the lowest Apprehensions; and admirably adapted to steal into the most inattentive Heart; is accompanied with this very singular Advantage, That it turns even the *Sphere of Business* into a *School of Instruction*; and renders the most ordinary Objects a Set of Monitors, ever soliciting our Regard, because ever present to our Senses.—So that, I believe, it may be said of this *amiable Method*, in which our Lord conveyed; as well as of that *powerful Energy*, which attended his Doctrines, That *never Man spake like this Man.* —The *Harvest* approaching, He reminds his Disciples of a far more important Harvest, *John* iv. 35. *Matt.* xiii. 39. when immortal Beings shall be *reaped* from the Grave, and *gathered in* from all the Quarters of the Earth: when every human Creature shall sustain the Character of valuable *Wheat*, or despicable *Tares*; and accordingly be lodged in Mansions of everlasting Security, or consigned over to the Rage of unquenchable Fire.—In his Charge to *Fishermen*, when they are commencing Preachers, *Matt.* iv. 19. He exhorts them, conformably to the Nature of their late Occupation, to use the same *Assiduity* and *Address* in winning Souls, as they were wont to exercise in catching the finny Prey.—For the farther Illustration of this no less useful, than curious Subject, I would refer my Reader to a Valuable Note, in Sir *Isaac Newton*'s Observations on the Prophecies; p. 148. 4to Edition.

Support

Support of the two remaining Essays; which exhibit a Prospect of still Life, *and* grand Operation: *which moralize on the most composed, and most magnificent, Appearances of Things.—In which,* Fancy *is again suffered to introduce her Imagery; but only as the Handmaid of* Truth: *in order to dress her Person, and display her Charms; to engage the Attention, and win the Love, even of the* Gay, *and of the* Fashionable. *Which is more likely to be effected, by forming agreeable Pictures of Nature, and deriving instructive Oservations; than by the laborious Method of long-deduced Arguments, or close-connected Reasonings.—The Contemplation of the Heavens and the Earth, of their admirable Properties and beneficial Changes, has always afforded the most exalted Gratification to the human Mind. In Compliance with this prevailing Taste, I have drawn my serious Admonitions from the stupendous Theatre, and variegated Scenery of the Universe. That the Reader may learn his Duty, from his very Pleasures—may gather* Wisdom, *mingled with* Virtue, *from the most refined* Entertainments, *and noblest* Delights.

The Evening, *drawing her Sables over the World, and gently darkening into* Night, *is a Season peculiarly proper for sedate Consideration. All*

Circum-

Circumstances concur, to hush our Passions, and sooth our Cares; to tempt our Steps abroad, and prompt our Thoughts to serious Reflection.

——Then is the Time,
For those, whom Wisdom, and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degen'rate Croud,
And soar above this little Scene of Things;
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their Feet;
To sooth the throbbing Passions into Peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent Walks *.

The Favour I would solicit for the first *of the following Compositions, is, That it may be permitted to attend, in such retired and contemplative Excursions. To attend, if not under the Character of a Friend; at least, in the humble Capacity of a Servant, or a Page:—as a* Servant, *to open the Door of Meditation, and remove every Impediment to those best Exercises of the Mind; which blend Advantage with Amusement, and improve, while they delight:—as a* Page, *to gather up the unstable, fluctuating Train of Fancy; and collect her fickle Powers into a consistent, regular, and useful Habit of Thinking.*

The other, *conversant among the* starry Regions, *would lead the Imagination through those beautiful Tracts of unclouded Azure; and point out to the*

* Thoms. Autumn, l. 973. last Edit.

Judgment

Judgment some of those astonishing Particulars, which so eminently signalize the celestial Worlds. A Prospect this, to which Curiosity attracts our Eyes, and to which Scripture itself often directs our Study. A Prospect beyond all others most excellently calculated, to inlarge *the Soul, and* ennoble *its Conceptions;—to give the grandest Apprehensions of the* Everlasting *GOD, and create Sentiments of becoming Superiority, with relation to all* transitory *Interest;—in a Word, to furnish* Faith *with the surest Foundation, for a steady Affiance, and true Magnanimity of Spirit; to afford* Piety *the strongest Motives, both for a lively Gratitude, and profound Veneration.*

While Galilæo *lifts his Tube, and discovers the prodigious Magnitude of those radiant Orbs;—while* Newton *measures their amazing Distances, and unites the whole System, in harmonious Order, by the subtle Influences of Attraction:—I would only, like the Herald before that illustrious* Hebrew *, *proclaim at every Turn,* " Bow the Knee, *and adore the Al-*" *mighty Maker; magnify his eternal Name,* and " make his Praise, *like all his Works,* to be " glorious."

* Gen. xli. 43.

CON-



CONTEMPLATIONS

ON THE

NIGHT.

THE Business of the Day dispatched, and the sultry heats abated, invited me to the Recreation of a Walk. A Walk, in one of the *finest Recesses* of the Country; and in one of the most *pleasant Evenings*, which the Summer-Season produced.

THE Limes and Elms, uniting their Branches over my Head, formed a *verdant Canopy*, and cast a most refreshing Shade. Under my Feet lay a *Carpet* of Nature's *Velvet*; Grass intermingled with Moss, and embroidered with Flowers. Jessamines, in Conjunction with Woodbines, twined around the Trees; displaying their *artless Beauties* to the Eye, and diffusing their *delicious Sweets* through the Air. On either Side, the Boughs, rounded into a Set of regular Arches, opened a View into the *distant Fields*, and presented me with a Prospect of the *bending Skies*. The little Birds, all joyous and grateful for the Favours of the Light, were paying their Acknowledgments in a *Tribute* of *Harmony*, and soothing themselves to Rest with Songs.

While a French-Horn, from a neighbouring Seat, ſent its melodious Accents, ſoftened by the Length of their Paſſage, to complete the *Concert* of the *Grove*.

ROVING in this agreeable Manner, my Thoughts were exerciſed on a Subject, ſtill more agreeable than the Seaſon, or the Scene. I mean, our late *ſignal Victory*, over the united Forces of inteſtine Treaſon, and foreign Invaſion. A Victory, which pours Joy through the preſent Age, and will tranſmit its Influence to Generations yet unborn.—Are not all the Bleſſings, which can endear Society, or render Life itſelf deſirable, centered in our preſent happy Conſtitution, and auſpicious Government? Were they not *all* ſtruck at, by that impious and horrid Blow, meditated at *Rome*; levelled by *France*; and ſeconded by factious Spirits at *Home*? Who then can be ſufficiently thankful, for the gracious Interpoſition of Providence; which has not only averted the inpending Ruin, but turned it with aggravated Confuſion, on the Authors of our Troubles?

METHINKS, every Thing *valuable*, which I poſſeſs; every Thing *charming*, which I behold; conſpire to enhance this ever-memorable Event. To this it is owing, that I can ramble unmoleſted along the Vale of private Life, and taſte all the innocent Satisfactions of a *contemplative* Retirement.—Had Rebellion * ſucceeded in her deteſtable Deſigns; inſtead of walking with Security and Complacence in theſe flowery Paths, I might have met the *Aſſaſſin* with his *Dagger*: or have been obliged to abandon my Habitation, and "embrace "the Rock for a Shelter."—Farewel then, ye fragrant Shades; Seats of Meditation, and calm Repoſe! I ſhould have been driven from your loved Retreats, to

* Referring to the Rebellion, ſet on Foot in the Year 1745.—Which, for ſeveral Months, made a very alarming Progreſs in the North—but was happily extinguiſhed by the glorious and deciſive Victory at *Culloden*.

make

make Way for ſome barbarous, ſome *inſulting Victor.*— Farewel then, ye pleaſing Toils, and wholeſome Amuſements of my rural Hours! I ſhould no more have reared the tender Flower to the Sun; no more have taught the Eſpalier to expand her Boughs; nor have fetched, any longer, from my Kitchen-Garden, the pureſt Supplies of Health.

HAD Rebellion ſucceeded in her deteſtable Deſigns; inſtead of being regaled with the *Muſic* of the *Woods*, I might have been alarmed with the Sound of the Trumpet, and all the Thunder of War. Inſtead of being entertained with this *beautiful Landſcape*, I might have beheld our Houſes ranſacked, and our Villages plundered; I might have beheld our fenced Cities encompaſſed with Armies, and our fruitful Fields "cloathed with Deſolation;" or have been ſhocked with the more frightful Images, of "Garments rolled "in Blood," and of a Ruffian's Blade reeking from a Brother's Heart. Inſtead of Peace, with her chearing Olives, ſheltering our Abodes; inſtead of Juſtice, with her impartial Scale, ſecuring our Goods; *Perſecution* had brandiſhed her Sword, and *Slavery* clanked her Chains.

NOR are theſe Miſeries imaginary only, or the Creatures of a groundleſs Panic. There are, in a neighbouring Kingdom, who very lately experienced them in all their Rigour *. And, if the *malignant* Spirit of *Popery*, had forced itſelf into our Church; if an *abjured Pretender*, had cut his Way to our Throne; We could have no Reaſon to expect a Mitigation of their Severity, on our Behalf.—But, ſuppoſing the tender Mercies of

* See a Pamphlet intitled, *Popery always the ſame.*—Which contains a Narrative of the *Perſecutions*, and ſevere Hardſhips lately ſuffered by the *Proteſtants*, in the Southern Parts of *France*; and cloſes with a moſt ſeaſonable, alarming, and ſpirited Addreſs to the Inhabitants of *Great-Britain*. Printed 1746. Price 8*d*.

a bigotted Usurper, to have been somewhat less cruel. Where, alas! would have been the Encouragement to cultivate our little Portion; or what Pleasure could arise, from an improved Spot; if both the one and the other lay, every Moment, at the Mercy of *lawless* Power? This imbittering Circumstance would spoil their Relish; and by rendering them a *precarious*, would render them a *joyless* Acquisition.—In vain, might the Vine spread her purple Clusters; in vain, be lavish of her generous Juices; if *Tyranny*, like a ravenous Harpy, should be always hovering over the Bowl, and ready to snatch it from the Lip of Industry, or to wrest it from the Hand of Liberty.

LIBERTY, that dearest of Names; and *Property*, that best of Charters; give an additional, an inexpressible Charm, to every delightful Object.—See, how the declining Sun has beautified the *western Clouds*; has arrayed them in Crimson, and skirted them with Gold, Such a Refinement of our domestic Bliss, is Property; such an Improvement of our public Privileges, is Liberty.—When the Lamp of Day shall withdraw his Beams, there will still remain the same Collection of floating Vapours; but O! how changed, how gloomy! The Carnation-Streaks are faded; the golden Edgings are wore away; and all the lovely Tinges are lost, in a *leaden-coloured louring* Sadness. *Such* would be the Aspect, of all these Scenes of Beauty, and all these Abodes of Pleasure; if exposed continually to the Caprice of arbitrary Sway, or held in a State of abject and cringing Dependence.

THE Sun has almost finished his daily Race, and hastens to the Goal. He descends lower and lower; till his Chariot-Wheels seem to hover on the utmost Verge of the Sky. What is somewhat remarkable, the Orb of Light, upon the Point of setting, grows considerably *broader*. The Shadows of Objects, just before

before they become blended in undistinguishable Darkness, are exceedingly *lengthened* *.—Like Blessings, little prized, while *possessed:* but highly esteemed, the very Instant they are preparing for their Flight: bitterly regretted, when once they are gone, and to be seen no more.

THE radiant Globe is, now, half-immersed beneath the dusky Earth. Or, as the ancient Poets speak, is shooting into the Ocean, and sinks in the western Sea. —And could I view the *Sea*, at this Juncture, it would yield a most amusing and curious Spectacle. The Rays, striking horizontally on the liquid Element, give it the Appearance of floating Glass; or, reflected in many a different Direction, form a beautiful Multiplicity of Colours.—A Stranger, as he walks along the sandy Beach; and, lost in pensive Attention, listens to the Murmurings of the restless Flood; is agreeably alarmed by the *gay Decorations* of the Surface. With Entertainment, and with Wonder, he sees the curling Waves, here glistening with White, there glowing with Purple; in one Place, wearing an Azure Tincture; in another, glancing a Cast of undulating Green; in the Whole, exhibiting a Piece of *fluid Scenery*, that may vie with yonder Pencil Tapestries, though wrought in the Loom, and tinged with the Dyes of Heaven.

WHILE I am transported by Fancy to the Shores of the Ocean, the great Luminary is sunk beneath the Horizon, and totally disappears. The whole Face of the Ground is overspread with Shades; or with, what one of the finest Painters of Nature calls, a *dun Obscurity.* Only a few very superior Eminences are tipt with streaming Silver. The Tops of Groves, and

* *Majoresque cadunt altis de Montibus Umbræ.*

VIRG.

lofty Towers, catch the *last Smiles* of Day *; are still irradiated by the departing Beams.—But, O! how transient is the Distinction! how momentary the Gift! Like all the Blessings, which Mortals enjoy below, it is *gone*, almost as soon as *granted*. See! how languishingly it trembles on the leafy Spire; and glimmers, with a dying Faintness, on the Mountain's Brow. The little Vivacity, that remains, decays every Moment. It can no longer hold its Station. While I speak, it expires; and resigns the World to the gradual Approaches of Night.

——— *Now* Twilight *grey*
Has in her sober Liv'ry all Things clad †.

EVERY Object, a little while ago, glared with Light; but now, all appears under a more qualified Lustre. The Animals harmonize with the insensible Creation; and what was *gay* in those, as well as *glittering* in this, gives Place to an universal *Gravity*. In the Meadows, all was jocund and sportive: but now the gamesome Lambs, are grown weary of their Frolicks; and the tired Shepherd, has imposed Silence on his Pipe. In the Branches, all was Sprightliness and Song: but now the lively Green, is wrapt in the descending Glooms; and no tuneful Airs are heard, only the plaintive Stock-dove, cooing mournfully through the Grove.—Should I now be vain and trifling, the Heavens and the Earth would rebuke my unseasonable Levity. Therefore, be these Moments devoted to Thoughts, *sedate* as the closing Day; *solemn*, as the

* See this remarkable Appearance delicately described, and wrought into a Comparison, which, in my Opinion, is one of the most just, beautiful, and noble Pieces of Imagery, to be found in modern Poetry; *Night Thoughts*, Nº II. p. 42. 4to Edit.

† MILT. *Par. Lost*, B. IV. l. 598.

5 Face

Face of Things. And, indeed, however my ſocial Hours are enlivened with innocent Pleaſantry; let every Evening, in her ſable Habit, toll the Bell to ſerious Conſideration. Nothing can be more proper, for a Perſon who walks on the Borders of Eternity, and is haſting continually to his final Audit; nothing more proper, than daily to ſlip away from the Circle of Amuſements, and frequently to relinquiſh the Hurry of Buſineſs, in order to conſider and adjuſt "the Things that belong to his Peace."

Since the Sun is departed, from whence can it proceed, that I am not involved in pitchy Darkneſs? Whence theſe Remainders of *diminiſhed Brightneſs?* Which, though ſcarcely forming a Refulgence, ſoften and ſooth the Horrors of Night. I ſee not the ſhining Ruler, yet am cheared with a real, though faint Communication of his Splendor.—Does he remember Us, in his Progreſs through other Climes? Does He ſend a *Detachment* of his Rays, to *eſcort* Us during his perſonal Abſence; or to *cover* (if I may uſe the military Term) our *Retreat* from the Scene of Action? Has he bequeathed Us a Dividend of his Beams, ſufficient to render our Circumſtances eaſy, and our Situation agreeable? Till Sleep pours its ſoft Oppreſſion on the Organs of Senſe; till Sleep ſuſpends all the Operations of our Hands; and intirely ſuperſedes any farther Occaſion for the Light.

No: it is ill-judged and unreaſonable, to aſcribe this beneficent Conduct to the Sun. Not unto Him; not unto Him; but unto his *Almighty Maker* We are obliged, for this pleaſing Attendant, this valuable Legacy. The gracious Author of our Being, has ſo diſpoſed the Collection of circumambient Air, as to make it productive of this fine and wonderful Effect. The Sun-beams, falling on the higher Parts of the aërial

Fluid, instead of passing on in strait Lines, are bent inwards and conducted to our Sight. Their natural Course is over-ruled, and they are bidden to wheel about; on purpose to favour Us with a welcome and salutary Visit.—By which means, the Blessing of Light, and the Season of Business, are considerably prolonged. And, what is a very endearing Circumstance, prolonged most considerably; when the vehement Heats of Summer, incline the *Student* to postpone his Walk, till the temperate Evening prevails; when the important Labours of the Harvest, call the *Husbandman* abroad, before the Day is fully risen.

AFTER all the Ardors of the sultry Day, how reviving is this *Coolness!*—This gives new Verdure to the fading Plants; new Vivacity to the withering Flowers; and a more exquisite Fragrance to their mingled Scents.—By this, the *Air* also receives a new Force, and is qualified to exert itself with greater Activity. Qualified to brace our Limbs; to heave our Lungs; and co-operate, with a brisker Impulse, in perpetuating the Circulation of our Blood.—This I might call the grand *Alembic* of Nature; which distils her most sovereign *Cordial*, the refreshing *Dews*. Incessant Heat, would rob Us of their beneficial Agency; and oblige them to evaporate, in imperceptible Exhalations. Turbulent Winds, or even the gentler Motions of *Aurora*'s Fan, would dissipate the rising Vapours, and not suffer them to form a Coalition. But, favoured by the Stilness, and condensed by the Coolness of the Night; they unite in pearly Drops, and create that *finely tempered* Humidity, which chears the vegetable World, as Sleep exhilarates the animal.

NOT unlike to these, are the Advantages of *Solitude*. The World is a troubled Ocean; and who can erect stable Purposes, on its fluctuating Waves? The World

is

is a School of Wrong; and who does not feel Himſelf warping, to its pernicious Influences *? On this Sea of Glaſs †, how inſenſibly we ſlide from our own Stedfaſtneſs! ſome ſacred *Truth*, which was ſtruck in lively Characters on our Souls, is obſcured, if not obliterated. Some worthy *Reſolution*, which Heaven had wrought in our Breaſts, is ſhaken, if not overthrown. Some inticing *Vanity*, which we had ſolemnly renounced, again practiſes its Wiles, and again captivates our Affections. How often has an unwary Glance, kindled a Fever of irregular Deſire in our Hearts? How often has a Word of Applauſe, dropt luſcious Poiſon into our Ears; or ſome diſreſpectful Expreſſion, raiſed a Guſt of Paſſion in our Boſoms? Our Innocence is of ſo *tender* a Conſtitution, that it ſuffers in the promiſcuous Croud. Our Purity is of ſo *delicate* a Complexion, that it ſcarce touches on the World, without contracting a Stain. We ſee, we hear, with Peril.

BUT here *Safety* dwells. Every meddling and intruſive Avocation is ſecluded. Silence holds the Door againſt the Strife of Tongues, and all the Impertinencies of idle Converſation. The buſy Swarm of vain Images, and cajoling Temptations; which beſet Us, with a buzzing importunity, amidſt the Gaieties of Life; are chaſed by theſe thickening Shades.—Here I may, without Diſturbance, commune with my own Heart; and learn that beſt of Sciences, to *know myſelf*. Here, the Soul may rally her diſſipated Powers, and Grace recover its native Energy.—This is the Opportunity, to rectify every evil Impreſſion; to expel the Poiſon, and guard againſt the Contagion, of corrupting Examples. This is the Place, where I may, with Advan-

* *Nunquam a turba mores, quos extuli, refero. Aliquid, ex eo quod compoſui, turbatur: aliquid, ex his quæ fugavi, redit. Inimica eſt multorum converſatio.* SENEC.

† Rev. xv. 2.

tage, apply myſelf to ſubdue the *Rebel within*; and be Maſter, not of a Sceptre, but of myſelf.—Throng then, ye Ambitious, the Levees of the Powerful; I will be punctual in my Aſſignations with Solitude. To a Mind intent upon its own Improvement, Solitude has Charms incomparably more engaging, than the *Entertainments* preſented in the Theatre; or the *Honours* conferred in the Drawing-Room.

I SAID, Solitude.—Am I then *alone?*—'Tis true, my Acquaintance are at a Diſtance. I have ſtole away from Company, and am remote from all *human* Obſervation.—But that is an alarming Thought,

> *Millions of* ſpiritual *Creatures walk the Earth,*
> Unſeen, *both when we wake, and when we ſleep* *.

PERHAPS, there may be Numbers of thoſe *inviſible Beings*, patroling this ſame Retreat; and joining with me, in contemplating the Creator's Works. Perhaps, thoſe *miniſtring Spirits*, who rejoice at the Converſion of a Sinner, and hold up the Goings of the Righteous, may follow us to the lonely Receſs; and, even in our moſt ſolitary Moments, be our conſtant *Attendants*.—What a pleaſing Awe is awakened, by ſuch a Reflection! How venerable it renders my retired Walks! I am ſtruck with Reverence, as under the Roof of ſome *ſacred Edifice*; or in the *Preſence-Chamber* of ſome mighty Monarch.—O! may I never bring any Pride of Imagination, nor indulge the leaſt diſſolute Affection; where ſuch refined and exalted Intelligencies exerciſe their Watch!

'TIS poſſible, that I am encompaſſed with ſuch a Cloud of Witneſſes; but it is certain, that GOD, the

* MILT. *Par. Loſt*, B. IV. l. 677.

infinite

infinite eternal GOD, is now and ever with me. The great JEHOVAH, before whom all the Angelic Armies bow their Heads, and veil their Faces, surrounds me; supports me; pervades me. "In HIM I live, [illegible] "and have my Being."—The whole Wo[illegible] august Temple; and, in the most seque[illegible] I appear before his adorable Majesty, no l[illegible] I worship in his House, or kneel at his Al[illegible] Place, therefore, let me pay him the Homage [illegible] Heart, cleansed from Idols, and devoted to his Service. In every Circumstance, let me feel no *Ambition*, but to *please* Him; nor covet any *Happiness*, but to *enjoy* Him.

How sublime is the Description, and how striking the Sentiment, in that noble Passage of the Psalms! *Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy Presence? If I climb up into the* Heights of *Heaven, Thou art there* inthroned in Light. *If I go down to the* Depths of the *Grave, Thou art there also* in thy Pavilion of Darkness. *If I retire* to the remotest Eastern Climes, *where the Morning first takes Wing: if*, swifter than the darting Ray, *I* pass to the opposite Regions of the West, and *remain in the uttermost Parts of the Sea* *: shall I, in *that* distant Situation, be beyond thy Reach; or, by *this* sudden Transition, escape thy Notice! So far from it; that could I, with one Glance of Thought, transport myself beyond all the Bounds of Creation; I should still be incircled with the Immensity of thy Essence; or rather, still be inclosed in the Hollow of thy Hand.—Awful yet de-

* *Psal.* cxxxix. 7, 8, 9. There is, I think, an additional Strength and Beauty in the Thought; if, with the learned Mr. *Mudge*, we suppose an *Antithesis* between the two Clauses of the last Verse, as there evidently is between those of the preceding; and that they express, in a poetical Stile, the Extremities of the *East* and the *West*.

lightful

lightful Truth! Let it be interwoven with every Thought! and become one with the very Consciousness of my Existence! That I may continually *walk with GOD*; and conduct myself, in every Step of my Behaviour, "as *seeing HIM that is invisible*."

THEY are the happy Persons; Felicity, true Felicity, is *all their own*; who live under an habitual Sense of GOD's Omnipresence, and a sweet Persuasion of his special Love. If Dangers threaten, that impregnable Defence is at hand. Nothing can be so near to terrify, as their Almighty Guardian to secure them.—To These, the Hours can never be *tedious*; and it is impossible, for them, to be *alone*. Do they step aside from the Occupations of animal Life? A more exalted Set of Employments engage their Attention. They address themselves, in all the various Acts of Devotion, to their heavenly Father; *who now sees in secret, and will* hereafter *reward them openly*. They spread all their Wants, before his indulgent Eye; and disburden all their Sorrows, into his compassionate Bosom.—Do they withdraw from human Society? They find themselves under the more immediate Regards of their Maker. If they resign the Satisfactions of social Intercourse; it is to cultivate a Correspondence with the condescending DEITY, and taste the Pleasures of Divine Friendship.—What is such a *State*, but the very Suburbs of Heaven? What is such a *Conduct*, but an Antepast of eternal Blessedness?

NOW, my Soul, the Day is *ended*. The Hours are all fled. They are fled to the supreme Judge, and have given in their Evidence. An Evidence, registered in Heaven! and to be produced, at the great Audit.—Happy *They!* whose Improvement has kept Pace with the fleeting Minutes. Who have seized the important

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tant Fugitives; and engaged them in the Purſuit of *Wiſdom*, or devoted them to the Service of *Virtue*.

FUGITIVES indeed they are. Our Moments ſlip away ſilently and inſenſibly. The Thief ſteals not more unperceived from the pillaged Houſe.—And will the Runagates never ſtop? No: Where-ever we are, however employed, Time purſues his inceſſant Courſe. Though *we* are liſtleſs and dilatory; the great Meaſurer of our Days preſſes on; ſtill preſſes on, in his unwearied Career *; and whirls our Weeks, and Months, and Years away.—Is it not then ſurpriſingly ſtrange, to hear People complain of the *Tediouſneſs* of their Time, and how *heavy* it hangs upon their Hands? To ſee them contrive a Variety of amuſing Artifices, to accelerate its Flight, and get rid of its Burden?—Ah! thoughtleſs Mortals! Why need you urge the headlong Torrent? Your Days are ſwifter than a *Poſt*; which, carrying Diſpatches of the laſt Importance, with unremitted Speed ſcours the Road. They paſs away like the nimble *Ships*; which have the Wind in their Wings, and ſkim along the watry Plain. They haſten to their deſtined Period, with the Rapidity of an *Eagle*; which leaves the ſtormy Blaſt behind Her, while She cleaves the Air, and darts upon her Prey †.

Now the Day is gone, how *ſhort* it appears! When my fond Eye beheld it in *Perſpective*, it ſeemed a very

* *Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile Tempus.* VIRG.

† *Job* ix. 25, 26. By theſe Three very expreſſive Images, the inſpired Poet repreſents the *unintermitted* and *rapid* Flight of Time. The Paſſage is illuſtrated with great Judgment, and equal Delicacy, in Dr. *Grey*'s moſt ingenious Abridgment of *Schultens*.—*Quæ tribus in elementis velociſſima, hic admirabili cum emphaſi congeruntur. In terris, nil pernicius curſore, & quidem læti quid ferente. Rapidius tamen adhuc undas, non ſecant, ſed ſupervolant, navigiola papyro contexta. Omnium rapidiſſime aërem grandibus alis permetitur aquila, præcipiti lapſu ruens in prædam.*

consider-

considerable Space. Minutes, crowded upon Minutes; and Hours, ranged behind Hours; exhibited an extensive Draught, and flattered me with a long Progression of Pleasures. But, upon a *retrospective* View, how wonderfully is the Scene altered! The Landscape, large and spacious, which a warm Fancy drew; brought to the Test of cool Experience, shrinks into a Span. Just as the Shores vanish, and Mountains dwindle to a Spot; when the Sailor, surrounded by Skies and Ocean, throws his last Look on his native Land.—How clearly do I now discover the Cheat! May it never impose upon my unwary Imagination, again! I find, there is nothing abiding on this Side Eternity. A *long* Duration, in a State of *finite* Existence, is mere Illusion.

PERHAPS, the *Healthy*, and the *Gay*, may not readily credit the serious Truth; especially from a young Pen, and new to its Employ. Let us then refer ourselves to the Decision of the *Antient*. Ask some venerable old Person, who is just marching off the mortal Stage; *How many have been the Days of the Years of thy Life* *? It was a Monarch's Question; and therefore can want no Recommendation, to the fashionable World.—Observe, how he shakes his hoary Locks, and from a deep-felt Conviction replies: "*Fourscore* " *Years* have finished their Rounds, to furrow these " Cheeks, and cloath this Head in Snow. Such a " Term may seem long and large, to inconsiderate Youth. " But O! how short, how scanty, to One that has " made the Experiment! *Short*, as a Gleam of transient Sunshine; *scanty*, as the Shadow that departeth. " Methinks, it was but Yesterday, that I exchanged " my childish Sports, for manly Exercises; and now, " I am resigning them both, for the Sleep of Death. " As soon as we are *born*, we begin to draw to our

* Gen. xlvii. 8, *Heb. Bib.*

" *End*;

" *End*; and how ſmall is the Interval, between the " Cradle and the Tomb!"—O! may we believe this Teſtimony of mature Age! May every Evening bring it, with clearer Evidence to our Minds! And may we form ſuch an Eſtimate of the little Pittance, while it is upon the advancing Hand, as we ſhall certainly make, when the Sands are all run down!

LET me add one Reflection on the *Work* to be *done*, while this Shuttle is flying through the Loom *. A Work of no ſmall Difficulty, yet of the utmoſt Conſequence!—Haſt Thou not ſeen, haſt Thou not known, the Excellent of the Earth; who were living Images of their Maker? His *Divine Likeneſs* was transfuſed into their Hearts, and beamed forth in all their Conduct. Beamed forth in Meekneſs of Wiſdom, and Purity of Affection; in all the tender Offices of Love, and all the noble Efforts of Zeal. To be ſtampt with the ſame beautiful Signature, and to be Followers of them, as they were of CHRIST; *this*, *this* is thy *Buſineſs*. On the Accompliſhment of this, thy eternal All depends. And, will an Affair of ſuch unſpeakable Weight, admit of a Moment's Delay, or conſiſt with the leaſt Remiſſneſs?—Eſpecially, ſince much of thy appointed Time is already elapſed; and the Remainder is *all Uncertainty*, ſave only that it is in the very Act to fly.—Or ſuppoſe, thou hadſt made a Covenant with the Grave, and waſt aſſured of reaching the Age of *Methuſelah*; how ſoon would even ſuch a Leaſe expire!—Extend it, if you pleaſe, ſtill farther; and let it be *coexiſtent* with Nature itſelf. How inconſiderable is the Addition! For, yet a very little while, and the commiſſioned Archangel lifts up his Hand to Heaven, and ſwears by the Almighty Name, *That Time ſhall be no*

* *My Days are ſwifter than a Weaver's Shuttle.* Job vii. 6.

longer.

longer *. Then, *abused* Opportunities, will never return; and *new* Opportunities, will never more be offered. Then, should negligent Mortals wish—wish

* This alludes to the Beginning of *Revelations* the xth; which, abstracted from its spiritual Meaning, and considered only as a stately *Piece* of *Machinery*, well deserves our Attention; and, I will venture to say, has not its Superior, perhaps not its Equal, in any of the most celebrated Masters of *Greece* and *Rome*.—All that is gloomy or beautiful in the Atmosphere, all that is striking or magnificent in every Element, is taken to heighten the Idea. Yet nothing is disproportionate; but an uniform Air of ineffable Majesty greatens, exalts, ennobles the Whole.—Be pleased to observe the *Aspect* of this august Personage. All the Brightness of the Sun, shines in his Countenance; and all the Rage of the Fire, burns in his Feet.—See his *Apparel*. The Clouds compose his Robe, and the Drapery of the Sky floats upon his Shoulders. The Rainbow forms his Diadem; and that which "compasseth the "Heavens with a glorious Circle," is the Ornament of his Head. —Behold his *Attitude*. One Foot stands on the Ocean, the other rests on the Land. The wide extended Earth, and the World of Waters, serve as Pedestals for those mighty Columns.—Consider the *Action*. His Hand is lifted up to the Height of the Stars. He speaks; and the Regions of the Firmament echo with the mighty Accents, as the midnight Desart resounds with the Lion's Roar. The Artillery of the Skies is discharged at the Signal; a Peal of sevenfold Thunder spreads the Alarm; and prepares the Universe to receive his Orders.—To finish all; and give the highest Grandeur, as well as the utmost Solemnity, to the Representation; hear the *Decree* that issues from his Mouth. He *swears by HIM that liveth for ever and ever*. In whatever Manner, so majestic a Person had expressed Himself; He could not fail of commanding universal Attention. But when he confirms his Speech, by a most sacred and inviolable Oath; we are not only wrapt in silent Suspense, but overwhelmed with the profoundest Awe.—He swears, *That Time shall be no longer*. Was ever Voice so full of Terror; so big with Wonder? It proclaims, not the Fall of Empires, but the final Period of Things. It strikes off the Wheels of Nature; bids Ages and Generations cease to roll; and with one potent Word, consigns a whole World over to Dissolution.—This is one among a Multitude of very sublime and *masterly Strokes*, to be found in that too much neglected Book—the BIBLE.

ever

ever so passionately—for a few Hours—a few Moments only—to be thrown back from the opening Eternity; *Thousands* of Worlds would not be able to procure the Grant.

SHALL I, now, be industrious to shorten, what is no longer than a Span; or to quicken the Pace of what is ever on the Wing? Shall I squander away what is *unutterably important*, while it lasts; and, when once departed, is *altogether irrevocable!* O! my Soul, forbear the Folly; forbear the desperate Extravagance. Wilt thou chide as a Loiterer, the Arrow that boundeth from the String; or sweep away Diamonds, as the Refuse of thy House?—Throw Time away! Astonishing, ruinous, irreparable Profuseness! Throw Empires away; and be blameless. But O! be parsimonious of thy Days; husband thy precious Hours. They go connected, indissolubly connected, with Heaven or Hell*. *Improved*, they are a sure Pledge of everlasting Glory; *wasted*, they are a sad Preface to never-ending Confusion and Anguish.

WHAT a *profound Silence* has composed the World! So profound is the Silence, that my very Breath seems a Noise; the Ticking of my Watch is distinctly heard; if I do but stir, it creates a Disturbance.—There is,

* I remember to have seen upon a Sun-dial in a Physician's Garden at *Northampton*, the following *Inscription*; which, I think, is the most *proper Motto* for the Instrument, that measures our Time; and the most *striking Admonition*, that can possibly be presented to every Eye.

AB HOC MOMENTO PENDET ÆTERNITAS.

The weighty Sense of which, I know not how to express in *English*, more happily than in those Words of Dr. *Watts*;

Good God! on what a *slender Thread*
[Or, on what a *Moment* of Time]
Hang everlasting Things!

now, none of that confused Din, from the tumultuous City: No Voice of jovial Ruſtics, from the neighbouring Meadow: No chirping Melody from the ſhady Thicket.—Every Lip is ſealed. Not the leaſt Whiſper, invades the Air; nor the leaſt Motion, ruſtles among the Boughs. *Echo*, herſelf, ſleeps unmoleſted. The expanded Ear, though all Attention, catches no Sound, but the liquid Lapſe of a diſtant murmuring Stream.

All Things are huſh'd, as Nature's Self lay dead.

If, in the midſt of this deep and univerſal Compoſure, Ten Thouſand bellowing Thunders ſhould burſt over my Head; and rend the Skies, with their united Vollies; how ſhould I bear ſo *unexpected a Shock?* It would ſtun my Senſes, and confound my Thoughts. I ſhould ſhudder in every Limb; perhaps, ſink to the Earth with Terror.—Conſider then, O Mortals! conſider the much more *prodigious* and *amazing* Call, which will, ere long, alarm your ſleeping Bones. When the Tenants of the Tomb have ſlumbered, in the moſt undiſturbed Repoſe, for a Multitude of Ages; what an inconceivable Conſternation muſt the *Shout* of the *Archangel*, and the *Trump* of God, occaſion! Will it not wound the Ear of the Ungodly; and affright, even to Diſtraction, the impenitent Sinner? The ſtupendous Peal will ſound through the Vaſt of Heaven; will ſhake the Foundations of Nature; and pierce even the deepeſt Receſſes of the Grave. And how— O! how will the Priſoners of Divine Juſtice, be able to endure that tremendous *Summons*, to a far more tremendous Tribunal?—Do Thou, my Soul, liſten to the *ſtill Voice* of the Goſpel. Attend, in this thy Day, to the gracious Invitations of thy Saviour. Then, ſhall that great midnight Cry loſe its *Horror*, and be *Muſic* in thy Ears. It ſhall be welcome to thy reviving Clay,

Clay, as the Tidings of Liberty, to the Dungeon Captive; as the Year of Jubilee to the haraſſed Slave. This, this ſhall be its charming Import; "*Awake, and* "*ſing, ye that dwell in Duſt**."

WHAT a general *Ceſſation* of *Affairs*, has this duſky Hour introduced! A little while ago, all was Hurry, Hurry. Life and Activity exerted themſelves in a thouſand buſy Forms. The City ſwarmed, with paſſing and repaſſing Multitudes. All the Country was Sweat and Duſt. The Air floated in perpetual Agitation, by the flitting Birds, and humming Bees. *Art* ſat prying with her piercing Eyes; while Induſtry plied her reſtleſs Hands.—But ſee; how all this fervent, and impetuous Buſtle, is fled with the ſetting Sun. The Beaſts are ſunk, to their graſſy Couch; and the winged People are retired, to their downy Neſts. The Hammer has reſigned its ſounding Taſk, and the *File* ceaſes to repeat its flying Touches. Shut is the well-frequented Shop, and its Threſhold no longer worn by the Feet of numerous Cuſtomers. The Village-Swain lies drowned in Slumbers; and even his truſty Dog, who, for a conſiderable Time ſtood Centry at the Door, is extended at his Eaſe, and ſnores with his Maſter.—In every Place *Toil* reclines her Head, and *Application* folds her Arms. All Intereſts ſeem to be forgot; all Purſuits are ſuſpended; all Employment is ſunk away; ſunk away with thoſe fluttering Myriads, which lately ſported in the Sun's departing Rays.—'Tis like the Sabbath of univerſal Nature; or as though the Pulſe of Life ſtood ſtill.

THUS will it be, with our infinitely momentous Concerns; when once *the Shadows of the Evening*, (that long Evening, which follows the Footſteps of

* Iſa. xxvi. 19.

 Death!)

Death!) *are stretched over Us.* The Dead cannot seek unto GOD; the Living, the Living alone, are possessed of this inestimable Opportunity*. "There "is no Work or Device, no Repentance or Amend-"ment, in the Grave†, whither We are All hasting." When once that *closing Scene* is advanced, We shall have no other Part to act on this *earthly Theatre.* Then, the Sluggard, who has slumbered away Life in a criminal Inactivity, must lie down in hopeless Distress, and everlasting Sorrow. Then, that awful Doom will take place, "He that is *holy*, let Him be holy still; and "he that is *filthy*, let Him be filthy for ever."

Is it so, my Soul? Is this the *only*, *only* Time allotted, for obtaining the great Reward, and making thy Salvation sure? And art Thou lulled in a *vain Se-*

* *Behold! Now is the accepted Time. Behold! Now is the Day of Salvation.* 2 Cor. vi. 2.

Haste, haste, He lies in wait, He's at the Door,
Insidious Death! Shou'd his strong Hand arrest,
No Composition sets the Pris'ner free.

† They who are gone down to the Grave, are represented (*Isa.* xxxviii. 11.) by the Phrase, חדל יושבי—rendered by *Vitringa, Those that inhabit the* Land of *Intermission* or *Cessation.*—Which prevents all Appearance of *Tautology* in the Sentence; and is, I think, a valuable *Improvement* of the Translation: as it conveys an Idea, not only distinct from the preceding, but of a very poetical and very afflicting Nature; such as was perfectly natural for the Royal Singer, and Royal Sufferer to dwell upon, in his desponding Moments.—Thus interpreted the Sense will run; "*I shall see Man no* "*more*; I shall be cut off from the chearful Ways of Men, and all "the Sweets of human Society. And, what is a farther Aggra-"vation of the threatened Stroke, *I shall*, by its taking place, *be* "numbered *with Those, that inherit the Land of Cessation* and Inacti-"vity. Where there will be no more Possibility of contributing "to the Happiness of my Kingdom; no more Opportunity of ad-"vancing my Creator's Glory; or of making my own final Salva-"tion sure."—A Sentiment like *this*, is grand, important, and full of Benevolence; removes all Suspicion of unbecoming *Pusillanimity*, and does the highest *Honour* to the Monarch's Character.

curity;

curity; or dreaming in a *ſupine Inadvertency*? Start, O! ſtart from thy Trance. Gird up the Loins of thy Mind, and work while it is Day. Improve the preſent Seed-time, that Eternity may yield a joyful Harveſt —We eſpecially, who are Watchmen in *Iſrael*, and Miniſters of the glorious Goſpel; may *We* be awakened, by this Conſideration, to all Aſſiduity in our holy Office. Some or other of *our People*, are ever and anon departing into the inviſible State; all *our Friends*, are making inceſſant Approaches to their long Home; and *we ourſelves*, ſhall very ſhortly be tranſmitted to the Confinement of the Tomb. *This* is the favourable Juncture, wherein alone we can contribute to their endleſs Welfare. This is the Criſis, the all-important *Criſis*, of their final Felicity. Inſtantly, therefore, let us pour in our wholeſome Inſtructions; inſtantly, let Us ply them with our earneſt Exhortations. A Moment's Delay, may be an irreparable Loſs; may be irretrievable Ruin. While we procraſtinate, a fatal Stroke may intervene; and place *Us*, beyond the Power of adminiſtering; or place *Them*, beyond all Poſſibility of receiving, any ſpiritual Good*.

How frequently is the Face of Nature *changed!* and, by changing, made more *agreeable!*—The long-continued Glitter of the Day, renders the ſoothing Shades of the Evening doubly welcome. Nor does the Morn ever purple the Eaſt with ſo engaging a Luſtre, as after the Gloom of a dark and diſmal Night.

* The Caſe, repreſented by the Prophet (1 *Kings* xx. 40.) ſeems perfectly applicable on this Occaſion. *As thy Servant was buſy here and there, He was gone.* So, while we are either *remiſs* in our Function, or laying ourſelves out upon *inferior* Cares, the People of our Charge may be gone:—gone beyond the Influence of our Counſels; beyond the Reach of our Prayers:—gone into the *unchangeable* and eternal State.

—At present, a *Calm* of Tranquility is spread through the Universe. The weary Winds have forgot to blow. The gentle Gales have fanned themselves asleep. Not so much as a single Leaf nods. Even the quivering Aspin rests. *And not one Breath curls o'er the Stream.* —Sometimes, on the contrary, the *Tempest* summons all the Forces of the Air; and pours itself, with resistless Fury, from the angry North. The whole Atmosphere is tossed into tumultuous Confusion, and the watry World is heaved to the Clouds. The astonished Mariner, and his straining Vessel, now scale the rolling Mountain, and hang dreadfully visible on the broken Surge: now shoot, with head-long Impetuosity, into the yawning Gulf; and neither Hulk, nor Mast, is seen. The Storm sweeps over the Continent: raves along the City-streets: struggles through the Forest-boughs; and terrifies the savage Nations with a Howl, more wildly horrid than their own. The knotty Oaks bend before the Blast; their Iron Trunks groan; and their stubborn Limbs are dashed to the Ground. The lofty Dome rocks; and even the solid Tower totters on its Basis.

SUCH Variations are kindly contrived, and with an evident Condescension to the Fickleness of our Taste. Because, a perpetual Repetition on the *same* Objects, would create Satiety, and *Disgust*; therefore, the indulgent Father of our Race has diversified the universal Scene, and bid every Appearance bring with it the Charm of Novelty.—This Circumstance is *beneficial*, as well as *entertaining*. Providence, ever gracious to Mortals; ever intent upon promoting our Felicity; has taken Care to mingle, in the Constitution of Things, what is pleasing to our Imagination, with what is serviceable to our Interests. The piercing Winds, and rugged Aspect of Winter, render the balmy Gales, and flowery Scenes of Spring, peculiarly delightful. At the

the ſame Time, the keen Froſts mellow the Soil, and prepare it for the Hand of Induſtry. The ruſhing Rains impregnate the Glebe, and fit it to become a Magazine of Plenty. The Earth is a great *Laboratory*; and December's Cold collects the groſs Materials, which are *ſublimated* by the refining Warmth of May. The Air is a pure elaſtic Fluid; and were it always to remain in *this* motionleſs Serenity, it would loſe much of its active Spring; was it never agitated by *thoſe* wholeſome Concuſſions, it would contract a noiſome, perhaps, a peſtilential Taint. In which Caſes, our Reſpiration, inſtead of purifying, would corrupt the vital Juices; inſtead of ſupplying Us with Refreſhment, would be a Source of Diſeaſes; or every Gaſp We draw, might be unavoidable Death *.—How then ſhould we admire, how ſhould we adore, that happy Union of Benignity and Wiſdom; which, from a *Variety* of Diſpenſations, produces an *Uniformity* of Good! Produces a perpetual Succeſſion of Delights, and an uninterrupted Series of Advantages!

* Conſidering the immenſe Quantity of Coals, and other combuſtible Materials, which are daily conſumed, and evaporate into the Air. Conſidering the numberleſs Steams, and Clouds of Smoke, which almoſt continually overwhelm populous Cities;—the noiſome Exhalations, which ariſe from thronged Infirmaries, and loathſome Jayls; from ſtagnating Lakes, and putrid Fens;—the Variety of offenſive and unwholeſome Effluvia, which proceed from other Cauſes;—it is a very remarkable Inſtance of a Providence, at once tenderly kind, and infinitely powerful, that Mankind is not *ſuffocated* with Stench; that the Air is not *choaked* with Filth.—The Air is the *common Sewer*, into which ten Thouſand times ten Thouſand Nuiſances are inceſſantly diſcharged; yet it is preſerved ſo *thoroughly clear*, as to afford the moſt tranſparent Medium for Viſion; ſo *delicately undulatory*, as to tranſmit, with all imaginable Diſtinctneſs, every Diverſity of Sound; ſo *perfectly pure*, as to be the conſtant Refiner of the Fluids, in every Animal that breathes.

The *Darkneſs* is now at its Height; and I cannot but admire the obliging Manner of its taking place. It comes not with a blunt and abrupt Incivility, but makes gentle and reſpectful Advances. A *precipitate* Tranſition, from the Splendors of Day, to all the Horrors of Midnight, would be inconvenient and frightful. It would bewilder the Traveller in his Journey; it would ſtrike the Creation with Amazement; and, perhaps, be pernicious to the Organs of Sight. Therefore the Gloom ruſhes not upon us inſtantaneouſly, but increaſes by ſlow Degrees; and, ſending *Twilight* before as its *Harbinger*, decently advertiſes us of its Approach. By this means, we are neither alarmed, nor incommodated, by the Change; but are able to take all ſuitable and timely Meaſures, for its Reception.—Thus graciouſly has Providence regulated, not only the *grand Viciſſitudes* of the Seaſons, but alſo the *common Interchanges* of Light and Darkneſs, with an apparent Reference to our Comfort.

Now, the fierce *Inhabitants* of the *Foreſt* forſake their Dens. A thouſand grim Forms, a thouſand growling Monſters, pace the Deſart. Death is in their Jaws, while ſtung with Hunger, and athirſt for Blood, they roam their nightly Rounds.—Unfortunate the *Traveller*, who is overtaken by the Night, in thoſe diſmal Wilds! How muſt he ſtand aghaſt, at the mingled Yell of ravenous Throats, and Lions roaring after their Prey! Defend Him, propitious Heaven! or elſe He muſt ſee his endearing Spouſe, and hail his native Home, no more!—Now, the prowling Wolf, like a murderous Ruffian, dogs the Shepherd's Footſteps, and beſets his bleating Charge. The Fox, like a crafty Felon, ſteals to the thatched Cottage, and carries off the feathered Booty.

Happy for the World, were theſe the only Deſtroyers that walk in Darkneſs. But, alas! there are

Savages

Savages in human Shape; who, muffled in Shades, infest the Abodes of civilized Life. The *Sons* of *Violence* make Choice of this Season*, to perpetrate the most outrageous Acts of Wrong and Robbery. The *Adulterer* waiteth for the Twilight; and, baser than the Villain on the Highway, betrays the Honour of his Bosom friend. Now, *Faction* forms her close Cabals, and whispers her traiterous Insinuations. Now, *Rebellion* plans her accursed Plots, and prepares the Train to blow a Nation into Ruin. Now Crimes, which hide their odious Heads in the Day, haunt the Seats of Society, and stalk through the Gloom with audacious Front. Now, the *Vermin* of the *Stews* crawl from their lurking Holes, to wallow in Sin, and spread Contagion through the Night. Each soothing himself with the fond Notion, That all is safe; That no Eye sees.

ARE They then concealed? Preposterous Madmen! To draw the Curtain between their infamous Practices, and a little Set of Mortals; but lay them open, to all these chaste and *wakeful Eyes* of Heaven †! As though the Moon and Stars were made, to light Men to their Revels, and not to GOD.—Are they then concealed? No, truly. Was every one of these vigilant Luminaries closed; an Eye *keener* than the Lightning's Flash, an Eye *brighter* than Ten thousand Suns, beholds their every Motion. Their thickest Shades are beaming Day ‡,

* ——When Night
Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons
Of *Belial*, flown with Insolence and Wine. MILT.

† —— *Sed Luna videt, sed Sidera Testes*
Intendunt Oculos.

‡ This is finely, and very forcibly, expressed by the Psalmist: *If I say, Peradventure the Darkness shall cover me; then shall my Night be turned to Day.* Or, as it may be rendered somewhat more emphatically, *Even the Night shall be broad Day-light all around me.* Psal. cxxxix. 10.

to

to the jealous Inspector, and supreme Judge of human Actions.—Deluded Creatures! have ye not heard, have ye not read, "That Clouds and Darkness are "HIS majestic Residence*?" In that very Gloom, to which you fly for Covert, he erects his Throne. What you reckon your *Screen*, is the Bar of his Tribunal. O! remember this! Stand in Awe, and sin not. Remember, that the great and terrible GOD *is about your Path* †, when you take your mid-night Range; is *about your Bed*, when you indulge the loose Desire; *and spies out all your Ways*, be they ever so secretly conducted, or artfully disguised.

SOME Minutes ago, a Passenger crossed along the Road. His Horse's Foot struck the Ground, and fetched Fire from a Flint. My Eye, tho, at a Distance, catched the View; and saw, with *great Clearness*, the transient Sparkles: Of which, had I been ever so near, I should not have discerned the *least Glimpse*, under the Blaze of Day.—So ‡, when Sickness has drawn a *Veil*

* Psal. xcvii. 2.

† The original Words are much stronger than the Translation. זרית and הסכנתה signify, Thou *siftest* my Path, and art *intimately acquainted with* all my Ways. The former, I apprehend, denoting the *exact* Cognizance, which the Almighty taketh; the latter implying the *constant* Inspection, which he exerciseth; over all the Circumstances of our Conduct. *Psal.* cxxxix. 2.

‡ I beg Leave to inform the *young Gentleman*, whose Name dignifies my Dedication; That *this* was a Remark of his honoured *Father*, when we rode together, and conversed in a dusky Evening. I mention this Circumstance, partly, to secure the Paragraph from Contempt; partly, to give Him, and the World, an Idea of that eminently serious Taste, which distinguished my deceased Friend. —The *less obvious* the Reflection, the more clearly it discovers a Turn of Mind, remarkably spiritual; which would suffer nothing to escape, without yielding some religious Improvement. The *meanest*

Veil over the Gaiety of our Hearts; when Misfortunes have eclipsed the Splendor of our outward Circumstances; how many *important Convictions* present themselves, with the brightest Evidence! Under the Sunshine of Prosperity, they lay undiscovered; but, when some intervening Cloud has darkened the Scene, they emerge from their Obscurity, and even glitter upon our Minds. Then, the *World*, that delusive Cheat, confesses her Emptiness: but JESUS, the bright and Morning-Star, beams forth with inimitable Lustre. Then, *Vice* loses all her fallacious Allurements; that painted Strumpet is horrible, as the Hags of Hell: but *Virtue*, despised Virtue, gains Loveliness from a louring Providence, and treads the Shades with more than mortal Charms.—May this reconcile me, and all the *Sons of Sorrow*, to our appointed Share of Suffering! If Tribulation tend to dissipate the inward Darkness, and pour heavenly Dew upon our Minds; welcome Distress; welcome Disappointment; welcome whatever our froward Flesh, or peevish Passions, would miscal Calamities. *These light Afflictions, which are but for a Moment*, shall sit easy upon our Spirits; since they befriend our Knowledge; promote our Faith; and so "*work out for us, a far more exceeding and eternal* "*Weight of Glory* *."

How

meaner the Incident, the more admirable was that Fertility of Imagination; which could deduce the sublimest Truths, from the most trivial Occurrences.

* 2 *Cor.* iv. 17. The great *Stephens*, that Oracle of *Grecian* Learning, translates *καθ' υπερβολην*, *Quo nihil majus dici aut fingi potest*. But how does the Sense rise! How is the Idea enlarged, under *Two* such forcible Expressions! *καθ' υπερβολην εις υπερβολην*. —The whole Verse is a Master-piece of the beautiful *Antithesis*, the lively *Description*, and the nervous *Diction*. It is one of those exquisite Passages in the inspired Writings, which, like some rich *aromatic Plants*, cannot be transferred from their own generous and native

How has this Darkneſs ſnatched every ſplendid and graceful Object from my Sight! It has daſhed the Sponge over the Pictures of Spring, and deſtroyed all the *delicate Diſtinctions* of Things. Where are now the fine Tinges, which ſo lately charmed me from the glowing Parterre? The Bluſh is ſtruck out, from the Cheeks of the Roſe; and the ſnowy Hue, is dropt from the Lily. I caſt my Eyes toward a magnificent Seat; but the aſpiring Columns, and fair expanded Front, are mingled in rude Confuſion. Without the Sun, all the Elegance of the blooming World, is a *mere Blank*; all the Symmetry of Architecture, is a *ſhapeleſs Heap*.

Is not this an expreſſive Emblem of the Lovelineſs, which the *Sun* of *Righteouſneſs* transfuſes into all that is amiable? Was it not for JESUS, and his Merits, I ſhould ſigh with Anguiſh of Spirit; even while I rove through Ranks of the moſt beautiful Flowers, or breathe amidſt a Wilderneſs of Sweets. Was it not for JESUS, and his Merits; I ſhould roam like ſome *diſconſolate Spectre*, even through the Smiles of Creation, and the Careſſes of Fortune. My Converſation in this World, though dreſſed in the moſt engaging Forms of external Pleaſure, would be like the Paſſage of a *condemned Malefactor*, through enamelled Meadows, and Bowers of Bliſs, to be broke upon the Wheel, or to expire on the Rack. But a daily Reflection, on the LAMB's atoning Blood; a comfortable Truſt, that my Soul is reconciled through this divine Expiation; this is the Ray, the golden Ray, which irradiates the Face of the Univerſe. This is the *Oil* of *Beauty*, which makes all Things wear a chearful Aſpect; and the *Oil* of *Gladneſs*, which diſpoſes the

native Soil, without being impaired in their Vivacity, and loſing much of their Delicacy. Perhaps, the following Verſion may be ſomewhat leſs injurious to the ſacred Original, than the common Tranſlation.—*Our very light Affliction, which is but juſt for the preſent Moment, worketh out a far more exceeding, an incomparably great, and eternal Weight of Glory.*

Spec-

Spectator to behold them with Delight *. This, this is the secret Charm, which teaches Nature, in all her Prospects and all her Productions, so exquisitely to please.

"MAN goeth forth to his Work, and to his Labour, "till the Evening." But then his Strength fails; his Spirits flag; and he stands in need, not only of some Respite from Toil, but of some kindly and sovereign Refreshments.—What an admirable Provision for this Purpose, is *Sleep!* Sleep introduces a most welcome Vacation, both for the Soul and Body. The Exercises of the Brain, and the Labours of the Hand, are at once discontinued. So that the *weary* Limbs repair their exhausted Vigour; while the *pensive* Thoughts drop their Load of Sorrows, and the *busy* ones rest from the Fatigue of Application.—Most reviving Cordial! Equally beneficial to our animal and intellectual Powers. It supplies the fleshly Machine, and keeps all its nice Movements in a proper Posture for easy Play. It animates the thinking Faculties with fresh Alacrity, and rekindles their Ardor for the Studies of the Dawn. Without these enlivening Recruits, how soon would

* Thus applied, that fine Piece of *Flattery*, addressed to the *Heathen* Emperor, is strictly and literally *true*.

——— Vultus ubi tuus
Affulsit populo, gratior it dies,
Et soles melius nitent. HORAT.

Which I would cast in a *Christian* Mould, and thus translate:

When Faith presents the Saviour's Death,
And whispers, "This is thine;"
Sweetly my rising Hours advance,
And peacefully decline.

While such my Views, the radiant Sun
Sheds a more sprightly Ray;
Each Object smiles; all Nature charms:
I sing my Cares away.

the

the moſt robuſt Conſtitution, be waſted into a *walking Skeleton*; and the moſt learned Sage, degenerate into a *hoary Idiot!*—Some Time ago, I beheld, with Surprize, poor *Florio*. His Air was wild; his Countenance meagre; his Thoughts roving, and Speech diſconcerted. Inquiring the Cauſe of this ſtrange Alteration, I was informed, That, for ſeveral Nights, he had not cloſed his Eyes in Sleep. For want of which *noble Reſtorative*, that ſprightly Youth, (who was once the Life of the Diſcourſe, and the Darling of the Company) is become a Spectacle of Miſery and Horror.

How many of my Fellow-creatures are, at this very Inſtant, confined to the Bed of Languiſhing; and complaining, with that illuſtrious Sufferer of old, *Weariſome Nights are appointed to me* *! Inſtead of indulging ſoft Repoſe, they are counting the tedious Hours; telling every ſtriking Clock; or meaſuring the very Moments, by their throbbing Pulſe. How many, haraſſed with *Pain*, moſt paſſionately long to make ſome little Truce with their Agonies, in peaceful Slumbers! How many, ſick with *Diſquietude*, and reſtleſs even on their downy Pillows, would purchaſe this tranſient Oblivion of their Woes, almoſt at any Rate!—That, which Wealth cannot procure; which Multitudes ſigh for in vain; thy GOD has beſtowed on Thee, Times out of Number. The *welcome Viſitant*, punctual at the needed Hour, has entered thy Chamber, and poured his Poppies round thy Couch. Has gently cloſed thy Eye-lids, and ſhed his ſlumberous Dews over all thy Senſes.

SINCE Sleep is ſo abſolutely neceſſary; ſo ineſtimably valuable; obſerve, what a *fine Apparatus* Almighty Goodneſs has made, to accommodate us with the balmy Bleſſing. With how kind a Precaution He removes

* Job vii. 3.

what-

whatever might obſtruct its Acceſs, or impede its Influence! He draws around us the *Curtain* of *Darkneſs*; which inclines us to a drowſy Indolence, and conceals every Object, that might too ſtrongly agitate the Senſe. He conveys *Peace* into our *Apartments*; and impoſes Silence, on the whole Creation. Every Animal is bidden to tread ſoftly, or rather to ceaſe from its Motion, when Man is retiring to his Repoſe.—May we not diſcern, in this gracious Diſpoſition of Things, the tender Cares of a *Nurſing-Mother*; who huſhes every Noiſe, and ſecludes every Diſturbance, when She has laid the Child of her Love to Reſt? *So*, by ſuch ſoothing Circumſtances, and gently-working Opiates, *HE giveth, to his Beloved, Sleep* *.

ANOTHER ſignal Inſtance of a Providence intent upon our Welfare, is, that we are preſerved *ſafe* in the Hours of *Slumber*. How are we then loſt to all Apprehenſion of Danger; even though the Murderer be at our Bed-ſide, or his naked Sword at our Breaſt! Deſtitute of all Concern for ourſelves, we are unable to *think of*, much more to *provide for*, our own Security. At theſe Moments, therefore, we lie open to innumerable Perils: Perils, from the reſiſtleſs Rage of Flames: Perils, from the inſidious Artifices of Thieves, or the outrageous Violence of Robbers: Perils, from the *irregular Workings* † of our own Thoughts, and eſpecially from the Incurſions of our ſpiritual Enemy.

WHAT

* Pſal. cxxvii. 2.

† I think, it is referable only to a ſuperintending, and watchful *Providence*, that We are not hurried into the moſt *pernicious* Actions, when our Imagination is heated, and our Reaſon ſtupified by Dreams.—We have ſometimes heard of unfortunate Perſons, who, walking in their Sleep, have thrown themſelves headlong from a Window, and been daſhed to Death on the Pebbles. And whence is it, that ſuch diſaſtrous Accidents are only *related* as Pieces of News,

WHAT dreadful Mischief might that restless, that implacable *Adversary* of *Mankind* work, was there not an invisible Hand to controul his Rage, and protect poor Mortals! What Scenes of Horror might he represent to our Imaginations, and "scare us with "Dreams, or terrify us with Visions *!" But the *Keeper* of *Israel*, who never slumbers nor sleeps, interposes in our Behalf; at once to *cherish* us under his Wings, and to *defend* us with a Shield.—It is said of

News, not experienced by Ourselves, or our Families? Were *our* Minds more sober in their Operations, or more circumspect in their Regards? No, verily: Nothing could be more wild, than their Excursions; and None could be more inattentive to their own Welfare. Therefore, if *We have laid Us down, and slept in* Peace; it was, because the LORD vouchsafed Us the sweet Refreshment: if *We rose again* in Safety; it was, *because the LORD sustained Us* with his unremitted Protection.

Will the candid Reader excuse me, if I add a short Story; or rather a *Matter* of *Fact*, suitable to the preceding Remark?—Two Persons, who had been hunting together in the Day, slept together the following Night. One of them was renewing the Pursuit in his Dream; and, having run the whole Circle of the Chace, came, at last, to the Fall of the Stag. Upon this, He cries out with a determined Ardor; *I'll kill him: I'll kill him:* and immediately feels for the Knife, which he carried in his Pocket. His Companion happening to be awake, and observing what passed, leaped from the Bed. Being secure from Danger, and the Moon shining into the Room, He stood to view the Event. When, to his inexpressible Surprize, the infatuated Sportsman gave several deadly Stabs, in the very Place, where, a Moment before, the Throat and the Life of his Friend lay.—This I mention, as a Proof, that nothing hinders Us, even from being Assassins of *Others*, or Murderers of *Ourselves*, amidst the mad Sallies of Sleep; only the *preventing Care* of our Heavenly Father.

* What a complete Master that malignant Spirit is, in exhibiting *visionary Representations*, appears from his Conduct towards CHRIST, on the high Mountain: and that he is too ready, if not restrained by an over-ruling Power, to employ his Dexterity in *afflicting Mankind*, is evident from his Treatment of *Job*. See *Luke* iv. 5. *Job* vii. 14.

Solomon's

Solomon, "That Threefcore valiant Men were about "his Bed; all expert in War; every one with his "Sword upon his Thigh, becaufe of Fear in the "Night*." But One greater than *Solomon*; One mightier than Myriads of armed Hofts; even the great JEHOVAH, in whom is everlafting Strength: He vouchfafes to *encamp about our Houfes*; to watch over our fleeping Minutes, and to ftop all the Avenues of Ill.—O! the unwearied and condefcending Goodnefs of our Creator! Who *lulls* us to our *Reft*, by bringing on the filent Shades; and *plants* his own ever-watchful Eye as our *Centinel*, while we enjoy the needful Repofe.

REASON, now, refigns her fedate Office; and *Fancy*, extravagant Fancy, leads the Mind through a Maze of Vanity. The Head is crouded with falfe Images, and tantalized with the moft ridiculous Mifapprehenfions of Things. Some, are expatiating amidft *Fairy Fields*, and gathering Garlands of vifionary Blifs; while their Bodies are ftretched on a Wifp of Straw, and fheltered by the Cobwebs of a Barn. Others, quite infenfible of their Rooms of State, are mourning in a doleful *Dungeon*, or ftruggling with the raging Billows. Perhaps, with hafty Steps, they climb the craggy Cliff; and, with real Anxiety, fly from the imaginary Danger. Or elfe, benumbed with fudden Fear, and finding themfelves unable to efcape, they give up at once their Hopes, and their Efforts; and, though reclined on a Couch of Ivory, are finking, all helplefs and diftreffed, in the furious Whirlpool. So unaccountable are the *Vagaries* of the *Brain*, while Sleep maintains its Dominion over the Limbs!

BUT is This the only Seafon, when abfurd incoherent Irregularities play their Magic on our Minds?

* Cant. iii. 7, 8.

Are there not those who *dream*, even in their *waking* Moments!—Some pride Themselves in a Notion of superior Excellency, because the Royal Favour has annexed a few splendid Titles to their Names; or because the dying Silkworm has bequeathed her finest Threads, to cover their Nakedness.—Others congratulate their own signal Happiness, because Loads of golden Lumber are amassed together in their Coffers; or promise themselves a most superlative Felicity indeed, when some Thousands more are added to the useless Heap.—Nor are there wanting Others, who gape after *substantial* Satisfaction from *airy* Applause; and flatter themselves with, I know not what, Immortality in the momentary Buz of Renown.—Are any of These a whit more reasonable in their Opinions, than the poor ragged Wretch in his Reveries; who, while snoring under a Hedge, exults in the Possession of his stately Palace, and sumptuous Furniture?—If Persons, who are *very Vassals* to their own *domineering* Passions, and led captive by numberless Temptations: if these Persons pique themselves with a Conceit of their Liberty, and fancy themselves the *generous* and *gallant* Spirits of the Age: where is the Difference between Theirs, and the Madman's Frenzy; who, though chained to the Floor, is throned in Thought, and wielding an imaginary Sceptre?—In a Word; as many as borrow their Dignity from a Plume of Feathers, or the gaudy Trappings of Fortune; as many as send their Souls to seek for Bliss in the Blandishments of Sense, or in any Thing short of the divine Favour, and a well-grounded Hope of the incorruptible Inheritance *; what are they, but Dreamers with their Eyes open; *delirious*, though in *Health*!

* These give a sacred, and home-felt Delight,
A *sober Certainty* of *waking* Bliss.

MILT. *Comus.*

WOULD

WOULD you see their Picture, drawn to the very Life; and the Success of their Schemes, calculated with the utmost Exactness; cast your Eye upon that fine Representation, exhibited by the Prophet: *It shall be even as when a hungry Man dreameth, and behold, he eateth; but he awaketh, and his Soul is empty: Or as when a thirsty Man dreameth, and behold, he drinketh; but he awaketh, and behold, he is faint, and his Soul hath Appetite* *. Such is the Race, and such the Prize, of all those Candidates for Honour and Joy; who run wide from the Mark of the high Calling of GOD, in CHRIST JESUS. They live in Vanity, and die in Woe.—Awaken us, merciful Lord, from these *noon-tide Trances!* Awaken us, while Conviction may turn to our Advantage, and not serve only to increase our Torment. O! let our "Eyes be enlightened, to discern the Things that are excellent;" and no longer be imposed upon by fantastic Appearances, which, however *pompous* they may seem, will prove more *empty* than the Visions of the Night, more *transient* than the Dream that is forgotten.

HAVING mentioned Sleep and Dreams, let me once again consider those remarkable Incidents of our Frame: so very remarkable, that I may venture to call them, a kind of experimental *Mystery*, and little less than a standing *Miracle*.—Behold the most *vigorous Constitution*, when stretched on the Bed of Ease, and totally resigned to the Slumbers of the Night. Its Activity is oppressed with Fetters of Indolence; its Strength is consigned over to a temporary Annihilation; the Nerves are like a Bow unstrung, and the whole animal System is like a motionless Log.—Behold a Person of the most *delicate Sensations*, and *amiable Dispositions*. His Eyes, though

* Isa. xxix. 8.

thrown wide open, admit not the visual Ray; at least, distinguish not Objects. His Ears, with the Organs unimpaired, and articulate Accents beating upon the Drum, perceive not the Sound; at least, apprehend not the Meaning. The Senses, and their exquisitely fine Feelings, are overwhelmed with an unaccountable Stupefaction. You call him a *social* Creature; but where are his social Affections? He knows not the Father, that begat him; and takes no Notice of the Friend, that is as his own Soul. The Wife of his Bosom may expire by his Side, and He lie more unconcerned than a Barbarian. The Children of his Body, may be tortured with the severest Pangs; and He, even in the same Chamber, remain untouched with the least Commiseration.—Behold the most *ingenious Scholar*: whose Judgment is piercing, and able to trace the most intricate Difficulties of Science; his Taste refined, and quick to relish all the Beauties of Sentiment and Composition. Yet, at this Juncture, the thinking Faculties are unhinged, and the intellectual Oeconomy quite disconcerted. Instead of close-connected Reasonings, nothing but a disjointed Huddle of absurd Ideas: instead of well-digested Principles, nothing but a disorderly Jumble of crude Conceptions. The most palpable Delusions, impose upon his Imagination. The whole Night passes, and he frequently mistakes it for a single Minute: is not sensible of the Transition, hardly sensible of any Duration.

YET, no sooner does the Morning dawn, and Daylight enter the Room; but this strange Inchantment vanishes. The Man awakes, and finds himself *possessed* of all the valuable Endowments; which, for several Hours, were suspended, or lost. His Sinews are braced, and fit for Action. His Senses are alert and keen. The romantic visionary brightens into the Master of Reason. The frozen or benumbed Affections, melt

with

with Tenderneſs, and glow with Benevolence. And, what is beyond meaſure ſurprizing, the intoxicated Mind works itſelf ſober, not by *ſlow Degrees*; but, in the *Twinkling* of an Eye, recovers from its Perturbation.—Why does not the Stupor, which deadens all the nice Operations of the animal Powers, hold faſt its Poſſeſſion? When the Thoughts are once diſadjuſted, why are they not always in Confuſion? How is it, that they are rallied in a Moment; and, from the wildeſt Irregularity, reduced to the moſt orderly Array? —From an Inactivity, reſembling Death; how is the Body ſo *ſuddenly* reſtored, to Vigour and Agility? From Extravagancies, bordering upon Madneſs; how is the Underſtanding *inſtantaneouſly* re-eſtabliſhed, in Sedateneſs and Harmony?—Surely, "this is the LORD's "Doing, and it ſhould be marvellous in our "Eyes:" ſhould awaken our Gratitude, and inſpirit our Praiſe.

THIS is the Time, in which *Ghoſts* are ſuppoſed to make their Appearance. Now, the *timorous Imagination* teems with Phantoms, and creates numberleſs Terrors to itſelf. Now dreary Forms, in ſullen State, ſtalk along the Gloom; or, ſwifter than Lightning, glide acroſs the Shades. Now, Voices more than mortal * are heard from the echoing Vaults, and Groans iſſue from the hollow Tombs. Now, melancholy Spectres viſit the Ruins of ancient Monaſteries, and frequent the ſolitary Dwellings of the Dead. They paſs and repaſs, in unſubſtantial Images, along the forſaken Galleries; or take their determined Stand, over ſome lamented

* *Vox quoque per lucos vulgo exaudita ſilentes*
Ingens, & ſimulacra modis pallentia miris
Viſa ſub obſcurum noctis— VIRG:

Grave.—How often has the School-boy fetched a long Circuit, and trudged many a needless Step, in order to avoid the haunted Church-yard? Or, if Necessity, sad Necessity, has obliged him to cross the Spot; where *human* [illegible] are lodged below, and the *baleful* [illegible] shed [illegible] Horrors above; a thousand [illegible] Stories [illegible] into his [illegible]. [illegible] to his Feet; [illegible] the [illegible]; [illegible] not [illegible] his good Fortune, [illegible] his [illegible], if [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] the [illegible] Thursday, [illegible] Alarms [illegible] *[illegible]* [illegible] [illegible] of a [illegible] at the *[illegible]* [illegible] World of [illegible] [illegible] of Awe, [illegible] they [illegible] themselves to [illegible] into [illegible] Eternal Spirit.—[illegible] from the Regions of the [illegible] at the Hour of Midnight [illegible] particular Place, say, [illegible] to [illegible], *I'll meet thee there* *: I believe, [illegible] would feel something like a [illegible]; would [illegible] upon the Adventure, and be in Pain for the Event. But, when a Voice from Heaven cries, in the awakening Language of the

* The Story of *Brutus*, and his *evil Genius*, is well known. Nor must it be denied, that the precise Words of the Spectre to the Hero were, *I'll meet thee at* Philippi. But, as this would not answer my Purpose, I was obliged to make an Alteration, in the Circumstance of *Place*.

Prophet,

Prophet, *Prepare to meet thy God*, O Israel *; how little is the Warning regarded! How soon is it forgotten! Preposterous Stupidity! To be *utterly unconcerned*, where it is the truest Wisdom to take the Alarm; and to be *all Trepidation*, where there is nothing really terrible!—Do Thou, my Soul, remember thy Saviour's Admonition; "*I will forewarn you, whom* "*you shall fear*. Fear not their imaginary Horrors of "the Night. But fear that awful Being; whose Re-"velation of Himself, though with Expressions of "peculiar Mercy, made *Moses*, his favourite Servant, "tremble exceedingly. Whose Manifestation, when "He appears with Purposes of inexorable Vengeance, "will make *mighty Conquerors*; who were familiar "with Dangers, and estranged to Dismay; call upon "the Mountains to fall on them, and the Rocks to "cover them. The Menace of whose majestic Eye, "when He comes attended with thousand Thousands "of his immortal Hosts, will make the very Heavens "cleave asunder, and the Earth flee away.—O! dread "HIS Displeasure; secure HIS Favour; and then "Thou may'st commit all thy other Anxieties to the "Wind. Thou may'st laugh at every other Fear."

THIS brings to my Mind a memorable and amazing Occurrence, recorded in the Book of *Job* †. Which is, I think, no inconsiderable Proof of the *real Existence* of Apparitions ‡, on some *very extraordinary* Emer-

* Amos iv. 12. † Job iv. 12, 14, &c.

‡ *Is a Proof of the real Existence of Apparitions.*—If the Sense, in which I have always understood this Passage, be true—*Eliphaz*, I apprehend, was neither in a Trance, nor in a Dream, but perfectly awake.—Though He speaks of Sleep; He speaks of it, as fallen not upon *himself*, but upon *other* Men. He does not mention *Dreams*, though חלמות *Somnia*, would have suited the Verse (if the Book

Emergencies; while it diſcountenances thoſe Legions of idle Tales, which Superſtition has raiſed, and Credulity received. Since it teaches us, that if, at any Time, thoſe Viſitants from the unknown World, render themſelves perceivable by Mortals, it is not upon any Errand of frivolous Conſequence; but, to *convey Intelligences* of the utmoſt Moment, or to *work Impreſſions* of the higheſt Advantage.

'TWAS in the *Dead of Night.* All Nature lay ſhrouded in Darkneſs. Every Creature was buried in Sleep. The moſt profound Silence reigned through the Univerſe. In theſe ſolemn Moments, *Eliphaz* alone, all wakeful and ſolitary, was muſing upon ſublime and heavenly Subjects.—When, lo! an awful Being, from the inviſible Realms, burſt into his Apartment *. *A Spirit*

Book be in Metre) altogether as well as חזינות *Viſiones.*—It could not, ſurely, be *a Wind*, as ſome tranſlate the Word רוח. Becauſe, the Circumſtance of *ſtanding ſtill*, is not ſo compatible with the Nature of a Wind; and a Wind would have paſſed *above* Him, all *around* Him, as well as *before* Him. Not to add, how low a Remark it is, and how unworthy of a Place in ſo auguſt a Deſcription, that He *could not diſcern the Form* of a Wind.—It ſeems, therefore, to have been a real Spirit; either *Angelical* as were thoſe, which preſented themſelves to *Abraham* reſting at the Door of his Tent, and to *Lot* ſitting in the Gate of *Sodom*; or elſe, the Spirit of ſome *departed Saint*, as in the Caſe of *Samuel*'s Apparition, or the famous Appearance of *Moſes* and *Elijah* on the Mount of Transfiguration.—A Spirit, aſſuming ſome *Vehicle*, in order to become viſible to the human Eye. Which, accordingly, *Eliphaz* ſaw, exhibiting itſelf as an Object of Sight. But ſaw ſo obſcurely and indiſtinctly; that He was not able, either to deſcribe its *Aſpect*, or to diſcern *whom* it reſembled.

* I have given this ſolemn Picture a *modern* Dreſs, rather for the Sake of Variety and Illuſtration, than from any Apprehenſion of improving the admirable Original. Such an Attempt, I am ſenſible, would be more abſurdly vain, than to lacquer Gold, or paint the Diamond. The Deſcription, in *Eliphaz*'s own Language, is awful

Spirit passed before his Face. Astonishment seized the Beholder. His Bones shivered within Him; his Flesh trembled all over him; and the Hair of his Head stood erect with Horror.—Sudden and unexpected, was the Appearance of the Phantom; not such its Departure. *It stood still*, to present itself more fully to his View. It made a solemn Pause, to prepare his Mind for some momentous Message.—After which, a Voice was heard. A Voice, for the Importance of its meaning, worthy to be had in everlasting Remembrance; for the Solemnity of its Delivery, enough to alarm a Heart of Stone. It spoke; and this was the Purport of its Words;—"*Shall* "Man, *frail Man, be just before the mighty GOD?* "*shall even the most accomplished of Mortals be pure in* "*the Sight of his Maker**? *Behold*, and consider it at- "tentively. *He put no* such *Trust in his* most exalted "*Servants*, as should bespeak them incapable of Defect. "*And his very Angels he charged with Folly*; as sinking, "even in the highest Perfection of their Holiness, infi-

awful and affecting to the last Degree. A *Night-Piece*, dressed in all the Circumstances of the deepest Horror. I question, whether *Shakespeare* himself, though so peculiarly happy for his great Command of terrifying Images, has any Thing superior or comparable to this. The Judges of fine Composition *see* the masterly Strokes; and, I believe, the most ordinary Reader *feels* them, chilling his Blood, and awakening Emotions of Dread in his Mind.

* There seems to be a significant and beautiful *Gradation* in the *Hebrew* Words [illegible] and [illegible], which I have endeavoured to preserve by a Sort of *paraphrastic Version*. The Reader will observe a *new* Turn given to the Sentiment; preferable, I think, to that which our *English* Translation exhibits. Not, *shall Man be more just than GOD?* But, *shall Man be just before*, or *in the Sight of GOD?* The Passage, thus rendered, speaks a Truth incomparably more weighty, and needful to be inculcated. A Truth, exactly parallel to that humbling Confession of the Prophet, *We are all as an unclean Thing*; and to that solemn Declaration of the Psalmist, *In thy Sight, shall no man living be justified.*

"nitely

"nitely beneath his transcendent Glories; as falling, "even in all the Punctuality of their Obedience, inexpres- "sibly short of the Homage due to his adorable Ma- "jesty. If created Natures must not presume to jus- "tify, either themselves, or their Services, before un- "created Purity; *how much more* absurd is such a "Notion, how much more impious such an Attempt, "in *Them that dwell in Houses of Clay*; whose Original "is from the Dust, and whose State is all Imperfec- "tion!"

I WOULD observe from hence, the very singular Necessity of that *Poverty* of *Spirit*, which intirely *renounces* its own Attainments; and most thankfully *submits* to the Righteousness of the incarnate GOD.—To inculcate this Lesson, the Son of the Blessed came down from Heaven; and pressed no other Principle, with so repeated* an Importunity, on his Hearers. To instil the same Doctrine, the HOLY GHOST touched the Lips of the Apostles with sacred Eloquence; and made it an eminent Part of their Commission, "to demolish "every high Imagination." That no Expedient might be wanting, to give it a deep and lasting Efficacy on the human Mind; a Phantom arises from the Valley of the Shadow of Death, or a Teacher descends from the Habitation of Spirits.—Whatever then we neglect; let us not neglect to cultivate *this Grace*, which has been so variously taught, so powerfully enforced.

* It is well worthy of our Observation, says an excellent Commentator, "That no one Sentence uttered by our LORD, is so "frequently repeated as this; *Whosoever shall exalt himself, shall be* "*abased; and he that shall humble himself, shall be exalted.*" Which *often* occurs in the Evangelists; but is *never* duly accomplished in Us, till We disclaim all Pretension to Merit and Righteousness of our own, and seek them only in the Atonement and Obedience of JESUS CHRIST.

HARK!

HARK! a *doleful Voice*—With sudden Starts, and hideous Screams, it disturbs the Silence of the peaceful Night. 'Tis the *Screech-owl*, sometimes in frantic, sometimes in disconsolate Accents, uttering her Woes*. She flies the vocal Grove, and shuns the Society of all the feathered Choir. The blooming Gardens, and flowery Meads, have no Charms for her. Obscene Shades, ragged Ruins, and Walls overgrown with Ivy, are her favourite Haunts. Above, the mouldering Precipice nods, and threatens a Fall: below, the Toad crawls, or the poisonous Adder hisses. The sprightly Morning, which awakens other Animals into Joy, administers no Pleasure to this gloomy Recluse. Even the smiling Face of Day, is her Aversion; and all its lovely Scenes create nothing but Uneasiness.

So, just so, would it fare with the *Ungodly*; were it possible to suppose their Admission, into the chaste and bright Abodes of endless Felicity. They would find nothing but Disappointment and Shame, even at the Fountain-Head of Happiness and Honour.—For how could the Tongue, habituated to *Profaneness*, taste any Delight in the harmonious Adorations of Heaven? How could the Lips, cankered with *Slander*, relish the Raptures of everlasting Praise? Where would be the Satisfaction of the *vain* Beauty, or the *supercilious* Grandee? Since, in the Temple of the Skies, no Incense of Flattery would be addressed to the former; nor any obsequious Homage paid to the latter.—The spotless and inconceivable Purity of the blessed GOD, would *flash* Confusion on the lascivious Eye. The en-

* *Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo*
Sæpe queri, longasque in fletum ducere voces.

Thus sung that charming Genius, that Prince of the ancient Poets, that most consummate Master of Elegance and Accuracy; all whose *Sentiments* are Nature, whose every *Description* is a Picture, whose whole *Language* is Music—VIRGIL.

vious Mind, must be on a *Rack* of self-tormenting *Passions*; to observe Millions of happy Beings, shining in all the Perfections of Glory, and solacing themselves in the Fulness of Joy.—In short; the unsanctified Soul, amidst holy and triumphant Spirits; even in the refined Regions of Bliss and Immortality; would be like this melancholy Bird, *dislodged* from her darksome Retirement, and *imprisoned* under the Beams of Day*.

THE Voice of this Creature screaming at our Windows, or of the Raven croaking over our Houses, is, they say, a *Token* of approaching *Death*. There are Persons, who would regard such an Incident, with no small Degree of Solicitude. Trivial as it is; it would damp their Spirits, perhaps, break their Rest.—One cannot but wonder, that People should suffer themselves to be affrighted at such *fantastical*, and yet be quite unaffected with *real*, Presages of their Dissolution. Real Presages of this awful Event, address us from every Quarter. What are these *incumbent Glooms*, which overwhelm the World, but a kind of *Pall* provided for Nature; and an Image of that long Night,

* I would beg of the Reader to observe, with what *Emphasis* and *Propriety* our LORD touches this important Point, in his memorable Reply to *Nicodemus*. *Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a Man be born again, He* CANNOT *enter into the Kingdom of Heaven*; q. d. " I wave the *Authority* of the Supreme Judge, and speak with " the *Condescention* of a Teacher in *Israel*. Though I might, with" out being liable to the least Controul, pass it into a sovereign " Decree: That unrenewed Mortals, who are Slaves to corrupt " Appetite, SHALL NOT enter the Habitations of the Just; I " rather choose to represent it, as a Case *utterly impossible*; and " charge the Calamity, not upon Divine Severity, but upon hu" man Folly. Such Persons, from the very Nature of Things, " preclude themselves; they incapacitate their own Minds; and Con" trarieties must be reconciled, before *They*, in their unregenerate " Condition, *can* be Partakers of those spiritual and sublime De" lights." *John* iii. 3.

which

which will quickly cover the Inhabitants of the whole Earth? What an Affinity has the Sleep*, which will very ſoon weigh down my drowſy Eye-lids, with that State of intire Ceſſation, in which all my Senſes muſt be laid aſide! The ſilent Chamber, and the Bed of Slumber, are a very ſignificant Repreſentation of the Land, where all Things are huſhed; all Things are forgotten.—What meant that deep *Death-Bell Note*, which, the other Evening, ſaddened the Air? Laden with heavieſt Accents, it ſtruck our Ears, and ſeemed to knock at the Door of our Hearts. Surely, it brought a Meſſage to ſurviving Mortals, and thus the Tidings ran: "Mortals, the Deſtroyer of your Race is on his "Way. The laſt Enemy has begun the Purſuit; and "is gaining Ground upon you, every Moment. His "Paths are ſtrewed with Heaps of Slain. Even now, his "Javelin has laid one of your Neighbours in the Duſt; "and will ſoon, very ſoon, aim the *inevitable Blow* at "each of your Lives."

We need not go down to the Charnel-Houſe, nor carry our Search into the Repoſitories of the Dead; in order to find Memorials of our impending Doom. A Multitude of theſe Remembrancers are planted in all our Paths, and point the heedleſs Paſſengers to their long Home. I can hardly enter a conſiderable Town, but I meet the funeral Proceſſion, or the Mourners going about the Streets. The *Hatchment* ſuſpended on the Wall, or the *Crape* ſtreaming in the Air, are ſilent Intimations; that both *Rich* and *Poor* have been emptying their Houſes, and repleniſhing their Sepulchres. I can ſcarce join in any Converſation, but mention is made of ſome that are given over by the Phyſician, and hovering on the Confines of Eternity; of others, that

* *Et Conſanguineus Lethi Sopor.* VIRG.

have

have juſt dropt their Clay amidſt weeping Friends, and are gone to appear before the Judge of all the Earth. There's not a *News-Paper* comes to my Hand; but amidſt all its entertaining Narrations, reads ſeveral ſerious *Lectures* of *Mortality*. What else are the repeated Accounts—of Age, worn out by ſlow-conſuming Sickneſſes—of Youth, daſhed to Pieces by ſome ſudden Stroke of Caſualty—of Patriots, exchanging their Seats in the Senate, for a Lodging in the Tomb—of Miſers, reſigning their Breath, and (O relentleſs Deſtiny!) leaving their very Riches for others? Even the Vehicles of our Amuſement, are Regiſters of the Deceaſed; and the Voice of *Fame* ſeldom ſounds, but in Concert with a *Knell*.

THESE Monitors croud every Place; not ſo much as the Scenes of our Diverſion excepted. What are the Decorations of our public Buildings, and the moſt elegant Furniture of our Parlours; but the Imagery of Death, and Trophies of the Tomb? That marble Buſt; and thoſe gilded Pictures; how ſolemnly they *recognize* the Fate of others, and ſpeakingly *remind* us of our own!—I ſee, I hear, and O! I feel this great Truth. It is interwoven with my Conſtitution. The frequent Decays of the Structure foretel its final Ruin. What are all the Pains, that have been darted through my Limbs; what every Diſeaſe, that has aſſaulted my Health; but the *advanced Guards* of the Foe? What are the Languors and Wearineſs, that attend the Labours of each revolving Day; but the more *ſecret Practices* of the Adverſary, ſlowly undermining the earthly Tabernacle?

AMIDST ſo many Notices, ſhall we go on thoughtleſs and unconcerned? Can none of the Prognoſtics, which are ſure as Oracles, awaken our Attention, and engage our Circumſpection? *Noah*, 'tis written, *being warned of GOD, prepared an Ark*. Imitate, my Soul, imitate

imitate this excellent Example. Admoniſhed by ſuch a Cloud of Witneſſes, be continually putting thyſelf in a Readineſs for the laſt Change. Let not that Day, of which thou haſt ſo many infallible Signs, come upon thee unawares.—Get the *Ivy untwined*, and thy Affections diſentangled from this inchanting World; that thou may'ſt be able to quit it, without Reluctance. Get the dreadful *Hand-writing cancelled*, and all thy Sins blotted out; that thou may'ſt depart in Peace, and have nothing to fear at the deciſive Tribunal. Get, O! get thyſelf intereſted in the Redeemer's *Merits*, and transformed into his ſacred *Image*; then, ſhalt Thou be meet for the Inheritance of Saints in Light, and may'ſt even deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with CHRIST.

SOMETIMES, in my Evening Walk, I have heard

——The wakeful Bird
Sing darkling, and, in ſhadieſt Covert hid,
*Tune her nocturnal Note**.

How different the *Airs of* this charming Songſter, from thoſe harſh and boding *Outcries!* The little Creature ran through all the Variations of Muſic; and ſhewed herſelf Miſtreſs of every Grace, which conſtitutes or embelliſhes Harmony.—Sometimes, ſhe ſwells a manly Throat, and her Song kindles into Ardor. The Tone is ſo *bold*, and ſtrikes with ſuch Energy, you would imagine the ſprightly Serenader in the very next Thicket. Anon, the Strain *languiſhes*, and the mournful Warbler melts into Tenderneſs. The melancholy Notes juſt ſteal upon the Shades, and faintly touch your Ear; or in ſoft and ſadly-pleaſing Accents, they ſeem to die along the diſtant Vale. Silence is pleaſed, and Night liſtens to the trilling Tale.

* MILT. *Par. Loſt*, B. III. l. 38.

WHAT

WHAT an Invitation is this, to ſlip away from the thronged City! This coy and modeſt Minſtrel, entertains only the *Lovers* of *Retirement*. Thoſe, who are carouſing over their Bowls, or ranting at the riotous Club, loſe this Feaſt of Harmony.—In like manner, the Pleaſures of Religion, and the Joy of Reconciliation with GOD; the Satisfactions ariſing, from an eſtabliſhed Intereſt in CHRIST, and from the Proſpect of a bliſsful Immortality; theſe are all loſt to the Mind, that is ever *in the Crowd*; and dares not, or delights not, to retire into itſelf.—Are we charmed with the Nightingale's Song? Do we wiſh to have it nearer, and hear it oftener? Let us ſeek a renewed Heart, and a reſigned Will; a Conſcience that whiſpers Peace, and Paſſions that are tuned by Grace. Then, ſhall we never want a Melody in our own Breaſts, far more *muſically pleaſing*, than ſweet *Philomela*'s ſweeteſt Strains.

As different as the Voices of theſe Birds, are the *Circumſtances* of thoſe few Perſons, who continue awake.—Some are ſquandering, Pearls ſhall I ſay, or Kingdoms? No; but what is unſpeakably more precious, Time. Squandering this ineſtimable Talent, with the moſt ſenſeleſs and wanton Prodigality. Not content with allowing a few *ſpare Minutes*, for the Purpoſe of neceſſary Recreation; they laviſh many Hours, devote *whole Nights*, to that idle Diverſion of ſhuffling, ranging, and detaching a Set of painted Paſteboards.—Others, inſtead of this buſy Trifling, act the Part of their own Tormentors. They even piquet themſelves*, and call it Amuſement; they are torn by wild Horſes, yet term it a Sport. What elſe is the *Gameſter*'s Practice? His Mind is ſtretched on the Tenter-Hooks of anxious Suſpenſe, and agitated by the fierceſt Extremes

* Alluding to a very painful Puniſhment, inflicted on Delinquents among the Soldiery.

of Hope and Fear? While the Dice are rattling, his Heart is throbbing; his Fortune is tottering; and, possibly, at the very next Throw, the one sinks in the Gulf of Ruin, the other is hurried into the Rage of Distraction.

SOME, snatched from the Bloom of Health, and the Lap of Plenty, are confined to the *Chamber* of *Sickness*. Where they are constrained, either to plunge into the everlasting World, in an unprepared Condition; or else (sad Alternative!) to think over all the Follies of a heedless Life, and all the Bitterness of approaching Death. The Disease rages; it baffles the Force of Medicine; and urges the reluctant Wretch, to the Brink of the Precipice. While Furies rouse the Conscience, and point at the bottomless Pit below.—Perhaps, his *drooping Mother*, deprived long ago of the Husband of her Bosom, and bereft of all her other Offspring; is, even now, receiving the Blow which consummates her Calamities*. In vain, she tries to as-

* This brings to my Mind one of the deepest *Mourning-Pieces*, extant in the Productions of the Pen. The sacred Historian paints it, in all the Simplicity of Stile, yet with all the Strength of Colouring.—When *JESUS came nigh to the Gate of the City, behold! there was a dead Man carried out, the only Son of his Mother, and she was a Widow.*—What a Gradation is here! How pathetically beautiful! every fresh Circumstance, widens the Wound; aggravates the Calamity; till the Description is worked up into the most finished Picture of exquisite and inconsolable Distress.—He was a *young Man*: cut off in the Flower of Life, amidst a Thousand gay Expectations, and smiling Hopes. A Son; an *only* Son; the afflicted Mother's All. So that none remained to preserve the Name, or perpetuate the Family. What rendered the Case still more deplorable, *She was a Widow*: left intirely desolate; abandoned to her Woes; without any to share her Sorrows, or to comfort her under the irreparable Loss.—Is not this a fine Sketch of the *Impassioned* and *Picturesque*? Who can consider the Narrative, with any Attention; and not feel his Heart penetrated, with a tender Commiseration? *Luke* vii. 12.

ſwage the Sorrows of a beloved Son; in vain, ſhe attempts, with her tender Offices, to prolong a Life, dearer than her own. He faints in her Arms; he bows his Head; he ſinks in Death. Fatal, doubly fatal, that laſt expiring Pang! While it diſlodges the unwilling Soul, it rends an *only Child*, from the yearning Embraces of a Parent; and tears away the Support of her Age, from a diſconſolate Widow.

WHILE *Thoſe* long for a Reprieve; *Others* invite the Stroke. Quite weary of the World, with a reſtleſs Impatience, they ſigh for Diſſolution. Some, pining away under the tedious Decays of an incurable *Conſumption*; or gaſping for Breath, and almoſt ſuffocated, by an Inundation of *dropſical* Waters. On ſome a relentleſs *Cancer* has faſtened its envenomed Teeth; and is gnawing them, though in the midſt of bodily Vigour, in the midſt of pitying Friends, gradually to Death. Others are on a Rack of Agonies, by convulſive Fits of the *Stone*. O! how the Pain writhes their Limbs; how the Sweat bedews their Fleſh; and their Eye-balls wildly roll! Methinks, the Night condoles with theſe her diſtreſſed Children; and ſheds dewy Tears, over their ſorrowful Abodes.—But of all Mortals, *They* are the moſt exquiſitely miſerable, who groan beneath the Preſſure of a *melancholy* Mind; or ſmart under the Laſhes of a *reſentful* Conſcience. Though robed in Ermine; or covered with Jewels; the State of a Slave chained to the Gallies, or of an Exile condemned to the Mines, is a perfect Paradiſe compared with theirs.

O! that the *Votaries* of *Mirth*; whoſe Life is a continued Round of Merriment and Whim; would beſtow one ſerious Reflection, on this *Variety* of human *Woes!* It might teach them to be leſs enamoured, with the few languid Sweets; that are thinly ſcattered through this Vale of Tears, and environed with ſuch a Multitude of ragged Thorns. It might teach them, no longer

ger to dance away their Years, with a giddy *rambling Impulse*; but to aspire, with a determined Aim, after those happy Regions, where Delights, abundant and unembittered, flow.

CAN there be Circumstances, which a Man of Wisdom would more earnestly deprecate, than these several Instances of grievous Tribulation? There are; and, what is very astonishing, they are frequently the Desire and the Choice of Those, who fancy themselves the sole Heirs of Happiness. Those I mean, who are launching out into the Depths of *Extravagance*, and running excessive Lengths of *Riot*: who are prostituting their Reputation, and sacrificing their Peace, to the Gratification of their Lusts; sapping the Foundation of their Health, in Debaucheries; or shipwrecking the Interests of their Families, in their Bowls. And, what is worse, are forfeiting the Joys of an eternal Heaven, for the *sordid* Satisfactions of the Beast; for the *transitory* Sensations of an Hour.—Ye Slaves of Appetite, how far am I from envying your gross Sensualities, and voluptuous Revels! Little, ah! little are you sensible; that, while Indulgence showers her Roses, and Luxury diffuses her Odours; they scatter *Poisons* also, and shed unheeded *Bane* *. Evils, incomparably more malignant, than the Wormwood and Gall of the sharpest Affliction.—Since Death is in the Drunkard's Cup; and worse than Poinards in the Harlot's Embrace; may it ever be the Privilege of the Man whom I love, to go without his Share of these *pestilent Sweets* †!

* *Yes; in the Flow'rs that wreathe the sparkling Bowl,*
Fell Adders hiss, and pois'nous Serpents roll.

† *Quam suave est suavitatibus istis carere!* was St. *Augustine's* pious Exclamation. The Substance of which, Mr. *Pope* has expressed, with more Simplicity, and with no less Dignity.

Count all th' Advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from, and disdains.

Abundance of living Sparks glitter in the Lanes, and twinkle under the Hedges. I suppose, they are the *Glow-worms*; which have lighted their little Lamps, and obtained Leave, through the Absence of the Sun, to play a feeble Beam. A faint Glimmer, just serves to render them perceivable; without tending at all to dissipate the Shades, or making any Amends for the departed Day.—Should some weather-beaten Traveller, dropping with Wet, and shivering with Cold, hover round this *Mimicry* of *Fire*; in order to dry his Garments, and warm his benumbed Limbs. Should some bewildered Traveller; groping for his Way, in a starless Night and trackless Desart; take one of these *languid Tapers*, as a Light to his Feet, and a Lantern to his Paths. How certainly would both the one, and the other, be frustrated of their Expectation!—And are *They* more likely to succeed, who, neglecting that sovereign Balm, which distilled from the Cross; apply any *carnal* Diversion, to heal the Anxiety of the Mind? Who, deaf to the infallible Decisions of Revelation; resign themselves over to the erroneous *Conjectures* of *Reason*, in order to find the Way that leadeth unto Life? Or lastly, who have Recourse to the *Froth* of this vain World, for a satisfactory Portion, and a substantial Happiness? Their Conduct is in no Degree wiser; their Disappointment equally sure; and their Miscarriage infinitely more disastrous. To speak in the delicate Language of a sacred Writer, "they sow the Wind, and "will reap the Whirlwind *."

To speak more plainly; the Pleasures of the World, which we are *All* so prone to dote upon; and the Powers of fallen Reason, which *Some* are apt to idolize †; are not

* Hos. viii. 7.

† I hope, it will be observed, That I am far from decrying that noble Faculty of Reason, when exerted in her proper Sphere;

not only vain, but treacherous. Not only a *painted Flame*, like these sparkling-Animals; but much like those unctuous Exhalations, which arise from the marshy Ground, and often dance before the Eyes of the benighted Way-faring Man. Kindled into a sort of Fire, they personate a Guide, and seem to offer their Service: but, blazing with *delusive Light*, mislead their Follower into hidden Pits, headlong Precipices, and unfathomable Gulfs. Where, far from his beloved Friends, far from all Hopes of Succour, the unhappy Wanderer is swallowed up, and lost.

Not long ago, we observed a very surprising Appearance in the Western Sky. A *prodigious Star* took its flaming Route through those Coasts; and trailed, as it passed, a tremendous Length of Fire, almost over half the Heavens. Some, I imagine, viewed the portentous Stranger, with much the same anxious Amazement; as *Belshazzar* beheld the Hand-writing upon the

when acting in a *deferential Subordination* to the revealed Will of Heaven. While She exercises her Powers, within these appointed Limits, She is unspeakably serviceable; and cannot be too industriously cultivated.—But, when she sets up herself in *proud Contradistinction* to the sacred Oracles; when, all arrogant and self-sufficient, She says to the Word of Scripture, *I have no Need of Thee*: She is then, I must be bold to maintain, not only a Glow-worm, but an *Ignis fatuus*; not only a Bubble, but a Snare.

May not this Remark, with the strictest Propriety; and without the least Limitation; be applied to the *Generality* of our modern Romances, Novels, and theatrical Entertainments? These are commonly calculated, to inflame a wanton Fancy. Or, if conducted with so much Modesty, as not to debauch the Affections; they pervert the Judgment, and bewilder the Taste. By their incredible Adventures; their extravagant Parade of Gallantry; and their Characters, widely different from Truth and Nature; they inspire foolish Conceits: beget idle Expectations: introduce a Disgust of genuine History: and indispose their Admirers, to acquiesce in the *decent* Civilities, or to relish the *sober* Satisfactions, of common Life.

Wall. Some looked upon it as a *bloody* * *Flag*; hung out by Divine Resentment, over a guilty World. Some read, in its glaring Visage, the Fate of Nations, and the Fall of Kingdoms †. To others, it shook, or seemed to shake, *Pestilence* and *War* from its horrid Hair. —For my Part; I am not so superstitious as to regard, what every Astrologer has to prognosticate; upon the Accession of a *Comet*, or the Projection of its huge *vapoury Train*. Nothing can be more precarious, and unjustifiable, than to draw such Conclusions from such Events: Since they neither are preternatural Effects, nor do they throw the Frame of Things into any Disorder. I would rather adore that omnipotent Being, who rolled those stupendous Orbs from his creating Hand; and leads them, by his providential Eye, through unmeasurable Tracts of Æther. Who bids them, now, approach the Sun, and glow with unsufferable Ardors ‡; now, retreat to the utmost Bounds of our Planetary System, and make their Entry among other Worlds.

THEY are harmless Visitants. I acquit them from the Charge of causing, or being accessary to, desolating Plagues. Would to GOD, there were no other more formidable Indications, of *approaching Judgments*, or *impending Ruin!* But, alas! when Vice becomes predominant, and Irreligion almost epidemical: when the Sabbaths of a jealous GOD, are notoriously profaned;

* — *Liquida si quando nocte cometæ*
Sanguinei lugubre *rubent.*— VIRG.

† —— *Crinemque timendi*
Sideris, & terris mutantem regna *cometem.*
LUCAN.

‡ "The Comet in the Year 1680, according to Sir *Isaac Newton*'s "Computation, was, in its nearest Approach, above 166 Times "nearer the Sun than the Earth is. Consequently, its Heat was "then 28000 Times greater than that of Summer. So that a Ball "of Iron as big as the Earth, heated by it, would hardly become "cool in 50000 Years." DERH, *Astr. Theol.* p. 237.

and

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and that "Name, which is great, wonderful, and holy," is prostituted to the meanest, or abused to the most execrable Purposes: when the Worship of our great Creator and Preserver is banished, from many of the most *conspicuous Families*; and it is deemed a Piece of rude Impertinence, so much as to mention the gracious Redeemer, in our *genteel Interviews*: when it passes for an elegant Freedom of Behaviour, to ridicule the Mysteries of Christianity; and a Species of refined Conversation, to taint the Air with lascivious Hints: when those, who sit in the *Scorner's Chair*, sin with a high Hand: and many of those, who wear the *Professor's Garb*, are destitute of the Power, and content themselves with the mere Form of Godliness: when such is the State of a Community, there is Reason, too apparent Reason, to be horribly afraid. Such *Phænomena*, abounding in the moral World, are not fanciful, but real Omens. Will not an injured God "be avenged "on such a Nation as this?" Will he not be provoked, to "sweep it with the Besom of Destruction * ?"

O! THAT the Inhabitants of *Great Britain*, would lay these alarming Considerations to Heart! The LORD of Hosts has commanded the Sword of *civil Discord*, to return into its Sheath. But have we returned, every one from his *evil Ways?* Are we become a renewed People; devoted to a dying Saviour; and zealous of good Works?—What mean those Peals of Sobs, which burst from the *expiring Cattle?* What mean those me-

* *Isa.* xiv. 23. The eternal Sovereign, speaking of *Babylon*, denounces this Threatening, *I will sweep it with the Besom of Destruction.*—What a noble but dreadful Image, is here! How strongly and awfully pourtrayed! How pregnant also in its Signification! Intimating the *vile Nature*, and expressing the *total Extirpation*, of this wicked People; at the same Time, suggesting the *perfect Ease*, with which the righteous GOD would execute his intended Vengeance.

lancholy Moans, where the lusty Droves were wont to low *? What mean those Arrows of untimely Death, discharged on our innocent and useful Animals?

No Wantonness or Sloth, has vitiated the Blood of these laborious, temperate Creatures. They have contracted no Disease, from unseasonable Indulgencies, and inordinate Revelings. The pure Stream is their Drink; the simple Herb their Repast. Neither Care disturbs their Sleep, nor Passion inflames their Breast. Whence then are they visited with such terrible Disorders, as no Prudence can prevent, nor any Medicines heal?—Surely, these Calamities are the Weapons of Divine Displeasure, and manifest Chastisements of an evil Generation †. Surely God, the "God to whom "Vengeance belongeth," has still a Controversy with our sinful Land. And who can tell, where the Visitation will end? What a Storm may follow these prelusive Drops?—O! that we may "hear the Rod, and "who hath appointed it!" Taught by these *penal Effects* of our Disobedience, may we remove the *accursed Thing* ‡, from our Tents; our Practices; our Hearts! May we turn from all Ungodliness, before Wrath come upon us to the uttermost; before Iniquity prove our Ruin!

Sometimes, at this Hour, another most remarkable Sight amuses the Curious, and alarms the Vulgar. A

* If these Papers should be so happy as to outlive their Author; perhaps, it may be needful to inform Posterity, that the above-mentioned Hints, allude to a most terrible, contagious, and mortal *Distemper*; raging among the *horned Cattle*, in various Parts of the Kingdom.

† *Hinc Lætis vituli vulgo moriuntur in herbis,*
Et dulces animas plena ad præsepia reddunt.
Balatu hinc *pecorum, & crebris mugitibus amnes,*
Arentesque sonant ripæ, collesque supini. VIRG.

‡ Josh. vi. 18.

Blaze

Blaze of lambent Meteors is kindled, or ſome very extraordinary *Lights* are refracted, *in the* Quarters of the *North.*—The Streams of Radiance, like Legions ruſhing to the Engagement, meet and mingle; inſomuch, that the Air ſeems to be all conflicting Fire. Within a while they ſtart from one another; and, like Legions in precipitate Flight, ſweep, each a ſeparate Way, through the Firmament. Now they are quieſcent; anon, they are thrown into a quivering Motion; preſently, the whole Horizon is illuminated with the glancing Flames. Sometimes, with an Aſpect *awfully ludicrous,* they repreſent extravagant and antic Vagaries. At other Times, you would ſuſpect, that ſome inviſible Hand was playing off the dumb *Artillery* of the *Skies*; and, by a ſtrange Expedient, giving us the Flaſh, without the Roar.

THE Villagers gaze at the Spectacle, firſt with Wonder, then with Horror. A general *Panic* ſeizes the Country. Every Heart throbs, and every Face is pale! The Crouds that flock together, inſtead of diminiſhing, increaſe the Dread. They catch Contagion, from each other's Looks and Words; while Fear is in every Eye, and every Tongue ſpeaks the Language of Terror. Some ſee *hideous Shapes*; Armies mixing in fierce Encounter, or Fields ſwimming with Blood. Some foreſee *direful Events*; States overthrown, or mighty Monarchs tottering on their Thrones. Others, ſcared with ſtill more frightful Apprehenſions, think of nothing but the *Day* of *Doom.* "Sure, ſays one, the "unalterable Hour is ſtruck, and the End of all Things "come.—See, replies another, how the blaſted Stars "look wan! Are not theſe the Signs of the Son of "Man, coming in the Clouds of Heaven?—JESUS "prepare us (cries a Third, and lifts his Eyes in Devotion) for the Archangel's Trump, and the great "Tribunal!"

If this *waving Brightness*, which plays innocently over our Heads, be so amazing to Multitudes; what inexpressible Consternation must overwhelm unthinking Mortals, when the *general Conflagration* commences! The Day, the dreadful Day, is approaching; "*In the* "*which the Heavens shall pass away with a great Noise* *, "*and the Elements shall melt with fervent Heat; the* "*Earth also, and all the Works that are therein, shall be* "*burnt up.*" That mighty Hand, which once opened the Windows from on High, and broke up the Fountains of the great Deep, will then unlock all the *Magazines* of *Fire*, and pour a *Second Deluge* upon the Earth. The vengeful Flames, kindled by the Breath of the Almighty, spread themselves from the Centre to the Circumference. Nothing can withstand their Impetuosity; nothing can escape their Rage. Universal Desolation attends their Progress. Magnificent Palaces, and solemn Temples, are laid in Ashes. Spacious Cities, and impregnable Towers, are mingled in one smoaking

* 2 *Pet.* iii. 10. I have often thought this Verse an eminent Instance of that Kind of beautiful Writing, in which the very *Sound* bears a Sort of *Significancy*; at least, carries an exact Correspondence with the Sense. The original Expression—ῥοιζηδὸν—is one of the hoarsest and deepest Words in Language. Nothing could be more exquisitely adapted to affect the *Ear*, as well as impress the *Imagination*, with the Wreck of Nature, and the Crash of a falling World—I scarce ever read this Clause, but it brings to my Mind that admired Description in MILTON:

——— On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous Recoil, and *jarring Sound*,
Th' infernal Doors, and on their Hinges *grate*
Harsh Thunder.——— Book II. l. 879.

It is a pleasing Employ, and a very laudable Office of true Criticism, to point out these inferior Recommendations of the *Sacred Classics*. Though, I believe, the inspired Writers themselves, amidst all the Elevation and Magnificence of their divine Ideas, disdained a scrupulous Attention to such *little Niceties* of Stile.

Mass,

Mass. Not only the Productions of *human Art*, but the Works of *Almighty Power*, are Fuel for the devouring Element. The everlasting Mountains melt, like the Snows which cover their Summit. Even vast Oceans, serve only to augment the inconceivable Rapidity and Fury of the Blaze.—O! how shall I, or others, stand undismayed amidst the Glare of a *burning World*; unless the LORD JEHOVAH be our Defence? How shall we be upheld in Security, when the Globe itself is sinking in a *fiery Ruin*; unless the Rock of Ages be our Support?

BEHOLD! a new Spectacle of Wonder! The *Moon* is making her Entry on the eastern Sky. See her rising in clouded Majesty! Opening, as it were, and asserting her original Commission, to *rule over the Night*. All grand and stately, but somewhat sullied is her Aspect. However, she *brightens*, as she *advances*; and grows clearer, as she climbs higher. Till, at length, her Silver loses all its Dross; she unveils her peerless Light; and becomes "the Beauty of Heaven, the Glory of the Stars*;" delighting every Eye, and chearing the whole World, with the Brightness of her Appearance, and the Softness of her Splendors.—O! thou Queen of the Shades! may it be my Ambition, to follow this thy instructive Example! While others are fond to transcribe the Fashions of little Courts, and to mimic Personages of inferior State; be it mine, to imitate thy *improving Purity!* May my Conduct become more unblemished, and my Temper more refined; as I proceed farther and farther, in my probationary Course! May every sordid Desire wear away, and every irregular Appetite be gradually

* Ecclus [illegible]. 9.
—— *Lucidum cæli decus.* HOR.

lost;

loſt; as I make nearer Approaches, to the celeſtial Manſions!—Will not this be a comfortable Evidence, that I too ſhall ſhine, in my adored Redeemer's Kingdom? Shine, with a *richer* Luſtre, than that which radiates from thy reſplendent Orb: ſhine, with an *unfading* Luſtre, when every Ray, that beams from thy beauteous Sphere, is totally extinguiſhed?

THE Day afforded us a Variety of entertaining Sights. Theſe were all withdrawn, at the Acceſſion of Darkneſs. The Stars, kindly officious, immediately lent us their Aid. This ſerved to *alleviate* the Frown of Night; rather than to *recover* the Objects from their Obſcurity. A faint Ray, ſcarcely reflected, and not from the intire Surface of Things, gave the ſtraining Eye a very imperfect Glimpſe; ſuch as rather mocked, than ſatisfied Viſion.—Now the Moon is riſen, and has collected all her Beams, the Veil is taken off from the Countenance of Nature. I ſee the recumbent Flocks; I ſee the green Hedge-Rows, though without the feathered Choriſters, hopping from Spray to Spray. In ſhort, I ſee once again the World's great Picture: not indeed in its late lively Colours, but more *delicately ſhaded*, and arrayed in *ſofter Charms* *.

WHAT a *majeſtic Scene* is here! Incomparably grand, and exquiſitely fine!—The Moon, like an immenſe cryſtal Lamp, pendent in the magnificent Cieling of the Heavens. The Stars, like ſo many Thouſands of golden Tapers, fixed in their azure Sockets. All pouring their Luſtre on ſpacious Cities, and lofty Mountains; glittering on the Ocean; gleaming on

* - — Now reigns
Full orb'd the Moon, and with more pleaſing Light
Shadowy ſets off the Face of Things.——— MILT.

the

the Foreſt; and opening a Proſpect, wide as the Eye can glance, more various than Fancy can paint *.—We are forward to admire the Performances of human Art. A Landſcape, elegantly deſigned, and executed with a maſterly Hand; a Piece of Statuary, which ſeems amidſt all the Recommendations of exact Proportion, and graceful Attitude, to ſoften into Fleſh, and almoſt breathe with Life; theſe little *Imitations* of Nature, we behold with a pleaſing Surpriſe. And ſhall we be leſs affected, leſs delighted, with the inexpreſſibly noble, and completely finiſhed *Original!*—The ample Dimenſions of *Ranelagh*'s Dome; the gay Illuminations of *Vaux-Hall* Grove; I ſhould ſcorn to mention on ſuch an Occaſion, were they not the Objects of general Admiration. Shall we be charmed with thoſe puny Eſſays of finite Ingenuity; and touched with no Tranſport, at this ſtupendous Diſplay of Omnipotent Skill? At the auguſt Grandeur, and ſhining Statelineſs, of the Firmament? which forms an Alcove for ten Thouſand Worlds, and

* *As when the Moon, refulgent Lamp of Night,*
O'er Heav'n's clear Azure ſpreads her ſacred Light;
When not a Breath diſturbs the deep Serene,
And not a Cloud o'ercaſts the ſolemn Scene:
Around her Throne the vivid Planets roll,
And Stars unnumber'd gild the glowing Pole;
O'er the dark Trees a yellower Verdure ſhed,
And tip with Silver ev'ry Mountain's Head;
Then ſhine the Vales; the Rocks in Proſpect riſe;
A Flood of Glory burſts from all the Skies;
The conſcious Swains, rejoicing in the Sight,
Eye the blue Vault, and bleſs the uſeful Light.

Iliad VIII.

I tranſcribe theſe Lines, becauſe Mr. *Pope* ſays, they exhibit, in the Original, the fineſt *Night-Piece* in Poetry. And, if they are ſo beautiful in *Homer*'s Language; who can ſuſpect their ſuffering any Diſadvantage, from the Pen of his admirable *Tranſlator?*

is ornamented with Myriads of everlasting Luminaries. —Surely, this must betray, not only a total *Want* of *Religion*; but the most abject Littleness of Mind, and the utmost *Poverty* of *Genius*.

THE Moon, is not barely, "an *Ornament* in the "high Places of the LORD *;" but of signal *Service* to the Inhabitants of the Earth.—How uncomfortable is deep, pitchy, total Darkness! Especially, in the long Absence of the Winter's Sun. Welcome, therefore, thrice welcome, this auspicious Gift of Providence; to enliven the nocturnal Gloom, and line with Silver the raven-coloured Mantle of Night!—How desirable to have our Summer-Evenings illuminated! That we may be able to tread the dewy Meads, and breathe the delicious Fragrance of our Gardens; especially, when the sultry Heats render it irksome and fatiguing, to walk abroad by Day.—How chearing to the *Shepherd*, the Use of this universal Lantern; as He tends his fleecy Charge, or late consigns them to their hurdled Cots! How comfortable and how advantageous to the *Mariner*, as he ploughs the Midnight Main; to adjust the Tackling, to explore his Way, and, under the Influence of this beaming Sconce, to avoid the fatal Rock!—For these, and other beneficial Purposes, the Hand of the ALMIGHTY has hung the *stately Branch* on high; and filled it with a Splendor, not confined to a single Edifice, or commensurate to a particular Square, but diffusive as the whole Extent of the Hemisphere.

THE most faithful of our inferior Servants, are sometimes tardy in their Office; sometimes negligent of their Duty. But this celestial Attendant is most *exactly punctual*, at all the stated Periods of her Ministration. If we choose to prolong our Journey after the

* Ecclus xliii. 9.

Sun

Sun is gone down; the Moon, during her whole *Increaſe*, is always ready to act in the Capacity of a Guide. If we are inclined to ſet out very early in the Morning; the Moon, in her *Decreaſe*, prevents the Dawn, on purpoſe, to offer her Aſſiſtance. And, becauſe it is ſo pleaſant a Thing, for the Eyes to behold the Light; the Moon, at her *Full*, by a Courſe of unintermitted Waiting, gives us, as it were, a double Day.—How apparently has the Divine Wiſdom intereſted itſelf, in providing even for the *pleaſurable Accommodation* of Man! How deſirous, that He ſhould want no Piece of commodious Furniture; no Kind of delightful Convenience! And, in Proſecution of theſe benevolent Intentions, has annexed ſo valuable an Appendage to the terreſtrial Globe.—Juſtly, therefore, does the Pſalmiſt celebrate that admirable Conſtitution, which ordained *the Moon and the Stars to govern the Night*, as an Inſtance of rich Goodneſs *and of Mercy which endureth for ever* *.

THE Moon, it is confeſſed, is *no luminous* Body. All the Brightneſs, which beautifies her Countenance, is originally in the Sun, and no more than tranſmiſſively in her. That glorious Orb is the Parent of Day, and the Palace of Light. From thence, the Morning Star gilds her Horn †; from thence, the Planetary Circles are crowned with Luſtre; and from thence, the Moon derives all her ſilver Radiance.—It is pleaſing to reflect, that ſuch is the Caſe with the *all-ſufficient Redeemer*,

* Pſal. cxxxvi. 9.

† I might, to juſtify this Expreſſion, obſerve, that the Planet *Venus*, commonly called the Morning-Star, is found, by our Teleſcopes, frequently to appear *horned*; or to have a *Creſcent* of Light, ſomewhat like the Moon, a little before or after her Conjunction. But this would be a Remark, too deep and refined for my Scheme; which proceeds only upon a *ſuperficial* Knowledge, and the moſt *obvious* Appearances, of Nature.

and

and his *dependent People*. We are replenished from his Fulness. What do we possess, which we have not received; and what can we desire, which we may not expect; from that never-failing Source of all Good? He is the Author of our Faith, and the Former of our Graces. In his unspotted Life, we see the Path; in his meritorious Death, the Price; and in his triumphant Resurrection, the Proof of Bliss and Immortality. If we offend, and fall Seven Times a Day; He is the LORD our *Peace* *. If we are depraved, and our best Deeds very unworthy; He is the Lord our *Righteousness* †. If we are blind, and even brutish, in heavenly Knowledge; He is the LORD our *Wisdom* ‡: his Word dispels the Shades; his Spirit scatters the intellectual Gloom; his Eye looks our Darkness into Day. In short, we are nothing, and "CHRIST is all." Worse than defective in ourselves, "we are *complete* in Him." So that if we shine, it is with delegated Rays, and with borrowed Light. We act by a Strength, and glory in Merits, not our own.— O! may we be thoroughly sensible of our Dependence on the Saviour! May we constantly imbibe his propitious Beams; and never, by indulging *Unbelief*, or backsliding into *Folly*, withdraw our Souls from his benign Influences! Lest we lose our Comfort, and our Holiness; as the fair Ruler of the Night loses her Splendor, when her Urn is turned from its Fountain §, and receives no more Communications of solar Effulgence.

* Judg. vi. 23. † Jer. xxiii. 6. ‡ 1 Cor. i. 30.

§ ng to those truly poetical Lines in *Milton*,

, as to their Fountain, other Stars
Repairing, in their golden Urns draw Light.

Par. Lost, B. VII. l. 364.

THE

THE Moon is inceſſantly *varying*, either in her Aſpect, or her Stages.—Sometimes, ſhe looks full upon us, and her Viſage is all Luſtre. Sometimes, ſhe appears in Profile, and ſhews us only half her enlightened Face. Anon, a radiant Creſcent but juſt adorns her Brow. Soon, it dwindles into a ſlender Streak. Till, at length, all her Beauty vaniſhes, and ſhe becomes a beamleſs Orb.—Sometimes, ſhe riſes with the *deſcending Day*; and begins her Proceſſion, amidſt admiring Multitudes. Ere long, ſhe defers her Progreſs till the *midnight Watches*; and ſteals unobſerved, upon the ſleeping World.—Sometimes, ſhe juſt enters the Edges of the Weſtern *Horizon*, and drops us a ceremonious Viſit. Within a while, ſhe ſets out on her nightly Tour, from the oppoſite Regions of the Eaſt; traverſes the whole *Hemiſphere*; and never offers to withdraw, till the more refulgent Partner of her Sway renders her Preſence unneceſſary.—In a Word; ſhe is, while converſant among us, ſtill waxing or waning, and "never "continueth in one Stay."

SUCH is the Moon; and ſuch are all *ſublunary Things*; expoſed to perpetual Viciſſitudes.—How often, and how ſoon, have the faint Echoes of *Renown* ſlept in Silence, or been converted into the Clamours of Obloquy! The ſame Lips, almoſt with the ſame Breath, cry Hoſanna, and Crucify.—Have not *Riches* confeſſed their notorious Treachery, a Thouſand and a Thouſand Times? either melting away, like Snow in our Hands, by inſenſible Degrees; or eſcaping, like a winged Priſoner from its Cage, with a precipitate Flight.—Have we not known the Bridegroom's *Cloſet*, an Antechamber to the *Tomb*; and heard the Voice, which ſo lately pronounced the ſparkling Pair Huſband and Wife, proclaim an everlaſting Divorce; and ſeal the Decree with that ſolemn Aſſeveration, "Aſhes to Aſhes, Duſt to Duſt?"—Our *Friends*, though the Medicine of

Life; our *Health*, though the Balm of Nature; are a moſt precarious Poſſeſſion. How ſoon may the firſt become a Corpſe in our Arms; and how eaſily is the laſt deſtroyed in its Vigour?—You have ſeen, no doubt, a Set of pretty *painted Birds*, perching on your Trees, or ſporting in your Meadows. You was pleaſed with the lovely Viſitants, that brought Beauty on their Wings, and Melody in their Throats. But could you inſure the *Continuance* of this agreeable Entertainment? No, truly. At the leaſt diſturbing Noiſe, at the leaſt terrifying Appearance, they ſtart from their Seats; they mount the Skies; and are gone in an Inſtant, are gone for ever. Would you chooſe to have a Happineſs, which bears Date with their Arrival, and expires at their Departure? If you could not be content with a Portion, enjoyable only through ſuch a *fortuitous Term*, not of Years, but of Moments, O! take up with nothing earthly; ſet your Affections on Things above; there alone is "no Variableneſs or "Shadow of turning."

JOB, is not a more illuſtrious Pattern of Patience, than an eminent Exemplification of this Remark.—View him in his *private Eſtate*. He heaps up Silver as the Duſt; he waſhes his Steps in Butter, and the Rock pours him out Rivers of Oil.—View him in his *public Character*. Princes revere his Dignity; the Aged liſten to his Wiſdom; every Eye beholds him with Delight; every Tongue loads him with Bleſſings—View him in his *domeſtic Circumſtances*. On one hand, he is defended by a Troop of Sons; on the other, adorned with a Train of Daughters; and on all Sides, ſurrounded by "a very great Houſehold."—Never was human Felicity ſo conſummate; never was *diſaſtrous Revolution* ſo ſudden. The Lightning, which conſumed his Cattle, was not more terrible, and ſcarce more inſtantaneous. The joyful Parent is bereft of

his Offspring, and his "Children are buried in Death." The Man of Affluence is ſtript of his Abundance; and he, who was cloathed in Scarlet, embraces the Dung-hill. The venerable Patriarch is the Deriſion of Scoundrels; and the late Darling of an indulgent Providence, is become "a Brother to Dragons, a "Companion of Owls."—Nor need we go back to former Ages, for Proofs of this afflicting Truth. In our Times; in all Times; the Wheel continues the ſame inceſſant Whirl. And frequently thoſe, who are triumphing, To-day, in the higheſt *Elevations* of Joy; To-morrow, are bemoaning the Inſtability of mortal Affairs, in the very *Depths* of Miſery *.—Amidſt ſo much Fluctuation and Uncertainty; how wretched is the Condition, which has no Anchor of the Soul, ſure and ſtedfaſt. May thy Loving kindneſs, O God, be our preſent Treaſure; and thy future Glory, our reverſionary Inheritance! Then ſhall our Happineſs, not be like the full-orbed Moon, which is "a Light that "*decreaſeth* in its Perfection;" but like the Sun,

* I believe, I may venture to apply, what the *Temanite* ſays of the Affairs of the Wicked, to all ſublunary Things; as a true Deſcription of their very *great Inſtability*. *Job* xxii. 16. נהר יוצק יסודם rendered by *Schultens*, *Flumen fuſum fundamentum eorum*. *Their Foundation* (or what they reckon their moſt ſolid and ſtable Poſſeſſion) *is a Flood poured out*.—Which is one of the boldeſt Images, and moſt poetical Beauties, I ever met with in any Language ſacred or profane. In order to have a tolerable Conception of the Image, and a Taſte of its Beauty; you muſt ſuppoſe a *Torrent* of Waters, ruſhing in broken Cataracts, and with impetuous Rapidity, from a ſteep and craggy Mountain. Then, imagine to yourſelf an *Edifice*, built upon the Surge of this rolling Precipice; which has no other Baſis, than one of thoſe headlong *whirling Waves*. Was there ever ſuch a Repreſentation of tranſitory Proſperity, tending, with inconceivable Swiftneſs, unto Ruin? Yet ſuch is every Form of human Felicity, that is not grounded on Jesus, and a Participation of his Merits, who is the *Rock of Ages*; on Jesus, and his Image formed in our Hearts, which is the *Hope of Glory*.

when he goeth forth in his Strength, and knoweth, no other Change, but that of *ſhining more* and more unto the perfect Day.

METHINKS, in this ever-varying Sphere, I ſee a Repreſentation, not only of our temporal Advantages, but alſo of our *ſpiritual Accompliſhments*. Such, I am ſure, is what the kind Partiality of a Friend would call *my Righteouſneſs:* And ſuch, I am apt to ſuſpect*, is the Righteouſneſs of every Man living. Now we exerciſe it, in ſome few Inſtances; in ſome little Degrees. Anon, Sin revives, and leads our Souls into a tranſient, though unwilling Captivity. Now we are *meek*; but ſoon a ruffling Accident intervenes, and turns our Compoſure into a fretful Diſquietude. Now we are *humble*; ſoon we reflect upon ſome inconſiderable or imaginary Superiority over others, and a ſudden Elatement

* I would not be underſtood, as meaſuring in this Reſpect, *others* by *myſelf*; but as taking my Eſtimate, from the unerring Standard of Scripture. And indeed, proceeding on this Evidence, ſupported by this Authority, I might have ventured farther than a bare *Suſpicion*. For, "there is not a *juſt* Man upon Earth, that "doeth Good, and *ſinneth not*;" ſays the Spirit of Inſpiration by *Solomon* (*Eccleſ.* vii. 20.)—Nay, ſuch is the Purity, and ſo extenſive are the Demands of the Divine Law, that an Apoſtle makes a ſtill more humbling Acknowledgment; "In *many* Things we "offend *All*." (*Jam.* iii. 2.)—And the unerring Teacher, who moſt thoroughly knew our Frame, directs the moſt advanced, moſt eſtabliſhed, and moſt watchful Chriſtians, to pray daily for the Forgiveneſs of their *daily Treſpaſſes*.—To which Teſtimonies, I beg Leave to add an elegant Paſſage from the *Canticles*; becauſe, it not only expreſſes the Sentiment of this Paragraph, but illuſtrates it by the very ſame Similitude. *She* (the Church) *is fair as the Moon; clear as the Sun*. Fair as the Moon, the leſſer and changeable Light, in her *Sanctification:* Clear as the Sun, the greater and invariable Luminary, in her *Juſtification*. The inherent Holineſs of Believers being imperfect, and ſubject to many Inequalities; while their imputed Righteouſneſs is every Way complete, and conſtantly like itſelf. *Cant.* vi. 10.

ſwells

ſwells our Minds. Now, perhaps, we poſſeſs a clean Heart, and are warm with holy Love. But O! how eaſily is the Purity of our Affections ſullied; how ſoon the Fervour of our Gratitude cooled! And is there not ſomething amiſs, even in our beſt Moments? Something to be *aſhamed* of, in all we *are*; ſomething to be *repented* of in all we *do*?

WITH what Gladneſs, therefore, and adoring Thankfulneſs, ſhould we "ſubmit to the Righteouſneſs "of our incarnate GOD;" and *receive*, as a Divine Gift, what cannot be *acquired* by Human Works*!— A Writer, of the firſt Diſtinction, and niceſt Diſcernment, ſtiles the Obedience of our glorious Surety, an *everlaſting Righteouſneſs*†. Such as was ſubject to no Interruption, nor obſcured by the leaſt Blemiſh; but proceeded always in the ſame uniform Tenour, of the moſt ſpotleſs Perfection.—This Righteouſneſs, in another Senſe, anſwers the Prophet's exalted Deſcription; as its beneficial and ſovereign Efficacy knows no End; but laſts through all our Life; laſts in the trying Hour of Death; laſts at the deciſive Day of Judgment; laſts through every Generation; and will laſt to all Eternity.

SOMETIMES, I have ſeen that reſplendent Globe *ſtript* of her *Radiance*; or, according to the emphatical Language of Scripture, "turned into Blood." The Earth, interpoſing with its opake Body, intercepted the ſolar Rays, and caſt its own gloomy Shadow on the Moon. The malignant Influence gained upon her ſickening Orb; extinguiſhed, more and more, the feeble Remainders of Light; till at length, like one in a *deep Swoon*, no Comelineſs was left in her Countenance; ſhe was totally overſpread with Darkneſs.—

* Rom. v. 17.—x. 3. † Dan. ix. 24.

At this Juncture, what a Multitude of Eyes were gazing upon the rueful Spectacle! Even of those Eyes, which disregarded the Empress of the Night; or beheld her with Indifference, when, robed in Glory, and riding in her triumphal Chariot, she shed a softer Day through the Nations. But now, under these Circumstances of Disgrace, they watch her Motions with the most *prying Attention*. In every Place, her Misfortune is the Object of general Observation; and the prevailing Topic of Discourse, in every Company.

Is it not thus, with regard to *Persons* of *Eminence*, in their respective Spheres! Kings, at the Head of their Subjects; Nobles, surrounded with their Dependents; and (after Names of so much Grandeur, may I be allowed to add?) Ministers, labouring among their People *; are each in a conspicuous Station. Their Conduct in its *minutest* Step, especially in any *Miscarriage*, will be narrowly surveyed, and critically scanned. Can there be a louder Call, to ponder the Paths of their Feet, and to be particularly jealous over all their Ways? —Those, who move in inferior Life, may grossly offend; and little Alarm be given; perhaps, no Notice taken. But it is not to be expected, that the least Slip in their Carriage, the least Flaw in their Character, will pass undiscovered. *Malice*, with her Eagle-Eyes, will be sure to discern them; while *Censure*, with her shrill Trumpet, will be as far from concealing them; as *Calumny*, with her treacherous Whispers, from extenuating them. A Planet may sink below the Horizon; or a Star, for several Months, withdraw its Shining; and scarce one in ten Thousand perceive the Loss. But, if the Moon suffers a transient Eclipse, almost half the World are Spectators of her Dishonour.

* *Ye are the Light of the World. A City that is set on an Hill, cannot be hid.* Matth. v. 14.

VERY

VERY different was the Caſe, when at this late Hour, I have taken a ſolitary Walk on the *Weſtern Cliffs*. At the Foot of the ſteep Mountain, the Sea, all clear and ſmooth, ſpread itſelf into an immenſe Plain, and held a watry Mirror to the Skies. Infinite Heights above, the Firmament ſtretched its azure Expanſe; beſpangled with unnumbered Stars, and adorned with the Moon, "walking in Brightneſs *." She ſeemed to contemplate herſelf, with a peculiar Pleaſure; while the *tranſparent Surface*, both received, and returned her *ſilver Image* Here, inſtead of being covered with Sack-cloth, ſhe ſhone with double Luſtre; or rather, with a Luſtre multiplied, in Proportion to the Number of Beholders, and their various Situations.

SUCH, methinks, is the Effect of an exemplary Behaviour, in Perſons of exalted Rank. Their Courſe, as it is nobly diſtinguiſhed, ſo it will be happily *influential*. Others will catch the diffuſive Ray; and be ambitious to reſemble a Pattern, ſo attracting; ſo commanding. Their amiable Qualities, will not terminate in themſelves: but we ſhall ſee them *reflected* from their Families; their Acquaintance; their Retainers. Juſt as we may now behold another Moon; trembling † in the Stream; glittering in the Canal; and diſplaying its lovely Impreſs, on every Collection of Waters.

THE Moon, Philoſophy ſays, is a Sort of *Sovereign* over the *great Deep*. Her Orb, like a Royal Sceptre, ſways the Ocean, and actuates the fluid Realms. It ſwells the Tides, and perpetuates the reciprocal Returns of Ebb and Flow. By which Means, the liquid Element purges off its Filth; and is preſerved, from being putrefied itſelf, and from poiſoning the World.—Is the Moon thus *operative* on the vaſt Abyſs? And

* Job xxxi. 26.

† *Splendet tremulo ſub Lumine Pontus:* VIRG.

ſhall not the Faith of eternal and infinite Delights to come, be equally efficacious on this Soul of mine?—Far above her argent Fields, are Treaſures of *Happineſs*, unſeen by mortal Eye; by mortal Ear unheard; and unconceived by any human Imagination. In that deſirable World, the moſt diſtinguiſhed and exalted *Honours* alſo are conferred; in Compariſon with which, the Thrones and Diadems of earthly Monarchs, are empty Pageants, and childiſh Toys.—Yonder Arch of Sapphire, with all its Spangles of Gold, is but the Floor of thoſe Divine Abodes. What then are the Apartments; what is the Palace? How bright with Glories; how rich with Bliſs?

O! YE Manſions of Bleſſedneſs; ye Beauties of my Father's Kingdom; which far outſhine theſe Lamps of the viſible Heaven; tranſmit your ſweet and winning Invitations to my Heart. *Attract* and *refine*, all my Affections. Withdraw them from *ſtagnating*, on the ſordid Shores of Fleſh; never ſuffer them to ſettle, upon the impure Lees of Senſe: but impreſs them with *Emotions* of reſtleſs Deſire, after ſublime and celeſtial Joys.—Joys, that will proceed, ſtill proceed in a copious and everlaſting Flow, when Seas ſhall ceaſe to roll:—Joys, that will charm every Faculty with unimaginable Pleaſure; when the Moon, with her waxing Splendors, ſhall chear our Sight no more.

ENOUGH for the preſent Evening. My Thoughts have been ſufficiently exerciſed, and my Steps begin to be attended with Wearineſs. Let me obey the Admonition of Nature; and give Reſpite to my Meditations, Slumber to my Eyes.—But ſtay.—Shall I retire to the Bed of Sleep, with as little Ceremony, and with as much Inattention, as the Brutes to their ſordid Lair? Are no *Acknowledgments* due to that Divine Being, who is the Support of my Life, and the Length of my Days? Have I no farther Need of his *protecting* Care; no more Occaſion

Occasion for the Blessings of Goodness?—*Lepidus*, perhaps, may laugh at the bended Knee; and have a thousand Darts of Raillery, ready to discharge on the Practice of Devotion. The Wits I know are unmercifully severe on, what *they* call, the Drudgery of Prayer, and the fantastical Rant of Praise. These they leave to the illiterate Labourer, and the mean Mechanic; or treat them, with a contemptuous Sneer, as the Parson's ignoble Trade.

Is it then an Instance of *superstitious* Blindness, to distinguish; or of *whimsical* Zeal, to celebrate; the most supereminent Excellency and Merit? Is it an *ungraceful* Business; or does it argue a *groveling* Disposition; to magnify Goodness, transcendently rich and diffusive?—What can be so truly becoming a *dependent State*, as to pay our adoring Homage, to the Author of all Perfection; and profess our devoted Allegiance, to the supreme almighty Governor of the Universe?—Can any thing more significantly bespeak an *ingenuous Temper*; or administer a more real Satisfaction to its finest Feelings; than the Exercises of penitential Devotion? By which we give Vent to an honest Anguish; or melt into filial Sorrow; for our Insensibility to the best of Friends, for our Disobedience to the best of Parents?—In a Word; can there be a more *sublime Pleasure*, than to dwell, in fixed Contemplation, on the Beauties of the Eternal Mind; the amiable Original of all that is fair, grand, and harmonious; the beneficent Giver of all that is convenient, comfortable, and useful?—Can there be a more *advantageous Employ*, than to present our Requests to the Father of Mercies; opening our Minds to the Irradiations of his Wisdom, and all the Faculties of our Souls to the Communications of his Grace?—It is strange, unaccountably strange, that the Notion of *Dignity* in Sentiment, and the Pursuit of

refined Enjoyment, ſhould ever be diſunited from Devotion. That Perſons, who make Pretenſions to an improved Taſte, and exalted Genius, ſhould neglect this moſt ennobling Intercourſe, with the wiſeſt and beſt of Beings; the inexhauſtible Source of Honour and Joy.

SHALL I be deterred, from approaching this Source of the pureſt Delight? Deterred, from purſuing this higheſt Improvement of my Nature? Deterred from all, by a *formidable* Banter; or confuted, by one *irrefragible* Smile?—No: let the Moon, in her reſplendent Sphere; and yonder Pole, with all its ſtarry Train; witneſs, if I be ſilent Even or Morn. If I refrain to kindle in my Heart and breathe from my Lips, the reaſonable Incenſe of Praiſe. Praiſe to that great and glorious GOD, who formed the Earth, and built the Skies; who poured from his Hand the watery World, and ſhed the all-ſurrounding Air abroad.—" Thou alſo madeſt " the Night, Maker Omnipotent! and Thou, the Day! " Which I, though leſs than the leaſt of all thy Mer- " cies, have paſſed in Safety, Tranquility, and Com- " fort.—When I was loſt in the Extravagance of " Dreams, or lay immerſed in the Inſenſibility of Sleep; " thy Hand recovered me from the temporary Lethar- " gy. Thy Hand ſet a new, a delicately fine Edge, " on all my blunted *Senſes*; and ſtrung my Sinews " with recruited Vigour. When my Thoughts were " benumbed and ſtupefied, thy quickening Influence " rouſed them into Activity; when they were diſcon- " certed and wild, thy regulating Influence reduced " them into Order. Refitting me at once, to reliſh " the innocent Entertainments of an *animal*, and to " enjoy the ſublime Gratifications of a *rational* Capa- " city.—When Darkneſs covered the Creation, at thy " Command, the *Sun* aroſe; painted the Flowers, and

" diſtin-

" diſtinguiſhed every Object; gave Light to my Feet, " and gave Nature, with all her beautiful Scenes, to " my Eye.—To Thee, O Thou GOD of my Strength, " I owe the *Continuance* of my Being, and the *Vivacity* " of my Conſtitution. By thy ſacred Order, without " any Conſciouſneſs of mine, the Wheels of Life move, " and the crimſon Fountain plays. *Over-ruled* by thy " exquiſite *Skill*, it transforms itſelf, by the niceſt Ope- " rations of an inexplicable kind of Chemiſtry, into " a Variety of the fineſt Secretions. Which glide into " the Muſcles, and ſwell them for Action; or pour " themſelves into the Fluids, and repair their inceſſant " Decays. Which cauſe Chearfulneſs to ſparkle in the " Eye, and Health to bloom in the Cheek.

" *DISASTROUS Accidents*, injurious to the " Peace of my Mind; or fatal to the Welfare of my " Body; beſet my Paths. But thy Faithfulneſs and " Truth, like an impenetrable Shield, guarded me all " around. Under this Divine Protection, I walked " ſecure, amidſt Legions of *apparent* Perils; and paſſed " unhurt, through a far greater Multiplicity of *unſeen* " Evils. Not one of my Bones was broken; not a " ſingle Shaft grazed upon my Eaſe; even when the " Eye that watched over me, ſaw, in its wide Survey, " *Thouſands falling beſide me*, in irrecoverable Ruin; " *and ten Thouſands* deeply wounded, *on my Right-hand.* " —If Sickneſs has, at any Time, ſaddened my Cham- " ber, or Pain harrowed my Fleſh; it was a *wholeſome* " Diſcipline, and a *gracious* Severity. The Chaſtiſe- " ment proved a ſovereign Medicine, to cure me of " an immoderate Fondneſs, for this imperfect trouble- " ſome State; and to quicken my Deſires, after the " unimbittered Enjoyments of my eternal Home.— " Has not thy Munificence, unwearied and unbound- " ed, ſpread my *Table*; and furniſhed it, with the " fineſt Wheat; repleniſhed it, with Marrow and Fat-

" ness? While Temperance sweetened the Bowl; Ap-
" petite seasoned the Dish; Contentment and Grati-
" tude crowned the Repast.—Has not thy Kindness,
" O God of the Families of *Israel*, preserved my af-
" fectionate *Relations*; who study, by their tender Of-
" fices, to soften every Care, and heighten every Joy?
" Has not thy Kindness given me valuable *Friends*;
" whose Presence is a Cordial, to chear me in a de-
" jected Hour; and whose Conversation, mingles Im-
" provement with Delight?

" When Sin lay disguised amidst flowery Scenes of
" Pleasure; enlightened by thy Wisdom, I *discerned*
" the latent Mischief; made resolute by thy Grace, I
" *shunned* the luscious Bane. If, through the Impulse
" of Sensuality, or the Violence of Passion, I have
" been hurried into the Snare, and stung by the Ser-
" pent; thy faithful Admonitions, have *recalled* the
" foolish Wanderer; while the Blood of thy Son, has
" *healed* his deadly Wounds.—Some, no Doubt, have
" been cut off in the Midst of their Iniquities; and
" transmitted, from the Thrillings of polluted Joy, to
" the Agonies of eternal Despair. Whereas, I have
" been distinguished by long-suffering Mercy; and,
" instead of lifting up my Eyes in Torments, to be-
" hold a Heaven irrecoverably lost; I may lift them up
" under the pleasing views of being admitted, ere long,
" into those Abodes of endless Felicity.—In the mean
" Time, Thou hast vouchsafed me the *Revelation* of
" thy Will; the Influences of thy *Spirit*; and Abun-
" dance of the most effectual *Aids*, for advancing in
" Knowledge, and growing in Godliness: for be-
" coming more conformable to thy image, and more
" meet for thy Presence: for tasting the Pleasures of
" Religion, and securing the Riches of Eternity.

" How various is thy Beneficence, O Thou Lover
" of Souls! It has unsealed a thousand Sources of

" Good; opened a thousand Avenues of Delight; " and heaped Blessings upon me, with a ceaseless Li- " berality. If I should attempt to declare them; they " would be more than the *starry* Host, which glitter in " this unclouded Sky; more than the *dewy* Gems, " which will adorn the Face of the Morning.

" AND shall I *forget* the GOD of my Salvation, " the Author of all my Mercies? Rather let my Pulse " forget to beat!—Shall I render Him *no* Expressions " of Thankfulness? Then might all Nature reproach " my Ingratitude.—Shall I rest satisfied with the *bare* " Acknowledgment of my Lips? No: let my Life be " vocal, and speak his Praise, in that only genuine, " that most emphatical Language—the Language of " devout Obedience. Let the *Bill* be drawn upon my " very Heart; let all my Affections *acknowledge* the " Draught; and let the whole Tenour of my Actions, " in Time and through Eternity, be continually *paying* " the Debt—the ever-pleasing, ever-growing Debt of " Duty, Veneration, and Love.

" AND can I, O Thou Guide of my Goings, and " Guardian of all my Interests—can I *distrust* such " signal, such experienced Goodness? *Thou hast been* " *my Helper*, thro' all the busy Scenes of Day: *there-* " *fore, under the Shadow of thy Wings* will I repose my- " self, during the Darkness, the Danger, and Death- " like Inactivity of the Night. Whatever Defilement " I have contracted, wash it thoroughly away, in re- " deeming Blood; and let neither the sinful Stain, " nor the sinful Inclination, accompany me to my " Couch!—Then, shall *I lay me down in Peace, and* " *take my Rest*; chearfully referring it to thy all-wise " Determination, whether I shall open my Eyes in " *this* World, or awake in the unknown Regions of " *another*."

CON-

CONTEMPLATIONS

ON THE

STARRY HEAVENS.

There dwells a noble Pathos *in the Skies,*
Which warms our Passions, proselytes our Hearts.
How eloquently shines *the glowing Pole!*
With what Authority it gives its Charge,
Remonstrating great Truths *in Stile sublime!*
Night-Thoughts, N° IX.



CONTEMPLATIONS

ON THE

STARRY HEAVENS.

THIS Evening, I exchange the nice Retreats of Art, for the noble Theatre of Nature. Instead of measuring my Steps, under the *Covert* of an Arbour; let me range along the *Summit*, of this gently rising Hill.—There is no Need of the leafy Shade, since the Sun has quitted the Horizon, and with-drawn his scorching Beams. But see, how Advantages and Inconveniencies are usually linked, and chequer our Affairs below! If the *annoying Heat* ceases, the *Landscape*, and its pleasing Scenes, are also removed.—The majestic Castle, and the lowly Cottage, are vanished together. I have lost the aspiring Mountain, and its russet Brow; I look round, but to no Purpose, for the humble Vale, and its flowery Lap. The Plains whitened with Flocks, and the Heath yellow with Furze, disappear. The advancing Night has wrapt in Darkness the long extended Forest; and drawn her Mantle, over the Windings of the silver Stream. I no longer behold that luxuriant Fertility in the Fields; that wild Magnificence of Prospect, and endless Variety

of Images; which have ſo often touched me with Delight, and ſtruck me with Awe, from this commanding Eminence.

THE Loſs, however, is ſcarcely to be regretted; ſince it is amply compenſated, by the opening Beauties of the Sky. Here I enjoy a free View of the whole Hemiſphere; without any Obſtacle from below, to confine the exploring Eye; or any Cloud from above, to overcaſt the ſpacious Concave. 'Tis true; the lively Vermillion, which ſo lately ſtreaked the Chambers of the Weſt, is all faded.. But the *Planets*, one after another, light up their Lamps; the *Stars* advance in their glittering Train; a Thouſand and a Thouſand Luminaries, ſhine forth in ſucceſſive Splendors; and the whole Firmament is kindling into the moſt beautiful Glow. The Blueneſs of the Æther, heightened by the Seaſon of the Year, and ſtill more enlivened by the *Abſence* of the *Moon*, gives thoſe Gems of Heaven the ſtrongeſt Luſtre.

ONE Pleaſure more, the invading Gloom has not been able to ſnatch, from my Senſe. The Night rather improves, than deſtroys, the Fragrance which exhales from the *blooming Beans*. With theſe, the Sides of the ſloping Declivity are lined; and with theſe, the balmy Zephyrs perfume their Wings. Does *Arabia*, from all her ſpicy Groves, breathe a more liberal, or a more charming Gale of Sweets? And, what is a peculiar Recommendation of the rural Entertainments, preſented in our happy Land, they are alloyed by no Apprehenſions of Danger. No poiſonous Serpent, lurks under the Bloſſom; nor any ravenous Beaſt, lies ready to ſtart from the Thicket.—But, I wander from a far more exalted Subject. My Thoughts, like my Affections, are too eaſily diverted from the Heavens, and detained by inferior Objects. Away, my Atten-

tion, from these little Blandishments of the Earth; since all the *Glories* of the *Sky* invite thy Regard.

WE have taken a Turn among the *Tombs*, and viewed the solemn Memorials of the Dead: in order to learn the Vanity of mortal Things, and to break their soft Inchantment.—We have surveyed the *Ornaments* of the *Garden*; not that the Heart might be planted in the Parterre, or take Root among the flowery Race: but that these Delicacies of a Day, might teach us to aspire after a better Paradise; where Beauty never fades, and Delight is ever in the Bloom.—A Third Time we lighted the Candle of Meditation; and sought for Wisdom, not in the crouded City, or wrangling Schools, but in the silent and lonely *Walks* of antient *Night* *.—Let us once more indulge the contemplative Vein, and raise our Speculations to those *sublimer Works* of the great Creator; which the Regions of the Sky contain, and this dusky Hour unveils †.

IF we have discerned the Touches of his Pencil, glowing in the Colours of Spring; if we have seen a Sample of his Beneficence, exhibited in the Stores of Nature; and a Ray of his Brightness, beaming in the Blaze of Day; what an infinitely richer Field for the Display of his Perfections, are the Heavens! The *Heavens*, in the most emphatical Manner, declare the Glory of GOD. The Heavens are nobly eloquent of the Deity, and the most magnificent Heralds of their Maker's Praise. They speak to the whole Universe;

* Referring to the several Subjects of the Three preceding Essays.

† Night opes the *noblest Scenes*, and sheds an Awe,
Which gives those venerable Scenes full Weight,
And deep Reception in th' entender'd Heart.
Night-Thoughts, N° IX.

for there is neither Speech so *barbarous*, but their Language is understood; nor Nation so *distant*, but their Voices are heard among them *.—Let me then, in this solemn Season, formed for Thought, and a calm Intercourse with Heaven; let me listen to their silent Lectures. Perhaps, I may receive such impressive Manifestations of "the eternal Power and Godhead," as may *shed Religion* on my Soul, while I walk the solitary Shades; and may be a tutelary *Friend* to my *Virtue*, when the Call of Business, and the Return of Light, expose me again to the Inroads of Temptation.

THE *Israelites*, instigated by Frenzy rather than Devotion, worshipped the Host of Heaven. And the Pretenders to *judicial Astrology* talk of, I know not what, mysterious Efficacy; in the different Aspect of the Stars, or the various Conjunction and Opposition of the Planets.—Let those, who are unacquainted with the sure Word of Revelation, give ear to these Sons of Delusion, and Dealers in Deceit. For my Part, it is a Question of Indifference to me, whether the Constellations shone with Smiles, or loured in Frowns, on the Hour of my Nativity. Let CHRIST be my *Guard*; and, secure in such a Protection, I would laugh at their impotent Menaces. Let CHRIST be my *Guide*; and I shall scorn to ask, as well as despair of receiving, any predictory Information from such senseless Masses.—What! shall "the Living seek to the Dead †?" Can these Bodies advertise me of future Events, which are unconscious of their own Existence? Shall I have Recourse to dull unintelligent Matter, when I may apply to that all-wise Being; who, with one comprehensive Glance, distinctly views whatever is lodged in the Bosom of Immensity, or forming in the Womb of Futurity?

* Psal. xix. 3. † Isa. viii. 19.

turity?—Never, never will I search for any Intimations of my *Fate*; but often trace my Creator's *Footsteps* *, in yonder starry Plains. In the former Case, they would be Teachers of Lyes; in the latter, they are Oracles of Truth. In this therefore, this Sense only, I profess myself the Pupil of the Stars.

THE Vulgar, are apprehensive of nothing more, than a Multitude of *bright Spangles*, dropt over the æthereal Blue. They have no higher Notion of these fine Appearances, than that they are so many *golden Studs*, with which the Empyrean Arch is decorated.—But studious Minds, that carry a more accurate and strict Inquiry among the celestial Bodies, bring back Advices of a most astonishing Import. Let me just recollect the most material of those *stupendous Discoveries*; in order to furnish out proper Subjects for Contemplation. And let the Unlearned remember, That the Scene I am going to display, is the Workmanship of that in-

* "It is most becoming (says a great Author) such imperfect "Creatures as we are, to contemplate the Works of GOD, with "*this* Design that we may discern the Manifestations of Wisdom "in them; and thereby excite in ourselves those devout Affec"tions, and that superlative Respect, which is the very Essence "of Praise, as it is a reasonable and moral Service." ABERNETHY *on the Attributes*.—And, indeed, if we are sincerely disposed to employ ourselves in this excellent, this delightful Duty of praising the infinite Creator; the *Means*, and the *Motives*, are both at hand. His Works, in a wonderful and instructive Variety, present themselves; with pregnant Manifestations of the most transcendent Excellencies of their Maker. They pour their Evidence from all Quarters, and into all the Avenues of the Mind. They invite us, especially in the magnificent System of the Universe, to contemplate—*Counsel*, consummately wise; and *Execution*, inimitably perfect:—*Power*, to which nothing is impossible; and *Goodness*, which extendeth to All, which endureth for ever.—To give, not a full Display, but only some *slight Strictures*, of these glorious Truths, is the principal Scope of the following Remarks.

comprehensible God, who is "perfect in Knowledge, "and mighty in Power." Whose Name, whose Nature, and all whose Operations, are "great and mar"vellous." Who summons into Being, with equal Ease, a single Grain, or ten thousand Worlds.—To this if we continually advert, the Assertions, though they will certainly excite our *Admiration*, need not transcend our Belief.

The Earth is, in Fact, a round Body; however it may seem, in some Parts, to be sunk into Vales, and raised into Hills *; in other Parts, to be spread into a spacious Plain, extending to the Confines of the Heavens, or terminated by the Waters of the Ocean.—We may fancy, that it has deep Foundations, and rests upon some prodigiously solid Basis. But it is *pendent*, in the wide transpicuous Æther; without any visible Cause, to uphold it from above, or support it from beneath.—It may seem to be sedentary in its Attitude, and motionless in its Situation. But it is continually *sailing* †,

* A learned Writer, I think, Dr. *Derham*, has somewhere an Observation to this Purpose—That the loftiest *Summits* of Hills, and the most enormous *Ridges* of Mountains, are no real Objection to the *globular* or round Form of the Earth. Because, however they may render it, to our limited Sight, vastly uneven and protuberant; yet, they bear no more Proportion to the *intire* Surface of the terraqueous Ball, than a *Particle* of Dust, casually dropt on the Mathematician's Globe, bears to its whole Circumference. Consequently, the rotund Figure is no more destroyed in the former Case, than in the latter.—On the same Principle, I have not thought it necessary, to take any Notice of the comparatively small Difference, between the *Polar* and *Equatorial* Diameter of the Earth.

† With what amazing *Speed*, this Vessel (if I may carry on the Allusion,) filled with a Multitude of Nations, and freighted with all their Possessions, makes her Way through the ethereal Space, see Page 329, in Note.

thro'

thro' the Depths of the Sky; and in the Space of Twelve Months, finishes the mighty Voyage. Which periodical Rotation, produces the Seasons, and compleats the Year.—As it proceeds in the annual Circuit, it *spins* upon its own *Centre*; and turns its Sides, alternately to the Fountain of Light. By which means, the *Day* dawns in one Hemisphere; while the Night succeeds in the other. Without this Expedient, one Part of its Regions would, during half the great Revolution, be scorched with excessive Heat, or languish under an unintermitted Glare: while the other, exposed to the contrary Extremes, would be frozen to Ice, and buried under a long Oppression of dismal and destructive Darkness.

I CANNOT forbear taking notice; that, in this compound Motion of the Earth, the one never *interferes* with the other, but both are perfectly *compatible*. Is it not thus, with the Precepts of Religion, and the needful Affairs of the present Life; not excepting even the innocent Gratifications of our Appetites?—Some, I believe, are apt to imagine, that they must renounce Society, if they devote themselves to CHRIST; and abandon all the Satisfactions of *this* World, if they once become zealous Candidates for the Felicity of *another*.—But this is a very mistaken Notion, or else a very injurious Representation, of the Doctrine which is according to Godliness. It was never intended to drive Men into Desarts; but to lead them, through the peaceful and pleasant Paths of Wisdom, into the blissful Regions of Life eternal. It was never intended to strike off the Wheels of Business, or cut in sunder the Sinews of Industry; but rather, to make Men industrious from a Principle of *Conscience*, not from the Instigations of *Avarice*; that so, they may promote their immortal Happiness, even while they provide for their temporal Maintenance. It has no Design to extirpate

our Passions, but only to restrain their Irregularities; neither would it extinguish the Delights of Sense, but prevent them from evaporating into Vanity, and subsiding into Gall.—A Person may be chearful among his Friends, and yet joyful in GOD. He may taste the Sweets of his earthly Estate; and, at the same Time, cherish his Hopes of a nobler Inheritance in Heaven. The *Trader* may prosecute the Demands of Commerce, without neglecting to negociate the Affairs of his Salvation. The *Warrior* may wear his Sword; may draw, in a just Cause, that murderous Weapon; yet be a good Soldier of JESUS CHRIST, and obtain the Crown that fadeth not away. The *Parent* may lay up a competent Portion for his Children, and not forfeit his Title to the Treasures, either of Grace or of Glory.—So far is Christianity, from obstructing any valuable Interest, or with-holding any real Pleasure; that it improves the one, and advances the other. Just as the diurnal and annual Motions, are so far from *clashing*, that they intirely *accord*; and, instead of being destructive of each other, by mutually blending their Effects, they give Proportion and Harmony to Time, Fertility and innumerable Benefits to Nature.

To Us, who dwell on its Surface, the Earth is by far the *most extensive* Orb; that our Eyes can, any-where, behold. It is also cloathed with Verdure; distinguished by Trees; and adorned with a Variety of beautiful Decorations. Whereas, to a Spectator placed on one of the Planets, it wears an uniform Aspect; looks all luminous, and *no larger* than a Spot. To Beings, who dwell at still greater Distances, it intirely disappears. — That which we call, alternately, the Morning and the Evening-Star; as in one Part of her Orbit, she rides foremost in the Procession of Night; in the other, ushers in and anticipates the Dawn; is a

planetary

planetary World. Which, with the four others, that so wonderfully vary their mystic Dance, are in themselves dark Bodies, and shine only by Reflexion: have Fields, and Seas, and Skies, of their own: are furnished with all Accommodations for *animal* Subsistence, and are supposed to be the Abodes of *intellectual* Life. All which, together with this our earthly Habitation, are dependent on that grand Dispenser of divine Munificence, the Sun; receive their Light from the Distribution of his Rays, and derive their Comforts from his benign Agency.

THE *Sun*, which seems to perform its daily Stages through the Sky, is, in this respect *, *fixed* and immoveable. 'Tis the great Axle of Heaven, about which the Globe we inhabit, and other more spacious Orbs, wheel their stated Courses.—The Sun, though seemingly *smaller* than the *Dial* it illuminates, is abundantly *larger* † than this whole *Earth*; on which so many lofty Mountains rise, and such vast Oceans roll. A Line, extending from Side to Side, through the Centre of that resplendent Orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand Miles: a Girdle, formed to go round its Circumference, would require a Length of Millions: were its solid Contents to be estimated, the Account would over-whelm our Understanding, and be almost beyond the Power of Language to express ‡.—Are we startled at these Reports of Philosophy?

* I say, *in this respect*; that I may not seem to forget, or exclude, the Revolution of the Sun round its own Axis.

† A hundred thousand Times, according to the *lowest* Reckoning. Sir ISAAC NEWTON computes the Sun to be 900,000 Times bigger than the Earth. *Religious Philosopher*, p. 749.

‡ Dr. DERHAM, after having calculated the Dimensions of the Planets, adds; "Amazing as these Masses are, they are all far "outdone by that stupendous Globe of Light, the Sun; which as "it

phy? Are we ready to cry out, in a Tranſport of Surprize? How *mighty* is the Being, who kindled ſuch a prodigious Fire; and keeps alive, from Age to Age, ſuch an enormous Maſs of Flame!—Let us attend our philoſophic Guides, and we ſhall be brought acquainted with Speculations, more inlarged and more amazing.

THIS Sun, with all its attendant Planets, is but a very little Part of the grand Machine of the Univerſe. Every *Star*, though, in Appearance, no bigger than the Diamond, that glitters upon a Lady's Ring; is really a *vaſt Globe*, like the Sun in Size, and in Glory; no leſs ſpacious, no leſs luminous, than the radiant Source of our Day. So that every Star is, not barely a World, but the *Centre* of a magnificent Syſtem; has a Retinue of Worlds, irradiated by its Beams, and revolving round its attractive Influence. All which are loſt, to our Sight, in unmeaſurable Wilds of Æther.—That the Stars appear like ſo many diminutive, and ſcarce diſtinguiſhable *Points*, is owing to their immenſe and inconceivable Diſtance. Immenſe and inconceivable indeed it is; ſince a Ball, ſhot from the loaded Cannon, and flying with unabated Rapidity, muſt travel, at this impetuous Rate, almoſt ſeven hundred thouſand Years *, before it could reach the *neareſt* of thoſe twinkling Luminaries.

CAN any Thing be more wonderful, than theſe Obſervations? Yes: There are Truths, far more ſtupendous; there are Scenes, far more extenſive. As there

" it is the Fountain of Light and Heat, to all the Planets about it, " ſo doth it far ſurpaſs them all in its Bulk: Its apparent Diameter " being computed at 822,148 *Engliſh* Miles, its Ambit at 2,582,873 " Miles, and its ſolid Contents at 290,971,000,000,000,000." *Aſtro-Theol.* Book I. Chap. II.

* See *Religious Philoſopher*, p. 819.

In

is no End of the Almighty Maker's Greatness; so no Imagination can set Limits to his creating Hand.—Could you soar beyond the Moon, and pass through all the planetary Choir: could you wing your Way to the highest apparent Star, and take your Stand on one of those loftiest Pinacles of Heaven: you would, there, see *other Skies* expanded; *another Sun*, distributing his inexhaustible Beams by Day, *other Stars*, that gild the Horrors of the alternate Night: and *other* *, perhaps nobler *Systems*, established; established, in unknown Profusion, through the boundless Dimensions of Space.—Nor does the Dominion of the universal Sovereign terminate *there*. Even at the End of this vast Tour, you would find yourself advanced no farther, than the Suburbs of Creation; arrived only at the Frontiers of the great JEHOVAH's Kingdom †.

AND do they tell me; That the Sun, the Moon, and all the Planets, are but a little Part of HIS Works? *How*

* See *Astro Theology*, Book II. Chap. II.————Where the Author, having assigned various Reasons to support this Theory of our *modern Astronomers*, adds—"Besides the fore mentioned strong "Probabilities, we have this farther Recommendation of such an "Account of the Universe, that it is far *more* magnificent and "worthy of the infinite *Creator*, than any other of the narrower "Schemes."

† *Job*, after a most beautiful Dissertation, on the mighty Works of GOD, as they are distributed through universal Nature, from the Heights of Heaven, to the very Depths of Hell; closes the magnificent Account with this Acknowledgment, *lo! these are Parts of his Ways*. Or, as the original Word more literally signifies, and may, I think, be more elegantly rendered; These are only *the Skirts*, the very outermost Borders of his Works. No more than a small Preface to the immense Volume of the Creation.—From the *Hebrew* קצות *Extremitates*, I cannot forbear thinking, on the extreme and very attenuated *Fibres* of the Root, when compared with the whole Substance of the *Trunk*; or on the exquisitely small Size of the *capillary* Vessels, when compared with the whole Structure of the Body. *Job* xxvi. 14.

great,

great, then, *are his Signs! And how mighty are his Wonders* *!—And if ſo, what is the CREATOR Himſelf! How far exalted above all Praiſe! Who is ſo *high*; that He looks down on the higheſt of theſe dazling Spheres, and ſees even the Summit of Creation in a Vale: ſo *great*, that this prodigious Extent of Space, is but a Point in his Preſence; and all this Confluence of Worlds, as the lighteſt Atom, that fluctuates in Air, and ſports in the meridian Ray †.

THOU moſt ſublime and incomprehenſibly glorious GOD, how am I overwhelmed with Awe! How ſunk into the loweſt Proſtration of Mind! When I conſider thy "*excellent Greatneſs*," and my own utter Inſignificancy!—And have I, exceſſively mean as I am, have I entertained any *conceited Apprehenſions* of myſelf? Have I felt the leaſt Elatement of Thought, in the Preſence

* Dan. iv. 3.

† This puts me in mind of a very fine Remark on a ſcriptural Beauty; and a ſolid Correction of the common Tranſlation; made by that learned, ſagacious, and devout Expoſitor *Vitringa*.—Iſa. xl. 15. We find it written of the Supreme Being, That *he taketh up the Iſles as a very little Thing*. Which, our Critic obſerves, is neither anſwerable to the Import of the Original, nor conſonant to the Structure of the Diſcourſe. The Prophet had no Intention to inform Mankind, what the Almighty could *do*, with regard to the Iſlands, if he pleaſed to exert uncontroulable Power. His Deſign was to ſhew, how inſignificant, or rather what mere Nothings *they are*, in his Eſteem, and before his Majeſty.—The Iſlands, ſays he, though ſo *ſpacious*, as to afford Room for the Erection of Kingdoms, and the Abode of Nations; though ſo *ſtrong*, as to withſtand, for many Thouſands of Years, the raging and reiterated Aſſaults of the whole watry World; are yet, before the adored JEHOVAH, *ſmall* as the minuteſt Grain, which the Eye can ſcarce diſcern; *light* as the feathered Mote, which the leaſt Breath hurries away like a Tempeſt.—איים כדק יטול *Inſulæ ſunt ut leve quid, quod avolat. The* deep-rooted *Iſlands are as the volatile Atom, which*, by the gentleſt Undulations of the Air, *is wafted to and fro in perpetual Agitation*.

of

of ſo majeſtic and adorable a Being? How ſhould this wound me with Sorrow, and cover me with Confuſion! —O my GOD, was I poſſeſſed of all the *high Perfections*, which accompliſh and adorn the Angels of Light; amidſt all theſe noble Endowments, I would fall down in the *deepeſt Abaſement* at thy Feet. Loſt in the infinitely ſuperior Blaze of thy uncreated Glories; I would confeſs myſelf, to be Nothing; to be leſs than Nothing, and Vanity.—How much more ought I to maintain the moſt unfeigned Humiliation, before thy Divine Majeſty; who am not only Duſt and Aſhes, but a Compound of Ignorance, Imperfection, and Depravity!

WHILE, beholding this vaſt Expanſe, I learn my own extreme Meanneſs; I would alſo diſcover the abject Littleneſs of all *terreſtrial Things*.—What is the Earth, with all her oſtentatious Scenes, compared with this aſtoniſhingly grand Furniture of the Skies? What, but a dim *Speck*, hardly perceivable in the Map of the Univerſe? It is obſerved, by a very judicious Writer*, That if the Sun himſelf, which enlightens this Part of the Creation, was extinguiſhed; and all the Hoſt of planetary Worlds, which move about him, were annihilated; they would not be miſſed, by an Eye that can take in the whole Compaſs of Nature, any more than a Grain of Sand upon the Sea Shore. The Bulk of which they conſiſt, and the Space which they occupy, is ſo exceedingly little in compariſon of the Whole; that their Loſs would ſcarce leave a Blank, in the Immenſity of GOD's Works.—If then, not our Globe only, but this whole Syſtem, be ſo very diminutive; what is a Kingdom, or a County? What are a few *Lordſhips*, or the ſo much admired *Patrimonies* of thoſe,

* Spect. Vol. VIII. N° 565.

who are ſtiled Wealthy *? When I meaſure them with my own little Pittance, they ſwell into proud and bloated Dimenſions. But, when I take the Univerſe for my Standard, how ſcanty is their Size, how contemptible their Figure! They ſhrink into *pompous Nothings* †.

WHEN the keen-eyed Eagle ſoars above all the feathered Race, and leaves their very Sight below: when ſhe wings her Way, with direct Aſcent, up the Steep of Heaven; and, ſteadily gazing on the meridian Sun, accounts its beaming Splendors all her own: Does ſhe then regard, with any Solicitude, the *Mote* that is flying in the Air, or the *Duſt* which ſhe ſhook from her Feet? And ſhall this eternal Mind, which is capable of contemplating its Creator's Glory; which is intended to enjoy the Viſions of his Countenance; ſhall this *eternal Mind*, endued with ſuch great Capacities, and made for ſuch exalted Ends, be ſo *ignobly ambitious*, as to ſigh for the Tinſels of State; or ſo *poorly covetous*, as to graſp after ample Territories on a Needle's Point?—No: under the Influence of ſuch Conſiderations I feel my Sentiments expand, and my Wiſhes acquire a Turn of Sublimity. My throbbing Deſires after worldly Grandeur, die away; and I find myſelf, if not poſſeſſed of Power, yet ſuperior to its Charms.—Too long, muſt I own, have my Affections been pinioned by Vanity, and immured in this earthly Clod. But theſe Thoughts break the *Shackles* ‡. Theſe Objects

* *Juvat inter ſidera vagantem divitum pavimenta ridere, & totam cum auro ſuo terram.* SEN.

† *Terrellæ grandia inania.* WAITS's Hor. Lyr.

‡ The Soul of Man was made to walk the Skies,
Delightful Outlet of her Priſon here!
There, diſincumber'd from her Chains, the Ties

Of

Objects open the Door of *Liberty*. My Soul, fired by such noble Prospects, weighs Anchor from this little Nook; and coasts no longer about its contracted Shores; dotes no longer on its painted Shells. The *Immensity* of Things, is her Range; and an *Infinity* of Bliss, is her Aim.

BEHOLD this immense Expanse, and admire the *Condescension* of thy GOD.—In this Manner, an inspired and princely Astronomer, improved his Survey of the nocturnal Heavens. *When I consider thy Heavens, even the Works of thy Fingers, the Moon and the Stars which Thou hast ordained*; I am smitten with Wonder at thy Glory, and cry out in a Transport of Gratitude, *LORD, what is Man, that Thou art mindful of him? or the Son of Man, that Thou visitest him**? "How "amazing, how charming, is that Divine Benignity, "which is pleased to bow down its sacred Regards, to "so foolish and worthless a Creature! Yea, disdains "not, from the Height of infinite Exaltation, to extend "its kind providential Care, to our most minute Con-"cerns!—This is amazing. But that the Everlasting "Sovereign should give his Son, to be made Flesh, "and become our Saviour! Shall I call it a *Miracle* of "condescending Goodness? Rather, What are all "Miracles, what are all Mysteries, to this ineffable "Gift!"

HAD the *brightest Archangel* been commissioned to come down, with the Olive-Branch of Peace in his Hand, signifying his Eternal Maker's Readiness to be reconciled; on our bended Knees, with Tears of Joy,

Of Toys terrestrial, she can rove at large;
There freely can respire, dilate, extend,
In full Proportion let loose all her Powers.
Night-Thoughts, N°. IX.

* Psal. viii. 3, 4.

and

and a Torrent of Thankfulneſs, we ought to have received the tranſporting News. But when, inſtead of ſuch an angelic Envoy, He ſends His *only-begotten Son*; his Son beyond all Thought illuſtrious, to make us the gracious Overture :—ſends Him from the "Habitation "of his Holineſs and Glory," to put on the *Infirmities* of Mortality, and dwell in a Tabernacle of Clay: —ſends Him, not barely to make us a tranſient Viſit, but to abide *many Years* in our inferior and miſerable World:—ſends Him, not to exerciſe Dominion over Monarchs, but to wear out his Life in the ignoble Form of a *Servant*; and, at laſt, to make his Exit under the infamous Character of a *Malefactor!* Was ever Love like this? Did ever Grace ſtoop ſo low *? —Should the Sun be ſhorn of all his radiant Honours, and degraded into a *Clod* of the Valleys; ſhould all the Dignitaries of Heaven be depoſed from their Thrones, and degenerate into *Inſects* of a Day; great, great would be the Abaſement. But *nothing* to Thine, moſt bleſſed JESUS; *nothing* to Thine, Thou Prince of Peace; when, for us Men, and for our Salvation, Thou

* This reminds me of a very noble Piece of *ſacred Oratory*, where, in a fine Series of the moſt beautiful Gradations, the Apoſtle diſplays the admirably condeſcending Kindneſs of our Saviour. —*He thought it no Robbery*, it was His indiſputable Right, *to be equal with* the infinite, ſelf-exiſtent, immortal *GOD*. *Yet*, in Mercy to Sinners, *He emptied Himſelf* of the incommunicable Honours, *and* laid aſide the Robes of incomprehenſible Glory.—When He entered upon His mediatorial State, inſtead of acting in the grand Capacity of univerſal Sovereign, He *took upon him the Form of a Servant*. And not the Form of thoſe miniſtering Spirits, whoſe Duty is Dignity itſelf; who are throned, though adoring.—He took not on him the Nature of Angels, but ſtooped incomparably lower. Aſſumed a Body of animated Duſt, *and was made in the Likeneſs of Men*; thoſe inferior *and* depraved Creatures.—Aſtoniſhing Condeſcenſion! but not ſufficient for the overflowing Richneſs of the Redeemer's Love. For, *being found in Faſhion as a Man*,

Thou didſt not abhor the coarſe Accommodations of the *Manger*; Thou didſt not decline even the gloomy Horrors of the *Grave*.

'TIS well, the ſacred Oracles have given this Doctrine, the moſt explicit Confirmation, and Evidence quite inconteſtable. Otherwiſe, a Favour ſo undeſerved, ſo unexpected, and rich beyond all Imagination, might ſtagger our Belief.—Could HE, who launches all theſe planetary Globes, through the illimitable Void; and leads them on, from Age to Age, in their extenſive Career; could HE reſign his Hands, to be *confined* by the girding Cord; and his Back to be *plowed*, by the bloody Scourge? Could HE, who crowns all the Stars with inextinguiſhable *Brightneſs*; be Himſelf defiled with *Spitting*, and disfigured with the thorny Scar? It is the greateſt of Wonders, and yet the ſureſt of Truths.

O! YE mighty Orbs, that roll along the Spaces of the Sky; I wondered, a little while ago, at your vaſt Dimenſions, and ample Circuits. But now my Amazement ceaſes; or rather, is intirely ſwallowed up by a much more ſtupendous Subject. Methinks, your enormous Bulk is ſhrivelled to an *Atom*; your prodigious Revolutions are contracted to a *Span*; while I muſe upon the far more elevated Heights, and unfathomable Depths; the infinitely more extended Lengths, and

Man, *He humbled Himſelf* farther ſtill. Occupied the loweſt Place, where all was low *and* ignoble. He not only ſubmitted to the Yoke of the Law, but alſo bore the Infirmities, and miniſtered to the Neceſſities of Mortals. He even waſhed the Feet of others, and had not where to lay his own Head.—Yea, He carried His meritorious Humiliation, to the very deepeſt Degrees of poſſible Abaſement. He *became obedient unto Death*—And not to a common or natural Death, but a Death more infamous than the Gibbet; more torturous than the Rack;—*even the* accurſed *Death of the Croſs*. Phil. ii. 6, 7, 8.

unlimited Breadths, *of* this *Love of GOD in CHRIST JESUS* *.

CONTEMPLATING this ſtately Expanſe, I ſee a Mirror, which repreſents, in the moſt awful Colours, the *Heinouſneſs* of human *Guilt.*—Ten thouſand Volumes; wrote on purpoſe, to diſplay the Aggravations of my various Acts of Diſobedience; could not ſo effectually convince me of their inconceivable Enormity, as the Conſideration of that *all-glorious Perſon* †; who, to make an Atonement for them, ſpilt the laſt Drop of his Blood.—*I have ſinned,* may every Child of *Adam* ſay; *and what ſhall I do unto Thee, O Thou Obſerver of Men* ‡? Shall I give my Firſt-born for my Tranſgreſſion, the Fruit of my Body for the Sin of my Soul? Vain Commutation! and ſuch as would be rejected by the bleſſed GOD, with the utmoſt Abhorrence.—Will all the *Potentates,* that ſway the Sceptre in a thouſand Kingdoms, devote their royal and honoured Lives, to reſcue an obnoxious Creature from the Stroke of Vengeance? Alas! it muſt coſt more, incomparably more, to expiate the Malignity of Sin, and ſave a guilty Wretch from Hell.—Will all the *Principalities* of *Heaven* be content to aſſume my Nature, and reſign themſelves to Death for my Pardon §? Even this, would be too

* Eph. iii. 18, 19.

† *Quo quiſque altius aſcendit in agnitione* CHRISTI, *eo profundius peccati atrocitatem cognoſcet.*

‡ *Job* vii. 20. Not *Preſerver,* as it ſtands in our Verſion, but *Obſerver of Men.* Which Phraſe, as it denotes the exact and inceſſant *Inſpection* of the divine Eye; as it intimates the abſolute Impoſſibility, that any Tranſgreſſion ſhould *eſcape* the divine Notice; is evidently moſt proper, both to aſſign the *Reaſon,* and heighten the *Emphaſis* of the Context.

§ MILTON ſets this Thought, in a very poetical and ſtriking Light.—All the Sanctities of Heaven, ſtand round the Throne of the

too mean a Satisfaction, for inexorable Justice; too scanty a Reparation, of GOD's injured Honour. So flagrant is human Guilt, that nothing, but a Victim of *infinite Dignity*, could constitute an adequate Propitiation.—*He* who said, "Let there be Light, and there was Light;" Let there be a Firmament, and immediately the blue Curtains floated in the Sky; *He* must take Flesh; HE must feel the fierce Torments of Crucifixion; and pour out his Soul in Agonies, if ever such Transgressors are pardoned.

the Supreme Majesty. GOD foresees and foretels the Fall of Man, the *Ruin*, which will unavoidably ensue on his Transgression, and the utter *Impossibility*, of his being able to extricate himself, from the Abyss of Misery.

He, with his whole Posterity, must die;
Die he, or Justice must, unless for Him
Some other able, and as willing pay
The rigid Satisfaction, Death for Death.

After which affecting Representation, intended to raise the most tender Emotions of Pity, the following Inquiry is addressed to all the surrounding Angels,

Say, heav'nly Powers, where shall we find such Love?
Which of you will be mortal, to redeem
Man's mortal Crime? and die, the Dead to save?
He ask'd, but all the heav'nly Choir stood mute,
And Silence was in Heav'n—

There is, to me at least, an inimitable Spirit and Beauty, in the last Circumstance.—That such an innumerable Multitude, of generous and compassionate Beings, should be struck *dumb* with Surprize and Terror, at the very Mention of *The deadly Forfeiture and Ransom set!* No *Language* is so eloquent as this *Silence*. Words could not possibly have expressed, in so emphatical a Manner, the *dreadful Nature* of the Task; the *absolute Inability* of any or all Creatures to execute it; the super-eminent and *matchless Love* of the Eternal Son, in undertaking the tremendous Work; not only without Reluctance, but unsought and unimplored; with Readiness, Alacrity, and Delight. *Paradise Lost*, Book III. Line 209. Edit. BENTL.

How vaſt is that Debt; which all the Wealth of both the *Indies* cannot diſcharge! How vitiated that habit of Body; which all the Drugs produced by Nature herſelf, cannot rectify! But how much more *ruined* was thy Condition, O my Soul! how much more *heinous* were thy Crimes! Since nothing leſs than the Sufferings and Death of Meſſiah, the Son of GOD, and radiant Image of his Glory, could effect thy Recovery, or cancel thy Iniquity.—Though, perhaps, thou art not ſunk ſo very deep in Pollution, as ſome of the moſt abandoned Profligates; yet remember the ineſtimable Ranſom, paid to redeem thee from everlaſting Deſtruction. Remember this; and "never open thy "Mouth any more *," either to *murmur* at the Divine Chaſtiſements, or to *glory* in thy own Attainments. Remember this; and even "*loath* thyſelf † for "the Multitude of thy Provocations," and thy great Baſeneſs.

ONCE more: Let me view this beautiful, this magnificent Expanſe; and conceive ſome juſter Apprehenſions, of the unknown Richneſs of my *Saviour's Atonement.*—I am informed by a Writer, who cannot miſtake, that the High-Prieſt of My Profeſſion, who was alſo the Sacrifice for my Sins, is *higher than the Heavens* ‡; more exalted in Dignity, more bright with Glory, than all the heavenly Manſions, and all their illuſtrious Inhabitants. If my Heart was humbled, at the Conſideration of its exceſſive Guilt; how do all my drooping Powers revive, at this delightful Thought? The poor Criminal that ſeemed to be *tottering* on the very Brink of the infernal Pit; is *raiſed*, by ſuch a Belief, even to the Portals of Paradiſe. My Self-abaſement, I truſt, will always continue; but my Fears,

* Ezek. xvi. 63. † Ezek. xxxvi. 31. ‡ Heb. vii. 26.

under

under the Influence of ſuch a Conviction, are quite gone *. I do not, I cannot doubt the Efficacy of this Propitiation. *While I ſee a* Glimpſe of its matchleſs Excellency; and *verily believe* myſelf, intereſted in its Merits; I know not what it is, to feel any miſgiving Suſpicions; but am ſtedfaſt in Faith, and joyful through Hope.

Be my Iniquities like Debts of Millions of Talents, here is more than full Payment for all that prodigious Sum. Let the Enemy of Mankind, and Accuſer of the Brethren, load me with Invectives; this one Plea, *A Divine Redeemer died*, moſt thoroughly quaſhes every Indictment. For, though there be much Turpitude, and manifold Tranſgreſſions, "there is no Condemna-"tion to thoſe that are in Christ Jesus."—Nay, were I chargeable with all the vileſt Deeds, which have been committed in every Age of the World, by every Nation of Men; even in this moſt deplorable

* I am ſorry to find, that ſome of my Readers were a little diſguſted at this Expreſſion, "*My Fears are quite gone.*" As thinking, it diſcovered a Tincture of Arrogance in the Writer, and tended to diſcourage the weak Chriſtian. But, I hope, a more mature Conſideration will acquit me, from *both* theſe Charges.—For, what has the Author ſaid? Only, that at ſome *peculiarly happy* Moments, when the Holy Ghoſt bears Witneſs of Christ in his Heart, and He is favoured with a Glimpſe of the Redeemer's matchleſs Excellency—that, in theſe *brighter Intervals* of Life, his trembling Fears, with regard to the deciſive Sentence of the great Tribunal, are turned into pleaſing Expectations. And what is there in ſuch a Declaration, offenſive to the *ſtricteſt* Modeſty, or diſpiriting to the *weakeſt* Believer? Inſtead of creating Diſcouragement, it points out the Way to obtain a ſettled Tranquility. Its natural Tendency is, to engage the ſerious Mind in a more conſtant and attentive Meditation, on the unknown Merits of the Divine MEDIATOR. And were we more *thoroughly* acquainted, more *deeply* affected, with his unutterable Dignity; I am perſuaded, our uneaſy Apprehenſions would *proportionably* vaniſh; our Faith be eſtabliſhed, our Hopes brightened, and our Joys inlarged.

Case, I need not sink into Despair. Even such Guilt, though grievous beyond all Expression, is not to be compared with that *Abundance* of *Grace* and Righteousness, which dwell in the incarnate Divinity.—How great, how transcendently glorious, are the *Perfections* of the adored JEHOVAH! So great, so superlatively precious, is the *Expiation* of the dying JESUS. 'Tis impossible for the human Mind, to *exalt* this Atonement *, too highly; 'tis impossible for the HUMBLE PENITENT, to *confide* in it, too steadily. The Scriptures, the Scriptures of eternal Truth, have said it (exult, my Soul, in the Belief of it!), that the Blood on which we rely, is GOD's *own Blood* †; and therefore all-sufficient to expiate, omnipotent to save.

DAVID, that egregious Sinner, but more exemplary Saint, seems to have been well acquainted with this comfortable Truth. What else can be the Import of that very remarkable, but most devout Declaration? *Thou shalt purge me* ‡ *with Hyssop, and I shall be clean:*

* This Doctrine, though rich with *Consolation* to the ruined Sinner; yet, is it not likely to open a Door for *Licentiousness*; and embolden Transgressors to prosecute their VICES?—No: It is the most powerful Motive to that genuine Repentance, which *flows* from an unfeigned Love of GOD; and *operates* in a hearty Detestation of all Sin. One, who knew the unmeasurable Goodness of the LORD, and was no Stranger to the sinful Perverseness of our Nature, says, *There is Mercy with Thee:* THEREFORE *shalt thou be feared.* Psal. cxxx. 4.—Words, full to my Purpose; which at once add the *highest* Authority to this Sentiment, and direct our Minds to its proper Influence, and due Improvement.

† Acts xx. 28.

‡ *Psal.* li. 7. *Thou shalt purge.* I prefer this Translation, before the new one. Because this speaks the Language of a more stedfast Belief, and gives the highest Honour to the Divine Goodness. Were the Words intended to bear no more than the common *petitionary* Sense; and not to be expressive of a noble *Plerophery* of Faith; they would rather have been—חטאני and כבסני *Imperatives*, not *Futures*.

thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than Snow.—"I
"have been guilty, I must confess, of the most compli-
"cated and shocking Crimes: Crimes, inflamed by
"every aggravating Circumstance, with regard to
"Myself, my Neighbour, and my GOD. *Myself*, who
"have been blessed above men, and the distinguished
"Favourite of Providence; *my Neighbour*, who, in the
"most dear and tender Interests, has been irreparably
"injured; *my GOD*, who might justly expect the
"most grateful Returns of Duty, instead of such
"enormous Violations of his Law. Yet, all horrid
"and execrable as *my Offence* is, it is nothing to the
"superabundant Merit of that *great Redeemer*, who was
"promised from the Foundations of the World; in
"whom all my Fathers trusted; who is the Hope of
"all the Ends of the Earth. Though my Conscience
"be more loathsome, with adulterous Impurity, than
"the *Dunghil*; though Treachery and Murder have
"rendered it even black as the Gloom of *Hell*; yet,
"washed in the 'Fountain opened for Sin and for
"Uncleanness *,' I shall be—I say not, pure only,
"this were a Disparagement to the Efficacy of my
"Saviour's Death; but I shall be fair as the *Lily*, and
"white as the *Snow*. Nay, let me not derogate from
"the glorous Object of my Confidence; cleansed by
"this sovereign sanctifying Stream, I shall be *fairer*
"than the full-blown Lily, *whiter* than the new-fallen
"Snows."

POWER, saith the Scripture, *belongeth unto GOD* †.—And in what majestic Lines, is this Attribute of JEHOVAH written, thoroughout the whole Volume of the Creation? Especially, through those magnificent Pages, unfolded in yonder starry Regions.

* Zech. xiii. 1. † Psal. lxii. 11.

Which are therefore ſtiled by the ſweet and ſeraphic Singer of *Iſrael*, "The Firmament of his Power *." Becauſe the grand *Exploits* of *Omnipotence* are there diſplayed, with the utmoſt Pomp; and recorded, in the moſt legible Characters.

WHO, that looks upward to the midnight Sky; and, with an Eye of Reaſon, beholds its rolling Wonders; who can forbear enquiring, Of *what* were thoſe mighty Orbs *formed?*—Amazing to relate! They were produced without Materials. They ſprung from Emptineſs itſelf. The ſtately Fabric of univerſal Nature emerged out of *Nothing*.—What *Inſtruments* were uſed by the Supreme Architect, to faſhion the Parts with ſuch exquiſite Niceneſs, and give ſo beautiful a Poliſh to the whole? How was all connected into one finely-proportioned, and nobly-finiſhed Structure?—A *bare Fiat* accompliſhed all. LET THEM BE, ſaid GOD. He added no more; and immediately the marvellous Edifice aroſe; adorned with every Beauty; diſplaying innumerable Perfections and declaring, amidſt enraptured Seraphs, its great Creator's Praiſe. "By the "*Word* of the LORD were the Heavens made, and all "the Hoſt of them by the *Breath* of his Mouth †."—What

* Pſal. cl. 1.

† If this Thought is admitted a Second Time, and ſuffered to ennoble the next Paragraph; it is partly, becauſe of its unequalled *Sublimity*; partly, becauſe it awakens the moſt *grand* Idea of creating Power; and partly, becauſe the Practice of the *Pſalmiſt*, an an Authority too great to be controverted, is my Precedent. The beautiful Stanza quoted from *Pſal.* xxxiii. 6. is a Proof, how thoroughly the Royal Poet entered into the Majeſty of the *Moſaic* Narration. The Repetition of the Sentiment, *ver.* 9, intimates, how peculiarly he was charmed, with that *noble Manner*, of deſcribing the Divine Operations. While the Turn of his own Compoſition ſhews, how perfectly he poſſeſſed the ſame *elevated Way* of thinking. And this, long before *Longinus* wrote the celebrated Treatiſe, which

What forceful Machinery *fixed* ſome of thoſe ponderous Globes, on an immoveable Baſis? What irreſiſtible Impulſe *bowl'd* others, through the Circuit of the Heavens? What coerſive Energy *confined* their impetuous Courſes, within Limits aſtoniſhingly large, yet moſt minutely true?—Nothing but his *ſovereign Will.* For all Things were at firſt conſtituted, and all to this Day abide, according to his Ordinance.

WITHOUT any toilſome Aſſiduity or laborious Proceſs, to—raiſe—to touch—to *ſpeak* ſuch a Multitude of immenſe Bodies into Being—to *launch* them through the Spaces of the Sky, as an Arrow from the Hand of a Giant—to impreſs on ſuch *unwieldy* Maſſes a Motion, far out-ſtripping the Swiftneſs of the winged Creation *—and to *continue* them in the ſame rapid Whirl, for Thouſands and Thouſands of Years—What an amazing Inſtance of infinite Might is this!—Can any thing be impoſſible to the LORD, the LORD GOD; the Creator and Controuler, of all the Ends of the Earth all the Regions of the Univerſe? Rather, is not all that we count *difficult*, perfect Eaſe to that glorious

which has taught the Heathen, as well as the Chriſtian World, to admire the *Dignity* of the *Jewiſh* Legiſlator's Stile. *Vid.* LONGIN. *de Sublim.* Sect. IX

* To give one Inſtance of this Remark.—The Earth, in the diurnal Revolution, which it performs on its own Axis, *whirls about* at the Rate of above a Thouſand Miles an Hour. And as the great Orbit, which it deſcribes annually round the Sun, is reckoned at 540 Millions of Miles, it muſt *travel* near a Million and Half, each Day.—What a *Force* muſt be requiſite, to protrude ſo vaſt a Globe; and wheel it on, loaded as it is with huge Mountains, and ponderous Rocks, at ſuch a prodigious Degree of Rapidity! It ſurpaſſes human Conception!—How natural, how pertinent, how almoſt neceſſary, after ſuch an Obſervation, is the Acknowledgement made by holy *Job! I know that* THOU *canſt do every thing, and that no Thought*, no imaginable Scheme, *can be withholden from thee*, can lie beyond thy Power to execute. Chap. xlii. 2.

Being.

Being, who only ſpake, and the World was made *? Who only gave Command, and the ſtupendous Axle was lodged faſt, the lofty Wheels moved complete?—What a ſure Defence, O my Soul, is this everlaſting Strength of thy GOD! Be this thy continual *Refuge*, in the Article of Danger; this thy never-failing *Reſource*, in every Time of Need.

WHAT cannot this uncontroulable Power, of the great JEHOVAH, effect for his People? Be their Miſeries ever ſo galling, cannot this GOD relieve them? Be their Wants ever ſo numerous, cannot this GOD ſupply them? Be their Corruptions within, ever ſo inveterate; or their Temptations without, ever ſo importunate; cannot this mighty, mighty GOD ſubdue the former, and fortify them againſt the latter?—Should *Trials*, with an inceſſant Vehemence, ſift thee as Wheat; ſhould *Tribulation*, with a Weight of Woes, almoſt grind thee to Powder; ſhould *Pleaſure* with her bewitching Smiles, ſolicit thee to delicious Ruin; yet "hold thee faſt by GOD," and lay thy Help upon Him, that is omnipotent †. Thou canſt not be involved

* Pſal. xxxiii. 9.

† It is a moſt charming Deſcription, as well as a moſt comfortable Promiſe, which we find in *Iſa.* xl. 29, 30, 31.—*He giveth Power to the Feeble; and to them that have no Might* at all, *He* not only imparteth, but *increaſeth Strength*; making it to abound, where it did not ſo much as exiſt.—Without this Aid of JEHOVAH, *even the Youths*, amidſt the very Prime of their Vigour and Activity, *ſhall become languid* in their Work, *and weary* in their Courſe. *And the young Men*, to whoſe Reſolution and Abilities nothing ſeemed impracticable, *ſhall* not only not ſucceed, but *utterly fall*, and miſcarry in their various Enterprizes—*Whereas, they that wait upon the LORD*, and confide in his Grace, ſhall preſs on, with a generous Ardor, from one Degree of religious Improvement to another. Inſtead of exhauſting, they *ſhall renew their Strength*; Difficulties

volved in such calamitous Circumstances, or exposed to such imminent Peril; but thy GOD, whom thou servest, is able to deliver thee from the one, and to support thee under the other.—To *support!* to *deliver!* Let me not dishonour the unlimited Greatness of his Power. He is able to exalt Thee, from the deepest Distress, to the most triumphant Joy; and to make even a Complication of Evils, work together for thy everlasting Good. *He is able*, not only to accomplish what I have been speaking, but *to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask, or think* *.

O!

Difficulties shall animate, and Toil invigorate them. *They shall mount up*, as *with* soaring *Wings*, above all Opposition; they shall be carried through every Discouragement, *as Eagles* cleave the yielding Air. *They shall run*, with Speed and Alacrity, the Way of GOD's Commandments, *and not be weary: They shall hold on*, (ילכו *progredientur, carpent iter*) with Constancy and Perseverance, in those peaceful Paths, *and not faint*; but arrive at the End of their Progress, and receive the Prize of their High Calling.

To this most chearing Doctrine, permit me to add its no less beautiful and delightful *Contrast*. *Eliphaz*, speaking of the Enemies of the Righteous, says—כא נכחד קימנו—which is rendered by a great Critic in sacred Learning, *Nihil excisum factio nobis adversaria*—We should reckon, our Language acquitted itself tolerably well, if, when depreciating the Abilities of an Adversary, it should represent them weak as the *scorched Thread*, feeble as the *dissolving Smoke*. But these are cold Forms of Speech, compared with the Eloquence of the East. According to the Genius of our Bible, *All the Power that opposes the Godly, is* a mere Nothing; or, to speak with a more emphatical Air of Contempt, *a destroyed, an extirpated Nothing*.—Admire this Expression, ye that are charmed with daring Images, and (what *Tully* calls *verbum ardens*) a spirited and glowing Diction.—Remember this Declaration, ye that fight the good Fight of Faith: The united Force of all your Enemies, be it ever so formidable to the Eye of Flesh, is, before your Almighty Guardian, *Nihil nihilissimum*, not only Nothing, but *less than nothing*, and Vanity. *Job* xxii. 20.

* I should, in this Place, avoid swelling the Notes any farther, was it not to take Notice of the inimitable Passage quoted above, and

to

O! THE *wretched Condition* of the Wicked, who have this LORD of all Power for their Enemy! O! the *desperate Madness* of the Ungodly, who provoke the Almighty to Jealousy!—Besotted Creatures! are you able to contend with your Maker, and enter the Lists against incensed Omnipotence? Can you *bear* the Fierceness of his Wrath, or sustain the Vengeance of his lifted Arm? At his Presence, though awfully serene, the Hills melt like Wax, and the "Mountains "skip like frighted Lambs." At the least Intimation of his Displeasure, the Foundations of Nature rock, and the "Pillars of Heaven tremble." How then can a withered Leaf endure, when "his Lips are full of "Indignation, and his Tongue as a devouring Fire?" —Or can any thing *screen* a guilty Worm, when the great and terrible GOD shall *whet his glittering Sword, and his Hand take hold on* inexorable *Judgment?* When *that Hand*, which shoots the Planets, Masses of excessive Bulk *, with such surprising Rapidity, through the Sky:

to be found *Eph.* iii. 20.—Which, if I do not greatly mistake, is the most complete Representation of Divine Power, that it is possible for Words to frame.—To do all that our Tongues can *ask*, is a Miracle of Might. But we often think more than we can express, and are actuated with "*Groanings unutterable.*" Yet, to answer these vast Desires, is not beyond the Accomplishment of our heavenly Father.—Nay, to make his Gifts and his Blessings commensurate to the *largest Stretch* of human Expectations, is a small Thing with the GOD of Glory. He is able to do *above all*, that the most inlarged Apprehension can imagine; yea, to do *abundantly* more, *exceeding abundantly* more, than the Mind itself, in the utmost Exertion of all its Faculties, is capable of *wishing*, or knows how to *conceive*.

* One of the Planets (*Saturn*) is supposed to be more than 90 Times as big, as the Globe on which we live. According to the same Calculation, the largest of the Planets (*Jupiter*) is above 200 times vaster, than this vast Collection of spacious Forests, towering Mountains, extensive Continents, and boundless Oceans.—

Such

Sky: *that Hand*, which darts the Comets to ſuch unmeaſurable Diſtances, beyond the Orbit of our remoteſt Planet, beyond the Purſuit of the ſtrongeſt Eye: when THAT HAND is ſtretched out to puniſh, can the Munition of Rocks, the Intervention of Seas, or even interpoſing Worlds, divert the Blow?—Conſider this, *Ambition*; and bow thy haughty Creſt. Conſider this, *Diſobedience*; and bend thy Iron Sinew. O! conſider this, all ye that forget, or affront, the tremendous JEHOVAH. He can, by a ſingle Act of his Will, lay the Univerſe in utter Ruin: and can He want Power to bring *you*, in a Moment, in the Twinkling of an Eye, to the Duſt of Death, or to the Flames of Hell? He has—I ſay not, Ten thouſand Lightnings to ſcorch you to Aſhes; Ten thouſand Thunders to cruſh you into Atoms; but, what is unſpeakably more dreadful —He has an *Army* of Terrors, even in the *Look* of his angry Countenance. His very Frown is worſe than Deſtruction.

I CANNOT diſmiſs this Subject, without admiring the *Patience* of the bleſſed GOD. Who, though ſo ſtrong and powerful, yet "is provoked every Day."—Surely, as is his Majeſty, ſo is his Mercy; his Pity altogether commenſurate to his Power. If I vilify but the Name of an earthly Monarch; I loſe my Liberty, and am confined to the Dungeon. If I appear in Arms, and draw the Sword, againſt my national Sovereign; my Life is forfeited, and my very Blood will ſcarce atone for the Crime. But Thee I have diſhonoured, O! thou King immortal and inviſible! Againſt Thee my Breaſt has fomented *ſecret Diſaffection*; my Behaviour has riſen up in *open Rebellion*; and yet I am ſpared,

Such enormous Magnitude! winged with ſuch prodigious Speed! —It raiſes Aſtoniſhment beyond Expreſſion.—*With GOD is terrible Majeſty!* Job xxxvii. 22.—*Who ſhall not fear* THEE, O LORD, *and glorify thy Name?* Rev. xv. 4.

yet

yet I am preserved. Instead of being banished from thy Presence; I sit at thy Table, and am fed from thy Hand. Instead of pursuing me with *Thunder-bolts* of Vengeance, thy *Favours* surround me on every Side. That Arm, that injured Arm, which might justly fall, with irretrievable Ruin, on a Traitor's Head; is most graciously stretched out, to caress him, with the tenderest Endearments; to cherish him, with every Instance of parental Kindness.—O! thou mightiest, thou best of Beings, how am I pained at my very Soul, for such shameful and odious Disingenuity! Let me always abominate myself, as the basest of Creatures; but *adore* that unwearied Long-suffering of thine, which refuses to be irritated; *love* that unremitted Goodness, which no Acts of Ingratitude could stop, or so much as check, in its gracious Current. O! let this stubborn Heart; which Duty could not bind; which Threatenings could not awe; be the Captive, the *willing Captive*, of such triumphant Beneficence.

I HAVE often been struck with Wonder at that Almighty Skill, which *weighed* the Mountains in Scales, and the Hills in a Balance; which *proportioned* the Waters in the Hollow of its Hand, and *adjusted* the Dust of the Earth * by a Measure. But how much more marvel-

* *Isa.* xl. 12. *The Dust of the Earth*, in this sublime Scripture, signifies the dry Land, or *solid* Part of our Globe. Which is placed in Contradistinction to the whole Collection of *fluid* Matter, mentioned in the preceding Clause.—Perhaps, this remarkable Expression may be intended to intimate, not only the extreme Niceness, which stated the Dimensions of the World *in general*, or *in* the gross; but also that *particular Exactness*, with which the very smallest Materials, that constitute its Frame, (not excepting each individual Atom,) were calculated and disposed.—*q. d.* 'Tis a small Thing to say, No such enormous Redundancies, as unnecessary Ridges of Mountains, were suffered to subsist. There was not so much as the

marvellous is that magnificent Œconomy, which *poised* the Stars with inexpressible Nicety, and *meted* out the Heavens with a Span! Where all is prodigiously vast; immensely various; and yet more than mathematically exact. Surely, the *Wisdom* of God manifests itself in the Skies, and shines in those lucid Orbs. Shines on the contemplative Mind, with a Lustre incomparably brighter, than that which their united Splendors transmit to the Eye.

Behold yonder countless Multitude of Globes; consider their amazing Magnitude; regard them as the Sovereigns of so many Systems, each accompanied with his planetary Equipage. Upon this Supposition, what a Multiplicity of mighty Spheres, must be perpetually running their Rounds, in the upper Regions! Yet, none mistake their Way, or *wander* from the Goal; though they pass through trackless and unbounded Fields. None *fly off* from their Orbits, into extravagant Excursions; none *press in* upon their Centre, with too near an Approach. None *interfere* with each other in their perennial Passage; or *intercept* the kindly Communications of another's Influence *. But all their Rotations proceed in eternal Harmony; keeping such Time, and observing such Laws, as are most exquisitely adapted to the Perfection of the Whole.

the least Grain of Sand *superfluous*, or a single Particle of Dust *deficient*.—As the grand Aim of the Description is, to celebrate the *consummate Wisdom*, exemplified in the Creation; and to display that *perfect Proportion*, with which every Part tallies, coincides, and harmonizes, with the Whole; I have taken Leave to alter the Word of our *English* Translation *comprehend*, and introduce in its Stead a Term, equally faithful to the *Hebrew*, and more significative of the Prophet's precise Idea.

* The Interception of Light, by means of an Eclipse, happens very *rarely*. And then is of so *short* a Continuance, as not to be at all inconvenient. Nay, it is attended with such *Circumstances*, as render it rather useful, than prejudicial.

WHILE

WHILE I contemplate this "excellent Wiſdom, "which made the Heavens," and attunes all their Motions; how am I abaſhed at that Mixture of Arrogance and Folly, which has, at any Time, inclined me to *murmur* at thy *Diſpenſations* O LORD! What is this, but a Sort of implicit Treaſon againſt thy Supremacy; and a tacit Denial of thy infinite Underſtanding?—Haſt Thou ſo regularly placed ſuch a wonderful Diverſity of Syſtems, through the Spaces of the Univerſe?—Didſt Thou, without any probationary Eſſays, without any improving Retouches, ſpeak them into the moſt conſummate Perfection?—Doſt Thou continually ſuperintend all their Circumſtances, with a Sagacity that never miſtakes the minuteſt Tittle of Propriety? And ſhall I be ſo unaccountably ſtupid, as to queſtion the *Juſtneſs* of thy *Diſcernment*, in "chooſing my Inherit-"ance, and fixing the Bounds of my Habitation!"—Not a ſingle Erratum, in modelling the Structure; determining the Diſtance *; and conducting the Career of *unnumbered* Worlds! And ſhall my peeviſh Humour preſume to cenſure thy Interpoſition, with regard to the Affairs of *one* inconſiderable Creature; whoſe Stature, in ſuch a comparative View, is leſs than a Span; and his preſent Duration, little more than a Moment?

O! THOU GOD, "in whoſe Hand my Breath is, "and whoſe are all my Ways," let ſuch Sentiments as now poſſeſs my Thoughts, be always lively on my

* The Sun in particular (and let this ſerve as a Specimen of that moſt curious Exactneſs, with which the other celeſtial Bodies are conſtituted, and all their Circumſtances regulated) the Sun is formed of ſuch a determined Magnitude, and placed at ſuch a convenient Diſtance—"as not to annoy, but only refreſh us, and nouriſh the Ground with its kindly Warmth. If it was *larger*, it "would ſet the Earth on Fire; if *ſmaller*, it would leave it frozen. "If it was *nearer* us, we ſhould be ſcorched to Death; if *farther* "from us, we ſhould not be able to live for Want of Heat."

STACKHOUSE's *Hiſtory of the Bible.*

Heart!

Heart! These shall compose my Mind into a *chearful* Acquiescence, and a *thankful* Submission; even when Afflictions gall the Sense, or Disappointments break my Schemes. Then shall I, like the grateful Patriarch *, in all the Changes of my Condition, and even in the Depths of Distress, erect an *Altar* of adoring Resignation; and inscribe it with the Apostle's *Motto*, To GOD ONLY WISE. Then, shouldst Thou give me Leave to be the Carver of my own Fortunes, I would humbly desire to relinquish the Grant, and recommit the Disposal of myself to thy unerring Beneficence. Fully persuaded, that *thy Counsels*; though contrary to my froward Inclinations, or even afflictive to my Flesh; are incomparably more eligible, than the blind Impulse of my own Will, however soothing to animal Nature.

ON a careless Inspection, you perceive no Accuracy or Uniformity in the Position of the heavenly Bodies. They appear like an *illustrious Chaos*; a promiscuous Heap of shining Globes; neither ranked in Order, nor moving by Line.—But, what *seems* Confusion, *is* all Regularity. What carries a Show of Negligence, is really the Result of the most masterly Contrivance. You think, perhaps, they rove in their aëreal Flight; but they rove by the nicest Rule, and without the least Error. Their Circuits, though seemingly devious; their Mazes, though intricate to our Apprehensions †; are marked out, not indeed with golden Compasses, but by the infinitely more exact Determinations of the all-wise Spirit.

* See *Gen.* xii. 7, 8.

† ——— Mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd; yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem.
MILT.

So, what wears the *Appearance* of Calamity, in the Allotments appointed for the Godly, has really the *Nature* of a Blessing. It issues from fatherly Love, and will terminate in the richest Good. If *Joseph* is snatched from the Embraces of an indulgent Parent, and abandoned to Slavery in a foreign Land; it is in order to save the holy Family, from perishing by Famine; and to preserve "the Seed, in whom all the Nations of the "Earth should be blessed." If he falls into the deepest Disgrace, it is on purpose that he may rise to the highest Honours. Even the Confinement of the Prison, by the unsearchable Workings of Providence, opens his Way to the Right-hand of the Throne itself.—Let the most afflicted Servant of JESUS, wait the final Upshot of Things. He will *then* discover the apparent Expediency of all those Tribulations; which *now*, perhaps, he can hardly admit, without Reluctance; or suffer, without some Struggles of Dissatisfaction. Then, the gushing Tear, and the heaving Sigh, will be turned into Tides of Gratitude, and Hymns of holy Wonder.

IN the mean time, let no audacious Railer, presumptuously impeach the Divine Procedure; but, adoring where we cannot comprehend, let us expect the *Evolution* of the mysterious Plan. Then, shall every Eye perceive; that the seeming Labyrinths of Providence, were the most *direct* and *compendious* Way; to effect his general Purposes of Grace, and to bring about each One's particular Happiness *.—Then, also, shall it be clearly shewn, in the Presence of applauding Worlds; Why, Virtue pined in Want, while Vice rioted in

* ——— The *Moral World*,
Which, though to Us it seems embroil'd, moves on
In higher Order; fitted, and impell'd
By *Wisdom's* finest Hand, and issuing all
In gen'ral Good.

THOMS. *Wint.* l. 586. last Edit.

Affluence.

Affluence. Why, amiable Innocence so often dragged the Dungeon *Chain*, while horrid Guilt trailed the *Robe* of State.—That Day of universal Audit, that Day of everlasting Retribution, will not only *vindicate*, but *magnify*, the whole Management of Heaven. The august Sessions shall close with this unanimous, this glorious Acknowledgment: "Though *Clouds and Darkness*, impenetrable by any human Scrutiny, *were* "sometimes *round about* the supreme Conductor of "Things; yet *Righteousness and Judgment were the* "constant *Habitation of his Seat* *; the invariable "Standard of all his Administrations."—Thus (if I may illustrate the grandest Truths, by inferior Occurrences) while we view the Arras, on the Side of *least Distinction*, it is void of any elegant Fancy; without any nice Strokes of Art; nothing but a confused Jumble of incoherent Threads. No sooner is the Piece beheld in its *proper Aspect*, but the suspected Rudeness vanishes, and the most curious Arrangement takes place. We are charmed with Designs of the finest Taste, and Figures of the most graceful Form. All is shaped with Symmetry; all is clad in Beauty.

THE *Goodness* of GOD is most eminently displayed in the Skies.—Could we take an understanding Survey, of whatever is formed by the Divine Architect, throughout the whole Extent of *material* Things; our Minds would be transported with their Excellencies, and our Tongues echo back that great Encomium, They are "good, very good †." Most *beautiful* ‡ in themselves; contrived by unerring Wisdom, and executed with inimitable Skill. Most *useful* ‡ in their Functions;

* Psal. xcvii. 2. † Gen. i. 31.

‡ ‡ This καλοκαγαθια of the Universe, and all its Parts, has been very highly, and very justly extolled, by the ancient Inquirers

tions; exactly fitting the Places they fill, and compleatly anſwering the Purpoſes, for which they were intended.—All the Parts of the inanimate Creation proclaim, both by their intrinſic and relative Excellencies, the all-diffuſive Beneficence of their Maker.

How much more wonderful are the Diſplays of Divine Indulgence, in the Worlds of Life! Becauſe, dead Matter is incapable of Delight; therefore, the gracious Creator has raiſed innumerable Ranks of *perceptive Exiſtence.* Such as are qualified to taſte his Bounty, and enjoy each a Happineſs ſuited to its peculiar State. With this View, He furniſhed the Regions of inferior Nature, with an Order and a Series of ſenſitive Beings. The *Waters* teem with Shoals of finny Inhabitants. The *dry Land* ſwarms with Animals of every Order. The Dwellings of the *Firmament*, are occupied by Multitudes of winged People. Not ſo much as a *green Leaf*, Philoſophers ſay, but lodges, and accommodates, its puny animalcule Tenants *.—And wherefore

into Nature. And was, indeed, an illuſtrious Scene, ſpread before the Sages of the Heathen World; wherein to contemplate the Goodneſs, and the Glories, of the Supreme Being.—It was nobly ſaid, by a Pagan Philoſopher, on this Occaſion; Εις ερωτα μεταβληθηναι τον Θεον μελλοντα δημιεργειν. *That GOD, when he undertook the Work of Creation, transformed Himſelf into Love.*—But he need not *transform* Himſelf into this amiable Principle; for "GOD "*is* Love." As was much more nobly ſaid by One, whom that *Philoſopher* would have termed a *Barbarian.* 1 *John* iv. 8.

* A very celebrated Poet, in a beautiful Paragraph on this Subject, informs his Readers; That all Nature ſwarms with Life. In ſubterranean *Cells*, the Earth heaves with vital Motion. Even the hard *Stone*, in the very inmoſt Receſſes of its impenetrable Citadel, holds Multitudes of animated Inhabitants. The *Pulp* of mellow Fruit, and all the Productions of the Orchard, feed the inviſible Nations. Each *Liquid*, whether of acid Taſte, or milder Reliſh, abounds with various Forms of ſenſitive Exiſtence. Nor is the pure *Stream*, or tranſparent *Air*, without their Colonies of unſeen

wherefore this Diverſity, this Profuſion of living Creatures; flying the Air, treading the Ground, and gliding through the Paths of the Sea? For this moſt glorious Reaſon—That the eternal Sovereign may exerciſe his ſuperabundant Goodneſs: that his *Table* may be furniſhed, with Millions and Millions of *Gueſts*; that he may fill, every Hour, every Moment, their Mouths with Food, or their Hearts with Gladneſs.

BUT, what a ſmall Theatre are three or four *Elements*, for the Operations of JEHOVAH's Bounty! His magnificent Liberality, ſcorns ſuch ſcanty Limits. If you aſk, Wherefore has He created *all Worlds*, and repleniſhed them with an unknown Multiplicity of Beings; riſing, one above another, in an endleſs Gradation of ſtill richer Endowments, and ſtill nobler Capacities? The Anſwer is—For the Manifeſtation of his own Glory, and eſpecially for the *Communication* of his inexhauſtible Beneficence *.—The great Creator could propoſe no Advantage to Himſelf. His Bliſs is incapable

ſeen People.—In which Conſtitution of Things, we have a wonderful Inſtance, not only of the Divine Goodneſs to thoſe minute Beings, in giving them a *Capacity* for animal Gratifications; but of his tender Care for Mankind, in making them *imperceptible* to our Senſes.

——— Theſe, conceal'd
By the kind Art of forming Heav'n, eſcape
The groſſer Eye of Man: For, if the Worlds
In Worlds inclos'd ſhould on his Senſes burſt;
From Cates ambroſial, and the nectar'd Bowl,
He'd turn abhorrent; and, in dead of Night,
When Silence ſleeps o'er all, be ſtunn'd with Noiſe.

THOMSON's *Summer*.

* A ſacred Writer, conſidering this delightful Subject; and confining his Obſervation, within the *narrow Limits* of his own Country; cries out, with a Mixture of Amazement and Gratitude; *How great is his Goodneſs, and how great is his Beauty!*—Who then can forbear being loſt in Wonder, and tranſported with

 Delight;

ble of any Addition. "Before the Mountains were "brought forth, or ever the Earth and the World "were made," He was ſupremely happy, in his own independent and all-ſufficient Self. His grand Deſign therefore, in erecting ſo many ſtately Fabrics; and peopling them with ſo many Tribes of Inhabitants; was, To *transfuſe* his exuberant Kindneſs, and *impart* Felicity in all its Forms. Ten Thouſand Worlds, ſtocked with Ten thouſand Times Ten thouſand Ranks, of ſenſitive and intelligent Exiſtence, are ſo many ſpacious Gardens; which, with Rivers of communicated Joy, this ever-flowing Fountain waters continually.

BOUNDLESS *, and (which raiſes our Idea of this Divine Principle, to the very higheſt Degree of Perfection) diſintereſted * Munificence! How *inexpreſſibly amiable* is the bleſſed GOD, conſidered in this charming Light! Is it poſſible to conceive any Excellence, ſo, adorable and lovely; as infinite Benevolence, guided by unerring Wiſdom, and exerting Almighty Power, on purpoſe to make a whole Univerſe happy?—O my Soul, what an *irreſiſtible Attractive* is here! What a moſt worthy Object, for thy moſt fervent Affection! Shall now every glittering Toy, become a Rival to this tranſcendently beneficent Being, and rob Him of thy Heart?—No. Let his all-creating Arm teach thee,

Delight; when he extends his Survey, to thoſe infinitely more *copious Communications* of Divine Bounty; which, like ſalutary and refreſhing Streams, run through all Worlds; and make, not only the *little Valleys* of a ſingle Kingdom, but the Immenſity of Creation *laugh and ſing*? Zech. ix. 17.

* * In this Senſe, *There is none good, but One, that is GOD*. None univerſally and eſſentially good. None, whoſe Goodneſs extends itſelf, in an infinite *Variety* of Bleſſings, to *every* capable Object; or, who always diſpenſes his Favours, from the *ſole* Principle of *free* and diſintereſted Benevolence.

to

to truſt in the Fulneſs of his Sufficiency:—Let his all-ſuperintending Eye incline thee, to acquieſce in the Diſpenſations of his Providence:—And let his Bounty; ſo freely vouchſafed; ſo amply diffuſed; induce thee to *love* Him, with all the Ardor of a grateful and admiring Soul: induce thee to *ſerve* Him, not with a joyleſs Awe, or ſlaviſh Dread, but with unfeigned Alacrity, and a delightful Complacency.

If the Goodneſs of God is ſo admirably ſeen, in the Works of Nature, and the Favours of Providence; with what a noble Superiority, does it *even triumph*, in the *Myſtery* of *Redemption* *! Redemption is the brighteſt Mirror, in which to contemplate this moſt lovely Attribute of the Deity. Other Gifts, are only as *Mites* from the Divine Treaſury; but Redemption opens, I had almoſt ſaid exhauſts, all the *Stores* of Indulgence and Grace. Herein, "God *commendeth* his Love †:" not only manifeſts, but ſets it off, as it were, with every bright and grand Embelliſhment: manifeſts it in ſo ſtupendous a Manner, that it is beyond Parallel; beyond Thought; "above all Bleſſing and Praiſe."—Was

* In this, and in other Parts of the *Contemplations*, the Reader will obſerve; That the Attributes of the Deity are repreſented, as ſhining, with more diſtinguiſhed Luſtre, in the Wonders of *Redemption*, than in the Works of *Creation*. If *ſuch* Remarks ſhould ſeem to be unprecedented, or to ſtand in Need of a Vindication; permit me to ſubjoin the Sentiments of a great Critic, equally verſed in *both* thoſe ſublime Theories—"In a perfect Orator, "He ſays, *Tully* requires ſome Skill in the Nature of heavenly "Bodies; becauſe, his Mind will become more extenſive and un-"confined; and, when he deſcends to treat of human Affairs, He "will both think and write in a more exalted and magnificent "Manner. For the ſame Reaſon, that excellent Maſter would have "recommended the Study of thoſe great and glorious Myſteries, "which *Revelation* has diſcovered to Us; *to which the nobleſt Parts* "*of this Syſtem of the World are as much inferior, as the Creature* "*is leſs excellent than the Creator.*" *Spect.* Vol. VIII. N° 633.

† Rom. v. 8.

HE not thy *Son*, Everlasting GOD, thy *only* Son; the Son of thy Bosom from eternal Ages; the highest Object of thy complacential Delight? Was not thy Love to this adorable Son, incomparably greater than the tenderest Affection of *Any*, or the united Affections of *All*, mortal Parents? Was not the blessed JESUS more illustrious in Excellency, than all Angels; more exalted in Dignity, than all Heavens? Yet didst thou resign HIM, for poor Mortals! for vile Sinners!—Couldst thou see him descend, from his Royal *Throne*; and take up his Abode, in the sordid *Stable?* See him forego the *Homage* of the Seraphim; and stand exposed to the reproachful *Indignities*, of an insolent Rabble? See Him arraigned at the Bar, and sentenced to Death; numbered with Malefactors, and nailed to the Gibbet; bathed in his own innocent Blood, and pouring out his Soul in Agonies of Sorrow?—Could the Father, the Father *himself*, with unknown Philanthropy *, say? "It shall, it shall, be so! My Pity to rebellious Man "pleads, and prevails. Awake, therefore, O *Sword* †, "edged with divine Wrath. Awake; and be sheathed in "that *immaculate* Breast; pierce that *dearly beloved* Heart. "I am content, that my Son endure the Sharpness of "Death, rather than sinful Mortals perish for ever."—Incomprehensible Love! May it henceforward, be the favourite Subject of my *Meditation*; more delightful to my musing Mind, than Applause to the ambitious Ear! May it be the darling Theme of my *Discourse*; sweeter to my Tongue, than the Droppings of the Honeycomb to my Taste! May it be my choicest *Comfort*, through all the Changes of Life; and my reviving *Cordial*, even in the last Extremities of Dissolution itself!

A *PROPHET* contemplating, with a distant Survey, this unexampled Instance of Almighty Love, is

* *Philanthropy*, that is, Loving-kindness to Man.
† Zech. xiii. 7.

wrapt

wrapt into a *Transport* of *Devotion.* At a Loss for proper Acknowledgments, he calls upon the whole Universe to aid his labouring Breast, and supply his Lack of Praise. *Sing melodiously, ye* vaulted *Heavens*; *exult, and even leap for Gladness, thou* cumberous *Earth*; *ye Mountains,* break your long Silence, and *burst into Peals of loudest Acclamation**; *for the* LORD, by this precious Gift, and this great Salvation, *hath comforted his People.*—A *sacred Historian* hath left it upon Record; that, at the first Exhibition of this ravishing Scene, there was with the Angel, who brought the blessed Tidings, a Multitude of the heavenly Host; praising GOD, and making the Concave of the Skies resound with their Hallelujahs. At the Dawn of the Sun of Righteousness, when He was beginning to rise with Healing in his Wings, the *Morning Stars* sang together, and all the *Sons* of *GOD* shouted for Joy.—And shall *Man,* whom this gracious Dispensation principally respects; shall *Man,* who is the Centre of all these gladdening Rays; shall He have no Heart to adore, no Anthem to celebrate, This

Love without End, and without Measure Grace?
MILT.

* *Isa.* xlix. 13.—I have not adhered to our common Translation, but endeavoured to preserve, somewhat more faithfully, the noble *Pathos,* and inimitable *Energy,* of the sacred Original.—The Love of GOD, manifested in a Divine and dying Saviour, is a Blessing of such inconceivable Richness; as must render all Acknowledgments *flat,* and all Encomiums *languid.* Yet, I think, the most poetical and most emphatical Celebration of that unspeakable Instance of Goodness, is contained in this rapturous Exclamation of the Prophet. Which intimates, with a wonderful Majesty of Sentiment, that even the whole Compass of the *inanimate Creation*; could it be sensible of the Benefit, and capable of Delight; would express its *Gratitude,* in all these Demonstrations of the most lively and exuberant Joy.

How *pure* is the State of the Sky, and how *clear* its Aspect! Clearer than the limpid Stream; purer than the transparent Crystal; and more curiously fine, than the polished Mirror. That *stately Ceiling*; fretted with Gold, and stretched to an Extent of many Millions of Leagues; is not disfigured with a single Flaw. That *azure Canopy*; embroidered with Stars, and spacious enough to form a Covering for unnumbered Worlds; is without the least Spot or Wrinkle.—Yet this, even this, will scarce yield us, so much as a faint Representation of the *Divine Purity*. GOD, is a GOD of matchless and transcendent Excellency. His Ways are Uprightness itself. His Counsels and Words are the very Sanctity of Wisdom and of Truth. The *Laws*, which he has given to universal Nature; are exquisitely contrived, and beyond all Possibility of Improvement. The *Precepts*, which he has appointed for the human Race; are a complete Summary, of all that is honourable in itself, and perfective of the rational Mind. —Not the least *Oversight*, in planning a Series of Events for all Futurity. Not the least Mal-administration, in managing the Affairs of every Age, since Time began; and of every Nation, under the whole Heavens.—Pardon these disparaging Expressions. A *negative* Perfection is far, far beneath thy Dignity, *O Thou most Highest**. In all these Instances; in all thy Acts, and all thy Attributes; Thou art not only holy, but "*glorious* in *Holiness*."

So

* *O Thou most Highest.*—This Expression occurs more than once, in the Psalms used by the Established Church. It is, I think, one of those *Beauties*; which, because often exhibited, generally escape our Notice. It is a *Superlative* formed on a Superlative; and, though not strictly conformable to grammatical Rules, is nobly superior to them all.——The Language seems to be sensible of its own Deficiency: when the incomprehensible JEHOVAH is addressed, or celebrated. Oppressed, as it were, with the Glories of the

So inconceivably holy is the LORD GOD of Hosts, that he sees *Defilement* even in the *Brightness* of the Firmament. The living Sapphire of the Heavens, before his Majesty, loses its Lustre. *Yea, the Stars* (though the most pure and resplendent Part of the Heavens) *are not pure in his Sight. How much less Man, who* in his fallen and depraved State, *is* but as *a Worm*, that crawls in the corrupted Carcase; *and the Son of Man, who*, by reason of his manifold actual Impurities, *is* too justly compared to *an Insect*, that wallows amidst Stench and Putrefaction*?—Is there not then

the Subject, it labours after a *more emphatical* Manner of Diction, than the ordinary Forms of Speech afford.—It is, if I rightly judge, one of those daring and happy Peculiarities of a masterly Genius, which Mr. POPE so finely describes; and, while he describes, exemplifies:

> Great Wits sometimes may *gloriously offend*,
> And *rise* to *Faults* true Critics dare not mend;
> From vulgar Bounds with brave Disorder part,
> And snatch a Grace beyond the Reach of Art.
>
> *Essay on Criticism.*

St. *Paul's*—ελαχιςοτερω παντων των αγιων—is a beautiful Passage of the like Nature. Which our Translators have very properly rendered; *Less than the least of all Saints.*—His πολλω μαλλον κρεισσον is another Instance of the same Kind. But here the *English* Version fails. *Far better* is extremely *flaccid*, compared with the *nervous* Original. And I greatly question, whether it is possible to translate the Sentence, with equal Conciseness, and with equal Spirit. See *Eph.* iii. 8. *Phil.* i. 23.

* *Job* xxv. 5, 6. I submit it to the Judgment of the Learned, Whether this is not the true Meaning of the Text.—It may not, perhaps, recommend itself to the *squeamishly nice* Critic; or to those Persons who dream of, I know not what, *Dignity* in our fallen Nature. But it seems, in Preference to every other Interpretation, *suitable* to the sacred Context; and is far, far from being *injurious* to the Character of that apostate Race, which is "altogether become abominable," and "is as an unclean Thing."—On this

then abundant Cauſe, for the moſt irreproachable and eminent of Mankind, to renounce all arrogant Pretenſions; to lay aſide every aſſuming Air; to take nothing but *Shame* and Confuſion to themſelves? A holy Prophet, and a holy Prince, felt ſuch humbling Impreſſions, from a Glimpſe of the uncreated Purity. *I abhor myſelf in Duſt and Aſhes* *, was the Declaration of the one: *I am a Man of unclean Lips* †, the Confeſſion of the other.—Should not this teach us all, to adore the Divine Mercies, for that precious *purifying Fountain* ‡; which was foretold from the Foundation of the World; but was opened at that awful Juncture, when knotty Whips tore the Fleſh; when ragged Thorns mangled the Temples; when ſharpened Nails cut freſh Sluices for the crimſon Current; when the Gaſh of the Spear compleated the dreadful Work, and *forthwith flowed there*, from the wounded Heart, *Blood and Water*?

this Suppoſition, there is not only an apparent, but a very ſtriking Contraſt, between the Purity of GOD, and the Pollution of Man. The *Purity* of the moſt high GOD, which outſhines the Moon, and eclipſes the Stars; the *Pollution* of degenerate Man, which excluſive of a Saviour, would render him as loathſome to the all-ſeeing Eye, as the vileſt Vermin are in ours.—Without aſſigning this Senſe to the Paſſage, I cannot diſcern the Force of the *Antitheſis*, nor indeed the *Propriety* of the Sentiment. Worms, in the general, give us an Idea of *Meanneſs* and *Infirmity*; not of *Defilement* and *Impurity*. Unleſs they are Inſects, hatched amidſt Putrefaction, and conſidered in ſuch noiſome Circumſtances.—The two Words of the Original, רמה and תולעה are evidently uſed in this Signification, by *Moſes* and *Iſaiah*. By the former, to denote the Vermin, which devoured the *putreſied* Manna; by the latter, to expreſs the Reptiles, which ſwarm in the Body that ſees *Corruption*, *Exod.* xvi. 20. *Iſa.* xiv. 11.

* Job xlii. 6. † Iſa. vi. 5.

‡ *In that Day there ſhall be a Fountain, opened to the Houſe of* David, *and to the Inhabitants of* Jeruſalem, *for Sin and Uncleanneſs*. Zech. xiii. 1.

ESPECIALLY

ESPECIALLY, ſince GOD himſelf ſaw no Blemiſh in his *dear Son*. *He looketh to the Moon, and it ſhineth not:* yet his all-penetrating and jealous Eye, diſcerned nothing amiſs, nothing defective, in our glorious Redeemer. Nothing amiſs? He bore this moſt illuſtrious Teſtimony, concerning his holy Child JESUS: "In "Him I am *pleaſed*; I am *well pleaſed*; I acquieſce, "with intire Complacency, and with the higheſt De-"light, in his Perſon; his Undertaking; and the "whole Execution of his Office."—How ſhould this Thought, enliven our Hopes; while the other, mortifies our Pride? Should not our Hearts ſpring within us, and even leap for Joy; at the repeated Aſſurance given us by Revelation, That ſuch a divinely excellent Perſon is our Mediator? What apparent Reaſon has every Believer, to adopt the bleſſed Virgin's Exclamation! "*My Soul doth magnify the LORD* for his tran-"ſcendent Mercy; *and my Spirit rejoices*, not in wide "extended Harveſts, waving over my fertile Glebe*; "not in Armies vanquiſhed, and leaving the peculiar "Treaſure of Nations for my Spoil*; but in an infi-"nitely richer, nobler Bleſſing, even *in GOD my Sa-"viour*."—That a Perſon ſo ſublime and perfect, has vouchſafed to become my *Surety*: to give Himſelf for my *Ranſom*, in the World below; and act as my *Advocate*, in the Royal Preſence above: yea, to make *my* Recovery, the Reward of his Sufferings; *my* final Felicity, the Honour of his mediatorial Kingdom!

WHEN an innumerable Multitude † of Bodies, many of them more than a *Hundred Thouſand Miles* in Dia-

* * The inſpired Penman, from theſe Two Occaſions of diſtinguiſhed Joy, ſets forth the incomparably *greater Delight*, which ariſes from the Gift of a Saviour, and the Bleſſing of Redemption. *Iſa*. ix. *ver*. 3. compared with *ver*. 6.

† This refers, not only to the Planets which paſs and repaſs about our Sun, but alſo to the other Planetary Worlds, which are ſuppoſed to attend the ſeveral fixed Stars.

meter,

meter*, are all ſet in Motion:—when the Orbits, in which they perform their periodical Revolutions, are extended at the Rate of ſeveral Hundreds of *Millions*: —when each has a *diſtinct* and ſeparate Sphere, for finiſhing his vaſt Circuit:—when no one knows, what it is to be cramped; but each moſt *freely expatiates*, in his unbounded Career:—when every one is placed, at ſuch an *immenſe Remove* from each other; that they appear to their reſpective Inhabitants, only as ſo many Spots of Light:—How aſtoniſhing muſt be the Expanſe, which yields *Room* for all thoſe mighty Globes, and their widely-diffuſed Operations! To what prodigious Lengths, did the Almighty Builder ſtretch his Line, when he marked out the ſtupendous Platform! —I wonder at ſuch an immeaſurable Extent. My very Thoughts are loſt, in this Abyſs of Space. But, be it known to Mortals; be it never forgot by Sinners; that, in all its moſt ſurpriſing Amplitude, it is *ſmall*, it is *ſcanty*, compared with the Bounty and the Mercy of its Maker.

HIS *Bounty* is abſolutely without Limits*, and without End. The moſt laviſh Generoſity cannot exhauſt,

* The Diameter of *Jupiter* is calculated at 130650 Miles, while his Orbit is reckoned to conſiſt of 895,134,000. Which Computation, according to the Maxims of Aſtronomy, and the Laws of Propoṙtion, may, as is taken for granted in the Contemplations, be applied to *other Planets* revolving round *other Suns*.

* By *Bounty*, I mean, not the actual Exerciſe, or the ſenſible Effects, of this Excellency in the Deity. Theſe *are*, and always *muſt be*, through the immenſe Perfection of the Attribute, and the neceſſary Scantineſs of the Recipient, bounded. But, I would be underſtood, as ſpeaking of the Divine *Power*, and the Divine *Will*, to exert Divine Beneficence. Theſe can have no real, no imaginable limits. Theſe, after a Profuſion of Bleſſings, diſtributed to unnumbered Worlds, continued through unnumbered Ages, muſt *ſtill* have more to beſtow; for *ever* have more to beſtow; *infinitely* more to beſtow, than it is poſſible for Creation itſelf to receive.

or even diminiſh, his Munificence. O! all ye Tribes of Men; or rather, all ye Claſſes of intelligent Creatures; ye are not ſtreightened in the *Liberality* of your ever-bleſſed Creator; be not ſtreightened in your own *Expectations*. "Open your Mouth wide, and He ſhall "fill it," with copious and continual Draughts from the Cup of Joy. Your GOD, on whom is your whole Dependence, is more than able; is more than willing; to "ſupply all your Need, according to his Riches in "Glory."—When the LORD JEHOVAH is the Giver, and his Grace * the Gift; let your wiſhes be unbounded, and your Cravings inſatiable. All that created Beings can poſſibly *covet*, is but a very ſmall Pittance of that unknown Happineſs, which the Everlaſting Benefactor is ready to *beſtow*. Suppoſe every charitable Diſpoſition, which warms the Hearts of the human Race, added to thoſe more inlarged Affections, which glow in heavenly Boſoms; what were they all, even in their higheſt Exerciſe, compared with the Benignity of the Divine Nature?—Bleſs *me* then, Thou eternal Source of Love; bleſs *all* that reverence thy holy Name; according to thy own moſt profuſe Goodneſs. Whoſe great Prerogative it is, to diſdain all Meaſure. O! bleſs us, in proportion to that Grace; the Richneſs of which (unutterable by the Tongues of Men, and of Angels) was once *ſpoken* in the Groans, and *written* in the Wounds, of thy expiring Son!

SPACIOUS indeed are theſe Heavens! Where do they begin? Where do they end? What is their Extent?

* 2 *Cor*. ix. 8. *GOD is able to make* all *Grace* abound *towards you, that ye, having* all Sufficiency *in* all Things, *may* abound *to* every *good Work*.—How beautiful, and emphatical, is this Deſcription! Inferior to nothing, but that Extent of Ability, and thoſe Riches of Liberality, which it ſo eloquently celebrates. Does it not *exhauſt* all the Powers of Language; while it attempts to give us a *Specimen*, of the Munificence of the LORD?

tent? Can Angels anſwer my Queſtion? Have Angels travelled the vaſt Circuit? Can Angels meaſure the Bounds of Space? No; 'tis boundleſs, 'tis unknown, 'tis amazing all.—How charming then to reflect, That the *Mercy* of GOD is "greater than the Heavens;" is more extenſive than the Dimenſions of the Sky. Tranſporting Reflection! Let me indulge Thee once more *. Let me think over the delightful Diſplays of this lovely Attribute; and, while I admire the *Trophies* of forgiving Goodneſs, add one to the Number.—With what amiable and affecting Colours, is this repreſented in the *Parable* of the *Prodigal!* What could induce that fooliſh Youth, to forſake his Father's Houſe? Had he not been tenderly cheriſhed by the good Parent; and loaded with Benefits, from his indulgent Hand? Were not the Reſtraints of parental Government, an eaſy Yoke? or rather, a *Preſervative* from *Ruin?* Notwithſtanding every endearing Obligation, he revolts from his Duty; and launches into ſuch ſcandalous Irregularities, as were diſhonourable to his Family, and deſtructive to himſelf.—When Neceſſity, not Choice, but ſharp Neceſſity drove him to a ſubmiſſive Return; does the injured Father ſtand aloof, or ſhut his Doors? Quite the Reverſe. He eſpies him, while he is yet a *great Way off*; and, the Moment he beholds the pro-

* *Once more* refers to Page 85, of *Reflections on a Flower-Garden.*—The following Pages, to the 135th, exhibit a *digreſſive* View of the Divine Mercy. I thought it proper to appriſe my Reader of this Excurſion; though, I hope, it will be needleſs to offer an Apology, for enlarging upon a Theme incomparably joyous. Who can complain of *Tediousneſs*, while I ſpeak Conſolation to diſtreſſed, and Recovery to ruined Creatures? The Divine Mercy is the ſole Fountain of all our preſent and future Bleſſings. In Conformity to this benign Attribute, human Hopes ariſe, and human Felicity flows. Who, therefore, can be weary of *viewing* and *reviewing*; when the Lengths and Breadths of forgiving Grace, are the raviſhing Proſpect?

fligate

fligate Youth, He *has Compassion on Him.* His Bowels yearn; they "found like an Harp," touched with Notes divinely soft. He never once thinks of his ungracious Departure, and infamous Debaucheries. Pity, parental Pity, passes an Act of Oblivion; and, in one Instant, cancels a Series of long-continued Provocations.—So strong are the Workings of fatherly Affection; that he is almost impatient to embrace the naked and destitute Wretch. The Son's Pace is slow, *He arose and came*; the Father's is swift, He sprung forth (aged as he was) and *ran*. And is there a single Frown in his Brow, or one upbraiding Word on his Tongue?—Instead of loathing the sordid Creature, or reproaching him for his odious Excesses; he *falls* on his *Neck*, clasps him in his Arms, and hugs him to his Bosom. Instead of disowning the riotous Spendthrift, or rejecting him for his undutiful Behaviour; He receives and welcomes him with *Kisses* of Delight. He rejoices, at his Return from Extravagance and Vice; as he formerly rejoiced, on the Day of his Nativity.—When this Companion of Harlots opens his Mouth, *before he speaks, the Father hears.* He interrupts him, in the midst of his intended Speech. The Overflowings of his compassionate Heart can brook no Delay. He seems to be *uneasy* himself, till he has made the afflicted Penitent *glad*, with the Assurance of his Acceptance, and the choicest of his Favours.—While the poor abashed Offender seeks nothing more, than not to be abhorred; he is thoroughly reconciled, and honoured before the whole Family. While he requests no other Indulgence, than only to be treated as the *meanest Servant*; he is cloathed with the *best Robe*; he is feasted with the *fatted Calf*; he is caressed as the dearest of Children.—Was there ever so bright and winning a Picture, of the tenderest Mercy; most freely vouchsafed, even to the most unworthy of Creatures?

Yet *thus*, my Soul; and *thus*, my Fellow-sinner; will the LORD GOD of everlasting Compassions receive us; if, sensible of our Misery, and thirsting for Salvation, we turn to him through JESUS CHRIST.

WHERE Sin has abounded, says the Proclamation from the Court of Heaven, *Grace doth much more abound*. —*Manasseh* was a Monster of Barbarity; for He caused his own Children to pass through the Fire, and filled *Jerusalem* with innocent Blood. *Manasseh* was an Adept in Iniquity; for He not only multiplied, and to an extravagant Degree, his own sacrilegious Impieties; but He poisoned the Principles, and perverted the Manners of his Subjects, *making them to do worse than the* most detestable of the *Heathen* Idolaters *. Yet, through this super-abundant Grace, He is humbled; He is reformed; and becomes a Child of forgiving Love, an Heir of immortal Glory.—Behold that bitter and bloody Persecutor *Saul*; when, breathing out Threatenings †, and bent upon Slaughter, he worried the Lambs, and put to Death the Disciples of JESUS. Who

* See 2 Chron. xxxiii.

† *Acts* ix. 1. Σαυλος ἔτι ἐμπνέων ἀπειλῆς καὶ φόνου, *Saul yet breathing out Threatening and Slaughter*.—What a Representation is here of a Mind, *mad* with *Rage*, and abandoned to the fiercest Extremes of Barbarity! I scarce know, whether I am more *shocked* at the Persecutor's savage Disposition, or *charmed* with the Evangelist's lively Description.—The Adverb ἔτι seems referable to Chap. viii. Ver. 3. and has, in this Connexion, a peculiar Force. The Havock he had committed, the inoffensive Families he had *already* ruined, were not sufficient to assuage his vengeful Spirit. They were only a *Taste*; which, instead of glutting the Blood-hound, made him more closely pursue the Track, and more eagerly pant for Destruction. He is *still* athirst for Violence and Murder. So eager and insatiable is his Thirst, that he even *breathes out* Threatening and Slaughter. His Words are Spears and Arrows, and his Tongue a sharp Sword. 'Tis as natural for him to *menace* the Christians, as to breathe the Air.—Nay, they *bleed* every-

Who, upon the Principles of human Judgment, would not have pronounced *Him* a Veſſel of Wrath, deſtined to unavoidable Damnation? Nay, would not have been ready to conclude; that, if there were heavier Chains, and a deeper Dungeon, in the World of Woe; they muſt ſurely be reſerved, for ſuch an implacable Enemy of true Godlineſs? Yet, (admire, and adore, the inexhauſtible Treaſures of Grace!) this *Saul*, is admitted into the goodly Fellowſhip of the Prophets; is numbered with the noble Army of Martyrs, and makes a diſtinguiſhed Figure among the glorious Company of the Apoſtles.—The *Corinthians*, were flagitious even to a Proverb. Some of them wallowed in ſuch abominable Vices, and habituated themſelves to ſuch outrageous Acts of Injuſtice, as were a Reproach to human Nature. Yet, even theſe Sons of Violence, and Slaves of Senſuality, "were waſhed; were ſancti-"fied; were juſtified *." *Waſhed*, in the precious Blood of a dying Redeemer; *ſanctified*, by the powerful Operations of the Bleſſed Spirit; *juſtified*, through the infinitely tender Mercies of a gracious GOD. Thoſe, who were once the Burden of the Earth, are now the Joy of Heaven, and the Delight of Angels.

THERE is another Inſtance in Scripture, which moſt loudly publiſhes that ſweeteſt of the Divine Names, *The LORD, the LORD GOD, merciful and gracious, long-ſuffering, and abundant in Goodneſs and Truth; keeping Mercy for Thouſands, forgiving Iniquity, Tranſgreſſion, and Sin* †. An Inſtance this, which exceeds all the former; which exceeds whatever can be imagined; which if I was to forget, the very Stones might

every Hour, every Moment, in the Purpoſes of his rancorous Heart. It is only owing to Want of Power, that every Syllable he utters, every Breath he draws, does not deal about Deaths, and cauſe ſome of the innocent Diſciples to fall.

* 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10, 11. † Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7.

cry out, and found it in my Ears. I mean the Case of those Sinners, who murdered the *Prince of Peace*, and LORD of Glory.—These Men, could scarce have the Shadow of an Excuse for their Crime; hardly a Circumstance, to extenuate their Guilt. They were well acquainted with his exemplary Conversation; they had often heard his heavenly Doctrines; they were almost daily Spectators of his unequalled Miracles. They therefore had all possible Reason to *honour* Him, as the most illustrious of Beings; and to *receive* his Gospel, as the most inestimable of Blessings. Yet, notwithstanding all these engaging Motives to love Him, even above their own Lives; they seize his Person; asperse his Character; drag him before a heathen Tribunal; and extort a Sentence of Death, against Innocence and Holiness itself. Never was the *vilest Slave*, so contumeliously abused; nor the most *execrable Malefactor*, so barbarously executed. The Sun was confounded at the shocking Scene; and one cannot but wonder, how the avenging Lightnings could with-hold their Flashes. The Earth trembled at the horrid Deed; and why, why did it not cleave asunder, and open a Passage, for such Blood-thirsty Miscreants, into the nethermost Hell? Shall *These* ever hope to obtain Forgiveness, from the righteous Judge? Shall not *These* be consigned over to inexorable Wrath, and the severest Torments?—O the miraculous Effects of Divine Grace! O the triumphant Goodness of GOD our Saviour! Many, even of *these* impious Wretches, at the Descent of the Holy Ghost, were convinced of their miserable State; were wounded with penitential Remorse; fled to the Sanctuary of the Cross; had their Pardon ratified by the baptismal Seal; and, continuing in the Apostles Doctrine, were made Partakers of the Kingdom of Heaven. Where they now shine, as so many everlasting *Monuments* of most distinguished *Mercy*; and receive

ceive Beatitude past Utterance, from that very Redeemer, whom once "with wicked Hands they crucified and slew."

WELL might the Prophet cry out, with a pleasing Amazement; "Who is a GOD like unto Thee, that pardoneth Iniquity, and passeth by Transgression * !"—Let all Flesh know assuredly; let all Flesh rejoice greatly; That with the LORD there is *such Mercy*, and with his CHRIST *such plentiful Redemption*.—And O! for the Voice of an Arch-Angel, to circulate the Glad-Tidings through the Universe. That the *American* Savage, as well as the *European* Sage, may learn the *exceeding Riches of Grace* in Christ. Through whose infinitely satisfying Propitiation, all Manner of Sin, Barbarity, and Blasphemy, are freely forgiven unto Men.

WHAT a grand, and majestic *Dome*, is the Sky! Where are the *Pillars*, which support the stately Concave? What Art, most exactly true, balanced the Pressure? What Props, of insuperable Strength, sustain the Weight? How is that immeasurable Arch *upheld*, unshaken and unimpaired; while so many Generations of busy Mortals, have *sunk* and disappeared, as Bubbles upon the Stream?—If those Stars are of such an amazing Bulk; how are they also *fastened*, in their lofty Situation? By what Miracle in Mechanics, are so many Thousands of ponderous Orbs, kept from falling upon our Heads; kept from dashing, both the World to Pieces, and its Inhabitants to Death? Are they hung in golden, or adamantine, Chains? Rest they their enormous Load, on Rocks of Marble, or Columns of Brass?—No; they are *pendulous* in fluid Æther. Yet, are more immoveably *fixed*, than if the everlasting

* Mic. vii. 18.

Mountains lent their Forests, for an Axle-Tree; or their Ridges, for a Basis. The Almighty Architect *stretches out the North*, and its whole starry Train, *over the empty Place*. He *hangs the Earth*, and all the ethereal Globes, *upon nothing* *. Yet are their Foundations laid so sure, that they can "never be moved at "any Time."

No unfit Representation, to the *sincere* Christian, of his *final* Perseverance †: such as points out the Cause, which

* Job xxvi. 7.

† With Regard to the *final Perseverance* of the true Believer; I am sensible, this Point is not a little controverted.—The Sentiments, which follow, are *my* stedfast Belief. It is by no Means proper, in a Work of this Nature, to enter upon a Discussion of the Subject. Neither have I Room, so much as to hint, what might be urged for its Support.—Let my Reader observe, that I am far from delivering it, as essential to Christianity, or necessary to Salvation. Millions, of the very contrary Conviction, are, I doubt not, high in the Favour of GOD; and in a growing Meetness for his heavenly Kingdom. As I blame none for *rejecting*, none, I hope, will be offended with me for *espousing*, this particular Doctrine.—To be of different Opinions, at least in some inferior Instances, seems an unavoidable Consequence of our present State: where *Ignorance*, in Part, cleaves to the wisest Minds; and *Prejudice* easily besets the most impartial Judgments. This may turn to our common Advantage; and afford Room for the Display and Exercise of those *healing* Virtues, Moderation, Meekness, and Forbearance.—Let me only be permitted to ask, whether this Tenet does not evidently tend to establish the *Comfort* of the Christian, and to magnify the *Fidelity* of GOD our Saviour? Whether, far from countenancing Sloth, or encouraging Remissness, to *know* that our Labour shall not be in vain, is not the most prevailing Inducement to *abound* in the Work of the LORD? 1 *Cor*. xv. 58.

Is any One inclined to examine the Reasons, which made the Author a Proselyte to this Persuasion? He may find them displayed in the Memorial, delivered by several select and eminent Divines of the Church of *England*, at the renowned Synod of *Dordt*.—(See *Acta Synod. Dordrech*. Par. II. Page 246. of the *Latin* Edition, published in a single Quarto Volume.)—Those, who have no Opportunity

which effects it; and constitutes the Pledge, which ascertains it.—His Nature is all enfeebled. He is not able, of himself, to think a good Thought. He has no *visible* Safeguard, nor any Sufficiency of his *own*. And yet, whole Legions of formidable Enemies, are in a Confederacy to compass his Ruin. The *World*, lays unnumbered Snares for his Feet: the *Devil*, is incessantly urging the Siege, by a Multitude of fiery Darts, or wily Temptations: the *Flesh*, like a perfidious Inmate, under Colour of Friendship, and a specious Pretence of Pleasure, is always forward to betray his Integrity.—But, amidst all these threatening Circumstances, of personal Weakness, and imminent Danger, an invisible Aid is his Defence. "*I will uphold* "*thee*, says the blessed GOD, *with the Right Hand of* "*my Righteousness* *." Comfortable Truth! The Arm, which fixes the Stars in their Orders, and guides

tunity of consulting the Memoirs of that venerable Assembly; I would refer to the Works of the indefatigable and very learned *Turretin*, or to those of the candid and elegant *Witsius*.—Turret. Tom. II. Q. xvi. Wits. Oecon. Lib. III. Cap. xiii.

The latest and fullest View of the Point, which I ever remember to have met with, in any of our *English* Writers, is in the *Lime-street Lectures*. Which are a Defence of several most important Doctrines of the Gospel, and contained in two Octavo Volumes; the united Labours of *nine* modern Divines; most of whom, are *well* known to the World by their *other* evangelical and useful Writings. In those Lectures, the final Perseverance of the Saints, is very particularly stated; and, to *my* Apprehension at least, most satisfactorily proved. The Arguments, usually urged against *it*, are impartially considered; and I cannot but think (with all due Deference to the Judgment of others) unanswerably confuted.

And here (not to swell this note any farther) I shall only just hint, that the judicious *Hooker* (an Authority, perhaps, as weighty and unexceptionable as any that can well be produced) gives a *solemn Attestation* to this Tenet, in a short Discourse on the Perpetuity of Faith, subjoined to his *Ecclesiastical Polity*. Fol. Edit.

* Isa. xli. 10.

the Planets in their Courſe, is ſtretched out to preſerve the Heirs of Salvation. " —*My Sheep*, adds the great " Redeemer, *are mine: and they ſhall never periſh*; *nei-* " *ther ſhall any pluck them out of my Hand* *." What Words are theſe! And did they come from HIM, who hath all Power in Heaven, and on Earth? And were they ſpoke to the weakeſt of the Flock; to every unfeigned Follower of the great Shepherd? Then, Omnipotence itſelf muſt be *vanquiſhed*; before they can be *deſtroyed*, either by the Seductions of Fraud, or the Aſſaults of Violence.

IF you aſk therefore, What Security we have, of enduring to the End, and continuing faithful unto Death? —The very *ſame* that eſtabliſhes the Heavens, and ſettles the Ordinances of the Univerſe. Can *theſe* be thrown into Confuſion †? Then, may the true Believer draw back unto Perdition. Can the Sun be diſlodged from his Sphere, and ruſh lawleſly through the Sky? Then, and then only, can the Faith of GOD's Elect ‡ be *finally* overthrown.—Be of good Courage then, my Soul; rely on thoſe Divine Succours, which are ſo ſolemnly ſtipulated, ſo faithfully promiſed. Though thy Grace be languid, as the glimmering Spark; though the Overflowings of Corruption, threaten it with total Extinction; yet, ſince the great JEHOVAH has undertaken to cheriſh the dim Principle, " many " Waters cannot quench it, nor all the Floods drown " it." Nay, though it were feeble as the *ſmoaking Flax* §, Goodneſs and Faithfulneſs ſtand engaged, to augment

* John x. 28. † Jer. xxxi. 35, 36. ‡ Tit. i. 2.

§ The *Tenderneſs* and *Faithfulneſs* of GOD to his People, are finely pictured by the Prophet *Iſaiah*, Chap. xliii. Ver. 3. Which Paſſage, becauſe of its rich Conſolation, and uncommon Beauty, is deſervedly adopted by St. *Matthew*, and ingrafted into the Syſtem of evangelical Truths.—*He will not* himſelf *break*, nor ſuffer to be broken by any other, *the bruiſed Reed*; *nor quench the ſmoaking Flax*.

augment the Heat; to raiſe the Fire, and feed the Flame; till it beam forth, a Lamp of immortal Glory, in the Heavens.

As to the *Faithfulneſs* of a covenanting GOD, this may be emblematically ſeen, in the Stability of the heavenly Bodies, and the Perpetuity of their Motions *.—Thoſe that are *fixed* or *ſtationary*, continue unalterable in their grand Elevations. No injurious Shocks; no Violence of conflicting Elements; are able to diſplace thoſe everlaſting Hinges, on which dependent Worlds revolve. Through the whole Flight of Time, they recede not, ſo much as a Hair's Breadth, from the preciſe central Point of their reſpective Syſtems.—While the *Erratic* or *Planetary*, perform their prodigious Stages, without any Intermiſſion, or the leaſt Embarraſſment. How ſoon, and how eaſily, is the moſt finiſhed Piece of human Machinery diſconcerted! But all the celeſtial Movements, are ſo nicely adjuſted; all their Operations, ſo critically proportioned; and their mutual Dependencies, ſo ſtrongly connected; that

Flax. Was it poſſible, to have choſen two more delicate, and expreſſive Repreſentations?—Could any Image, be more ſignificant of a very infirm, and enfeebled *Faith*; than the flexile *Reed*, that bends before every Wind? Which, beſides its natural Weakneſs, is made abundantly weaker by being *bruiſed*: and ſo, is ready to fall in Pieces of itſelf.—Or could any Thing, with a more pathetical Exactneſs, deſcribe the extreme Imbecility, of that other Principle of the Divine Life, *Love*? The State of the *Flax*, juſt beginning to burn, is liable to be put out by the leaſt Blaſt: more liable ſtill, is the *Wick* of the Lamp, when it is not ſo much as kindled into a glimmering Flame, but only *breathing Smoke*, and uncertain whether it ſhall take Fire or no.—Yet true Faith, and heavenly Love, though ſubſiſting amidſt ſuch pitiable Infirmities, will not be abandoned by their great Author; ſhall not be extinguiſhed by any Temptations; but be maintained, invigorated, and made finally triumphant. *Matt.* xii. 20.

* Pſal. cxix. 89, 90.

they

they prolong their beneficial Courſes, throughout all Ages.—While *mighty Cities* are overwhelmed with Ruin, and their very Names loſt in Oblivion: While *vaſt Empires* are ſwept from their Foundations, and leave not ſo much as a ſhadowy Trace of their ancient Magnificence: While *all terreſtrial* Things are ſubject to Viciſſitude, and fluctuating in Uncertainty: *Theſe* are permanent in their Duration. *Theſe* are invariable in their Functions. "Not one faileth."—Who doubts the conſtant Succeſſion, of Day and Night; or the regular Returns, of Summer and Winter? And why, O! why ſhall we doubt the *Veracity* of GOD, or diſtruſt the *Accompliſhment* of his holy Word? Can the Ordinances of Heaven depart? Then only can GOD forget to be gracious; or neglect the Performance of his Promiſe.—Nay, our LORD gives us yet firmer Ground of Affiance. He affords us a ſurer Bottom for our Faith, than the *Fundamental Laws* of the Univerſe. *Heaven and Earth*, He ſays, *ſhall paſs away*; *but my Word ſhall not*, in a ſingle Inſtance, or in one Tittle of their Import, *paſs away*. No. his ſacred Word, whatever may obſtruct it; whoever may oppoſe it; ſhall be fulfilled to the very uttermoſt.

O powerful Word! How aſtoniſhing is its Efficacy! When this Word was iſſued forth, a thouſand Worlds emerged out of nothing. Should the mighty Orders be repeated, a thouſand more would ſpring into Exiſtence. By this Word, the vaſt Syſtem of created Things is *upheld*, in conſtant and immutable Perfection. Should it give command, or ceaſe to exert its Energy; the univerſal Frame would be diſſolved, and all Nature revert to her original Chaos. And this very Word is *pledged* for the Safety, the Comfort, the Happineſs of the Godly. This inviolable, this Almighty Word, *ſpeaks* in all the Promiſes of the Goſpel.—How ſtrangely infatuated are our Souls, that we ſhould value it ſo little?

little? What Infidels are we in fact, that we should depend upon it no more! Did it *create*, whatever has a Being; and shall it not *work* Faith, in our Breasts? Do unnumbered Worlds, owe their Support to this Word; and shall it not be sufficient, to buoy up our Souls in Troubles, or establish them in Trials? Is it the *Life* of the Universe, and shall it be a *dead* Letter to Mankind?

If I wish to be heard, when I implore heavenly Blessings; is not *this Privilege* most clearly made over to my Enjoyment, in that well-known Text, "ask, and it shall be given you*?"—If I long for the Eternal Comforter, to dwell in my Heart, and sanctify my Nature; have I not an apparent Title to this *high Prerogative*, conferred in that sweet assertive Interrogation; "How much more shall your heavenly Father, give "the Holy Spirit to those that ask him †?"—If I earnestly covet the inestimable Treasures, that are comprised in the great Immanuel's Mediation; can I have a firmer Claim to the *noble Portion*, than is granted in that most precious Scripture; "Him that cometh "to Me, I will in no-wise cast out ‡?"—What Assurance, of being interested in these unspeakable Mercies, would I desire? What *Form* of *Conveyance*; what *Deed* of *Settlement*; were it left to my own Option, should I choose? Here is the Word of a King; the King immortal and invisible; all whose Declarations § are Truth itself.—If a Monarch bestows Immunities on a Body of Men, and confirms them by an authentic Charter; no one controverts, no one questions, their Right

* Matt. vii. 7. † Luke xi. 13. ‡ John vi. 37.

§ ——— If *these* fail,
The pillar'd Firmament is Rottenness,
And Earth's Base built on Stubble. Milt. *Comus*.

to

to the Royal Favours. And why should we suspect the *Validity* of those glorious Grants, which are made by the everlasting Sovereign of Nature; which He has also *ratified* by an Oath, and *sealed* with the Blood of his Son?—Corporations may be disfranchised, and Charters revoked. Even Mountains may be removed, and Stars drop from their Spheres. But a Tenure, founded on the Divine Promise, is unalienably *secure*; is *lasting*, as Eternity itself.

We have endeavoured to spell a *Syllable* of the eternal Name, in the ancient Manuscript of the Sky. We have catched a *Glympse* of the Almighty's Glory, from the Lustre of innumerable Stars. But, would we behold all his Excellencies, pourtrayed in *full* Perfection; and drawn to the very Life; let us attentively consider the REDEEMER.—I observe, there are some Parts of the Firmament, in which the Stars seem, as it were, to *cluster*. They are sown thicker, they lie closer, than usual; and strike the Eye with redoubled Splendor. Like the Jewels on a Crown, they mingle their Beams; and reflect an Increase of Brilliancy, on each other.—Is there not such an Assemblage, such a *Constellation* of the Divine Honours, most amiably effulgent in the blessed JESUS?

DOES not infinite *Wisdom* * shine, with surpassing Brightness, in CHRIST? To the Making of a World, there was no Obstacle; but to the Saving of Man, there seemed to be unsurmountable Bars. If the Rebel is suffered to escape; where is the *inflexible Justice*, which denounces "Death as the Wages of Sin?" If the Offender is thoroughly pardoned; where is the *inviolable Veracity*, which has solemnly declared, "The "Soul that sinneth, shall die?" These awful Attributes

* See the next Note.

are ſet in terrible Array; and, like an inpenetrable Battalion, oppoſe the Salvation of apoſtate Mankind. Who can ſuggeſt a Method to *abſolve* the traiterous Race; yet vindicate the Honours of Almighty Sovereignty? This is an Intricacy, which, the moſt exalted finite Intelligences, are unable to clear.—But, behold the *unſearchable Secret* revealed! revealed, in the wonderful Redemption, accompliſhed by a dying Saviour! So plainly revealed, that "He who runs may read;" and even *Babes* underſtand, what Minds of the deepeſt Penetration could not contrive.—The Son of GOD, taking our Nature, obeys the Law, and undergoes Death, in our Stead. By this means, the threatened *Curſe* is executed, in all its Rigour; and free *Grace* is exerciſed, in all its Riches. Juſtice maintains her Rights, and, with a ſteady Hand, adminiſters impartial Vengeance; while Mercy diſpenſes her Pardons, and welcomes the repentant Criminal into the tendereſt Embraces. Hereby, the ſeemingly thwarting Attributes are reconciled. The Sinner is ſaved, not only in *full Conſiſtence*, with the Honour of the ſupreme Perfections; but to the moſt *illuſtrious Manifeſtation* of them all.

WHERE does the Divine *Power** ſo ſignally exert itſelf, as in the Croſs of CHRIST, and in the Conqueſts of Grace!—Our LORD, in his loweſt State of Humiliation, gained a more glorious Victory; than when, through the dividing Sea, and the waſte howling Wilderneſs, "He rode upon his Chariots and Horſes of "Salvation." When his Hands were riveted, with

* CHRIST, *the Wiſdom of GOD, and the Power of GOD.* 1 Cor. i. 24.—*To the Intent that now, unto the Principalities and Powers in heavenly Places, might be known by the Church* (by the amazing Contrivance, and Accompliſhment of its Redemption) *the* deep, extenſive, and (πολυποικιλος) *greatly diverſified Wiſdom of GOD.* Eph. iii. 10.

Irons,

Irons, to the bloody Tree; He disarmed Death of its Sting, and plucked the Prey from the Jaws of Hell. Then, even then, while he was crucified in *Weakness*, He vanquished the *strong Man*, and subdued our most formidable Enemies. Even then, he spoiled Principalities; triumphed over the Powers of Darkness; and led Captivity captive.—Now he is exalted to his heavenly Throne, with what a prevailing Efficacy does his Grace go forth, "conquering, and to conquer!"—By this, the *Slaves* of Sin are rescued from their Bondage, and restored to the *Liberty* of Righteousness. By this, depraved Wretches, whose Appetites were *sensual*, and their Dispositions *devilish*; are not only renewed, but renewed after the Image of GOD, and made Partakers of a *Divine* Nature. Millions, Millions of lost Creatures are snatched, by the Interposition of Grace, like *Brands* from the Burning; and, translated into everlasting Mansions, shine brighter than the *Stars*, shine bright as the *Sun*, in the Kingdom of their Father.

WOULD you then see an incomparably more bright Display of the Divine Excellence, than the unspotted Firmament, the Spangles of Heaven, or the golden Fountain of Day exhibit? Contemplate JESUS of *Nazareth*. He is the Brightness of his Father's Glory, and the express Image of his Person. In his immaculate Nature; in his heavenly Tempers; in his most holy Life; the *moral Perfections* of the Deity are represented, to the highest Advantage *.—Hark! how *Mercy*, with her charming Voice, speaks in all He utters. See! how *Benevolence* pours her choicest Stores, in all He does. Did ever *Compassion* look so amiably soft, as in those pitying Tears; which swelled his Eyes, and trickled down his Cheeks, to bedew the Rancour of

* In this Sense, that Saying of our LORD is eminently true, *He that hath seen ME, hath seen the FATHER.* John xiv. 9.

his

his inveterate Enemies?—Was it poſſible for *Patience* to aſſume a Form ſo lovely; as that ſweetly-winning Conduct, which bore the Contradiction of Sinners? Which intreated the Obſtinate, to be reconciled; beſought the Guilty, not to die?—In other Things, we may find ſome *ſcattered* Rays of JEHOVAH's Glory; but in CHRIST they are all collected and united. In CHRIST, they beam forth, with the ſtrongeſt Radiance, with the moſt delightful Effulgence. *Out of Sion*, and in *Sim*'s great Redeemer, *hath GOD appeared in perfect Beauty.*

SEARCH then, my Soul, above all other Purſuits, ſearch the Records of redeeming Love. Let theſe be the principal Object of thy Study. Here employ thyſelf, with the moſt unwearied Aſſiduity.—*In theſe are hid all the Treaſures of Wiſdom and Knowledge* *. *Such Wiſdom*; as charms and aſtoniſhes the very Angels: Engages their cloſeſt Attention, and fills them with the deepeſt Adoration †. *Such Knowledge*; as qualifies the

* *Coloſſ.* ii. 3.—Not a mean Degree, but a *Treaſure*; not one Treaſure, but *many*; not many only, but *all* Treaſures, of true Wiſdom, and ſaving Knowledge; are in CHRIST, and his glorious Goſpel.—The tranſcendent *Excellency* of thoſe Treaſures ſeems to be finely intimated, in that other Expreſſion αποκρυφοι, *hid*; (which may be interpreted by the *Hebrew* מטמונים, *Job* iii. 21.) *laid up*, with the utmoſt Care, and the greateſt Safety. Not left at all Adventures, to be ſtumbled upon, by every giddy Wanderer; or to fall into the Arms of the yawning Sluggard; but, like Jewels of the brighteſt Luſtre, or Riches of the higheſt Value, *kept in Store* to adorn and reward the diligent Searcher.

† This, I believe, is the *Import* of the Apoſtle's Language, though it is not a *literal* Tranſlation of εις α επιθυμουσιν αγγελοι παρακυψαι. 1 *Pet.* i. 12.—I never had ſuch a lively Apprehenſion of the beautiful Significancy of the laſt Word, as when I have attended a Diffection of ſome Part of the animal Body. In order to diſcern the *Minutiæ* of the admirable Frame; the latent Wonders of Art

the Possessor, if not for Offices of Dignity on Earth, yet for the most honourable Advancements in the Kingdom of Heaven. Disunited from which Knowledge, all Application is but elaborate Impertinence; and all Science, no better than pompous Ignorance.—These Records contain the faultless Model of Duty, and the noblest Motives to Obedience. Nothing so powerful, to work a lively Faith, and a joyful Hope; as an attentive Consideration of our LORD's unutterable Merits. Nothing so sovereign, to antidote the pestilential Influence of the World, and deliver our Affections from a Slavery to ignoble Objects; as an habitual Remembrance of his extreme Agonies. The genuine, the ever-fruitful *Source* of all *Morality*, is the unfeigned Love of CHRIST; and the Cross, the CROSS, is the appointed* *Altar*, from which we may fetch a Coal †, to inkindle this sacred Fire.

BEHOLD, therefore, *the Man*; the matchless and stupendous Man; whose Practice was a Pattern of the most exalted Virtue, and his Person the Mirror of every Divine Perfection. Examine the Memoirs of his heavenly Temper, and exemplary

Art and Mechanism; the Eye is so sharpened, and its Application so *intensely bended*, as gives a very just *experimental* Comment on that expressive Phrase, παρακυψαι.—With such earnest Attention, is the everlasting Gospel contemplated, by the *Angelic* Orders! How much more, if it were possible, does it deserve the devout and incessant Consideration of *human* Minds? Since by *them*, it is not only to be speculated, as a bright and ravishing Display of the Divine Attributes; but to be applied to their fallen Nature, as a most benign Scheme of *recovering* Grace; as the sure and only Method of obtaining Life and Immortality.

* *And I*, says our LORD, *if I be lifted up from the Earth*, and extended on the Cross, *will draw all men unto me*: will give such a rich and transcendent Display of *my* Love, as shall constitute the most powerful and prevailing Attractive of *theirs*. *John* xii. 32.

† Alluding to *Isaiah* vi. 6.

Con-

Converſation. Contemplate that *Choir* of *Graces*, which were aſſociated in his Mind, and ſhed the higheſt Luſtre on all his Actions. Familiarize to thy Thoughts his inſtructive Diſcourſes, and enter into the very Spirit of his refined Doctrines. That the Graces may be transfuſed into thy Breaſt, and the Doctrines tranſcribed in thy Life.—Follow Him to *Calvary*'s horrid Eminence; to *Calvary*'s fatal Cataſtrophe. Where Innocence, Dignity, and Merit, were *made perfect through Sufferings*: each ſhining, with all poſſible Splendor, through the tragical Scene; ſomewhat like his own radiant Bow, then glowing with the greateſt Beauty, when appearing on the darkeſt Cloud.—Be thy moſt conſtant Attention fixed, on that lovely and ſorrowful Spectacle. Behold the ſpotleſs Victim, nailed to the Tree, and ſtabbed to the Heart. Hear him pouring out Prayers, for his Murderers; before He poured out his Soul, for Tranſgreſſors. See the Wounds, that ſtream with Forgiveneſs, and *bleed Balm* for a diſtempered World. O! ſee the Juſtice of the Almighty and his Goodneſs; his Mercy and his Vengeance; every *tremendous* and *gracious* Attribute manifeſted; manifeſted with inexpreſſible Glory, in that moſt *ignominious*, yet *grandeſt*, of Tranſactions.

Since God is ſo inconceivably great, as theſe his marvellous Works declare;

Since the great Sov'reign ſends Ten Thouſand Worlds,
To tell us, He reſides above them all,
In Glory's unapproachable Receſs *;

how

* For this *Quotation*, and ſeveral valuable *Hints*, I acknowledge myſelf indebted to thoſe beautiful and ſublime Poems, intituled *Night-Thoughts*.—Of which I ſhall only ſay, That I receive freſh Pleaſure, and richer Improvement, from every renewed Peruſal.

 And

how can We forbear haſtening, with *Moſes*, bowing Ourſelves to the Earth, and worſhipping?

O! what an honourable, as well as advantageous Employ, is Prayer!—*Advantageous*. By Prayer, We cultivate that improving Correſpondence with JEHOVAH, We carry on that gladdening Intercourſe with his SPIRIT, which muſt begin Here, in order to be completed in Eternity.—*Honourable*. By Prayer, we have Acceſs to that mighty Potentate; whoſe Sceptre ſways univerſal Nature, and whoſe rich Regalia fill the Skies with Luſtre. Prayer, places us in his Preſence-Chamber; while "the Blood of Sprinkling," procures us a gracious Audience.

SHALL I then *bluſh* to be found proſtrate, before the Throne of Grace? Shall I be *aſhamed* to have it known; that I offer up ſocial Supplications in the Family, or am conſcientious in obſerving my private Retirements? Rather, let me glory in this unſpeakable Privilege. Let me reckon it the *nobleſt* Poſture, to fall low on my Knees before his Footſtool; and the *higheſt* Honour to enjoy Communion with his moſt exalted Majeſty.—Incomparably more noble, than to ſit, in Perſon, on the triumphal Chariot; or to ſtand, in Effigy, amidſt the Temple of Worthies.

MOST ineſtimable, in ſuch a View, is that Promiſe; which ſo often occurs in the prophetic Writings, and is the crowning Benefit of the new Covenant, *I will*

And, I think, I ſhall have Reaſon to bleſs the indulgent Beſtower of all Wiſdom, for thoſe inſtructive and animating Compoſitions, even in my laſt Moments. Than which, nothing can more emphatically ſpeak their *ſuperior Excellence*, nor give a more ſolid Satisfaction to their worthy Author.—Happy ſhould I think myſelf, if theſe little Sketches of contemplative Devotion, might be honoured with the *moſt inferior* Degree of the ſame Succeſs. Might receive a Teſtimony, not from the Voice of Fame, but from the dying Lips of ſome edified Chriſtian.

be thy God *.—Will this ſupremely excellent, and Almighty Being, vouchſafe to be *my* Portion? To ſettle upon a poor Sinner, not the Heritage of a County; not the Poſſeſſion of the whole Earth; but his *own* ever-bleſſed *Self?* May I then, through his free condeſcending Grace, and the unknown Merits of his Son, look upon all theſe infinitely noble Attributes as my Treaſure? May I regard the *Wiſdom*, which ſuperintends ſuch a Multitude of Worlds, as my Guide; the *Power*, which produced, and preſerves them in Exiſtence, as my Guard; the *Goodneſs*, which, by an endleſs Communication of Favours, renders them all ſo many Habitations of Happineſs, as *my exceeding great Reward?* —What a Fund of Felicity, is included in ſuch a Bleſſing! How often does the *Iſraelitiſh* Prince exult in the Aſſurance, that this unutterable and boundleſs Good is his own? Intereſted in this, he bids Defiance to every Evil, that can be dreaded; and reſts in certain Expectation of every Bleſſing, that can be deſired. The *LORD is my Light, and my Salvation; whom then ſhall I fear? The LORD*, with an Air of Exultation, he repeats both his Affiance, and his Challenge, *is the Strength of my Life; of whom then ſhall I be afraid* †? Nothing ſo effectual, as this appropriating Faith, to inſpire a Dignity of Mind, ſuperior to tranſitory Trifles; or to create a Calmneſs of Temper, unalarmed by vulgar Fears, unappalled by Death itſelf. —*The LORD is my Shepherd*, ſays the ſame truly gallant and heroic Perſonage: *therefore ſhall I lack nothing* ‡. How is it poſſible, He ſhould ſuffer Want, who has the All-ſufficient Fulneſs for his Supply? So long as unerring Wiſdom is capable of contriving the Means; ſo long as uncontroulable Power is able to execute them; ſuch a One cannot fail of being ſafe and

* Heb. viii. 10. † Pſal. xxvii. 1. ‡ Pſal. xxiii. 1.

happy; whether he continue amidst the Vicissitudes of Time, or depart into the unchangeable Eternity.

HERE, let us stand a Moment, and humbly contemplate this great GOD, together with ourselves, in a relative View.—If we reflect on the Works of *material* Nature, their Number incomprehensible, and their Extent unmeasurable: each of them apart, so admirably framed; the Connections of the Whole, so exquisitely regulated; and all derived, from one and the same glorious Agent.—If we recollect the far more noble Accomplishments of elegant Taste, and discerning Judgment; of refined Affections, and exalted Sentiments; which are to be found, among the several Orders of *intelligent* Existence: and all of them flowing, in rich Emanations, from the one sole Fountain of intellectual Light—If we farther consider this Author of material Beauty, and moral Excellency, as a *Guardian*, a *Governor*, and *Benefactor* to all his Creatures: supporting the whole System, and protecting each Individual, by an ever-watchful Providence; presiding over the minutest Affairs, and causing all Events to terminate in the most extensive Good; heaping, with unremitted Liberality, his Benefits upon every capable Object, and making the Circuit of the Universe a Seminary of Happiness—Is it possible for the human Heart, under such captivating Views, to be *indifferent* towards this most benign, most bountiful Original of Being and of Bliss? Can any be so immersed in Stupidity, as to say unto the Almighty—in the Language of an irreligious Temper, and licentious Life, to say? "Depart from Us; "we implore not thy Favour; nor desire the Know-"ledge of thy Ways."—Wonder, O *Heavens!* be amazed, O *Earth!* and let the Inhabitants of *both* express their Astonishment, at this unparalleled Complication of disingenuous, ungrateful, destructive Perverseness!

If we consider our *fallen* and *imperfect* State; frail in our Bodies; enfeebled in our Minds; in every Part of our Constitution, and in all the Occurrences of Life, "like a tottering Wall, or a broken Hedge."—If we survey our *indigent* and *infirm* State; without Holiness; without spiritual Strength; our Possession of present Conveniencies, intirely dependent on God's sovereign Pleasure; yea, forfeited, justly forfeited, with every future Hope, by a thousand aggravated Iniquities.—If we add the various *Disasters* of our Condition; agitated as we are by tumultuous Passions; oppressed with dispiriting Fears; held in Suspense by a Variety of perplexing* Cares: liable to Pains, and exposed to Troubles; Troubles from every Quarter; Troubles of every Kind—Can we, amidst so many Wants, under such deplorable Infirmities, and subject to such disastrous Accidents—can we be unconcerned, whether God's omnipotent, irresistible, all-conducting Hand be *against* Us, or *for* Us? Imagination itself shudders at the Thought!—Can we rest satisfied, without a well-grounded

* *Perplexing*—Those who read the original Language of the New Testament, are sufficiently apprised, that such is the *Significancy* of that benevolent Dissuasive, urged by our Lord, *μη μεριμνᾶτε*, *Matt.* vi. 25.—I beg Leave, for the Sake of the *unlearned* Reader, to observe; That our Translation, though for the most Part faithful and excellent, has here misrepresented our Divine Master's Meaning. *Take no Thought* for your Food, for your Raiment, for your bodily Welfare, is not only not the true Sense, but the very Reverse of the Scriptural Doctrine. We are required to take a *prudent* and *moderate* Thought, for the Necessaries of Life. The Sluggard, who neglects this decent Precaution, is severely reprimanded; is sent to one of the meanest Animals, to blush for his Folly, and learn Discretion from her Conduct, *Prov.* vi. 6. Our Saviour's Precept, and the exact Sense of his Expression, is, Take no *anxious* Thought; indulge no *perplexing* Care. No such Care, as may argue an unreasonable *Distrust* of Providence; or may *rend* and *tear* your Minds with distressing, with pernicious Solicitude.

Persuasion, that we are *reconciled* to this supreme LORD, and the Objects of this unchangeable Goodness!—If there be an abandoned Wretch, whose Apprehensions are so fatally blinded; who is so utterly lost to all Sense of his Duty, and of his Interest; let me bewail his *Misery*, while I abhor his Impiety. Bewail his Misery; though Popularity, with her choicest Laurels, adorn his Brow; though Affluence, with her richest Delicacies, load his Table; though half a Nation, or half a World, conspire to call him *happy*.

MAY I, by a believing Application, solace myself in this everlasting Source of Love, Perfection, and Joy! Grant me this Request, and I ask no more.—Only, that I may expect, not with a reluctant Anxiety, but with a ready Chearfulness, the Arrival of that important Hour; when this Veil of Flesh shall drop, and the Shadows of Mortality flee away. When I shall no longer complain of *obscure* Knowledge; *languid* Affections; and *imperfect* Fruition—but shall see the uncreated and immortal Majesty. *See* Him, not in this distant and unaffecting Method, of reasoning from his Works; but with the most clear and direct Intuition of the Mind.—When I shall *love* Him, not with a cold and contracted Spirit; but with the most lively and inlarged Emotions of Gratitude.—When I shall incessantly *enjoy* the Light of his Countenance; and be united, inseparably united to his all-glorious GODHEAD. —Take, ye Ambitious, unenvied and unopposed, take to yourselves the Toys of State. May I be enabled to *rejoice* in this blessed Hope; and to *triumph* in that amiable, that adorable, that delightful Name, the LORD MY GOD! And I shall scarce bestow a Thought, on the splendid Pageantry of the World, unless it be to *despise* its empty Pomp, and to *pity* its deluded Admirers.

All these Bodies, though immense in their Size, and almost infinite in their Multitude, are *obedient* to the Divine Command. The God of Wisdom "tel-"leth their Numbers," and is intimately acquainted with their various Properties. The God of Power "calleth them all by their Names," and assigns them whatsoever Office He pleases.—He *marshals* all the starry Legions, with infinitely greater Ease, and nicer Order; than the most expert General, arranges his disciplined Troops. He appoints their *Posts*; he marks their *Route*; he fixes the Time for their *Return*. The Posts, which he appoints, they occupy, without fail. In the Route, which he settles, they persevere, without the least Deviation. And to the Instant*, which he fixes for their Return, they are precisely punctual.—He has given them a *Law*, which, through a long Revolution of Ages, shall not be broken; unless his sovereign Will interposes, for its *Repeal*. Then indeed, the Motion of the celestial Orbs is controuled; their Action remains suspended; or their Influence receives a new Direction.—The *Sun*, at his Creation, issued forth with a Command, to travel perpetually through the Heavens. Since which, he has never neglected to perform the great Circuit; "rejoicing as a "Giant to run his Race." But, when it is requisite to accomplish the Purposes of Divine Love, the Orders are countermanded; the flaming Courier remits his Career; *stands still in Gibeon* †; and, for the Con-

* "The Planets, and all the innumerable Host of heavenly "Bodies, perform their Courses and Revolutions, with so much "Certainty and Exactness, as never once to fail; but, for almost "6000 Years, come constantly about to the same Period, in the "hundredth Part of a Minute." STACKHOUSE's *Hist. Bible*.

† This is spoken in Conformity to the Scripture Language, and according to the common Notion. With respect to the Power which effected the Alteration; it is much the same Thing, and alike miraculous; whether the Sun, or the Earth, be supposed to move.

veniency of the chosen People, holds back the falling Day.—The *Moon* was dispatched with a Charge, never to intermit her revolving Course, till Day and Night come to an End. But when the Children of Providence, are to be favoured with an uncommon Continuance of Light, she halts in her March; makes a solemn Pause *in the Valley of Ajalon**; and delays to bring on her attendant Train of Shadows.—When the Enemies of the LORD are to be discomfited, the *Stars* are levied into the Service; the Stars are armed, and take the Field; *the Stars, in their Courses, fought against Sisera* †.

So dutiful is material Nature! So obsequious, in *all* her *Forms*, to her Creator's Pleasure!—The bellowing

* *Josh.* x. 12, 13.—The Prophet *Habakkuk*, according to his lofty Manner, celebrates this Event; and points out, in very poetical Diction, the Design of so surprising a Miracle.—*The Sun and Moon stood still in their Habitation: In the Light*, the long-continued and miraculous Light, *thy Arrows*, edged with Destruction, *walked* on their awful Errand; *in the clear Shining* of the Day, protracted for this very Purpose, *thy glittering Spear*, launched by thy People, but guided by thy Hand, sprung to its Prey. *Hab.* iii. 11.

† *Judg.* v. 20.——The scriptural Phrase *fought against*, will, I hope, be a proper *Warrant* for every Expression, I have used on this Occasion.——The Passage is generally supposed to signify, that some very dreadful *Meteors* (which the Stars were thought to influence) such as fierce Flashes of *Lightning*; impetuous Showers of *Rain*; and rapid Storms of *Hail*; were employed by the Almighty to terrify, annoy, and overthrow the Enemies of *Israel*. If so, there cannot be a more clear and lively Paraphrase on the Text, than those fine Lines of a *Jewish* Writer.—*His severe Wrath shall HE sharpen for a Sword; and* the World *shall* fight *with him* against *the Ungodly. Then, shall the* right-aiming Thunderbolts *go abroad*; *and from the* Clouds, *as from a* well-drawn Bow, *shall they fly to the Mark. And* Hail-stones, *full of Wrath, shall be cast out of a Stone Bow; and the* Water *of the Sea shall rage against them; and the* Floods (as was the Case of the River *Kishon*) *shall cruelly drown them. Yea, a mighty* Wind *shall stand up against them; and, like a* Storm, *shall blow them away.* Wisd. v. 20, 21, 22, 23.

ing

ing Thunders, listen to his Voice; and the vollied Lightnings, observe the Direction of his Eye. The flying Storm, and impetuous Whirwind, wear his Yoke. The raging Waves revere his Nod: they shake the Earth; they dash the Skies; yet, never offer to pass the Limits, which he has prescribed.—Even the planetary Spheres; though vastly *larger*, than this wide-extended Earth; are, in his Hand, as *Clay* in the Hands of the Potter. Though, *swifter* than the Northern Blast, they sweep the long Tracts of Æther; yet, are they guided by his Reins, and execute whatever He injoins.—All those enormous Globes of *central* Fire, which beam through the boundless Azure; in comparison of which, an Army of Planets, were like a Swarm of Summer Insects; those, even those, are conformable to his Will, as the *melting Wax* to the impressed Seal.—Since *all*, ALL is obedient, throughout the whole Ascent of Things, shall Man be the *only Rebel* against the Almighty Maker? Shall these unruly *Appetites*, reject his Government, and refuse their Allegiance? Shall these headstrong *Passions*, break loose from Divine Restraint; and run wild, in exorbitant Sallies, after their own Imaginations?

O MY Soul, be stung with Remorse, and overwhelmed with Confusion, at the Thought! Is it not a righteous Thing, that the blessed GOD should sway the Sceptre, with the most absolute Authority, over all the Creatures, which his Power has formed? Especially over those Creatures; whom his distinguishing Favour, has endued with the noble Principle of Reason, and made capable of a blissful Immortality? Sure, if all the Ranks of inanimate Existence, conform to their Maker's Decree, by the *Necessity* of their Nature; this more excellent Race of Beings, should pay their equal Homage, by

by the *willing* Compliance of their Affections *.—Come then, all ye *Faculties* of my *Mind*; come, all ye *Powers* of my *Body*; give up yourselves, without a Moment's Delay, without the least Reserve, to his Governance. Stand, like dutiful Servants, at his Footstool; in an everlasting Readiness, to *do* whatsoever He requires; to *be* whatsoever He appoints. To further, with united Efforts, the Purposes of his Glory in this earthly Scene: or else to separate, without Reluctance, at his Summons; the *one*, to sleep in the silent Dust; the *other*, to advance his Honour, in some remoter Colony of his Kingdom.—Thus, may I join with all the Works of the LORD, in all Places of his Dominion, to recognize his universal Supremacy; and proclaim Him Sovereign of Souls, as well as Ruler of Worlds.

AT my first coming abroad, all these Luminaries were *eclipsed*, by the overpowering Lustre of the Sun.

* This Argument, I acknowledge, is not absolutely conclusive. But it is popular and striking. Nor can I think myself obliged, in such a Work; where *Fancy* bears a considerable Sway, to proceed always with the Caution and Exactness, of a *Disputer* in the *Schools*. If there be some Appearance of Analogy, between the Fact and the Inference, it seems sufficient for my Purpose; though the Deduction should not be necessary, nor the Process strictly syllogystical. —One of the *Apostolic Fathers*, has an affecting and sublime Paragraph, which runs intirely in this Form: Ηλιος τε και σεληνη, αστερων τε χοροι, κατα την διαταγην αυτε εν ομονοια, διχα πασης παρεκβασεως, εξελισσεσι τες επιτεταγμενες αυτοις ορισμες. *The Sun, the Moon, and the starry Choir, without the least Deviation, and with the utmost Harmony, perform the Revolutions appointed them by the supreme Decree.* From which Remark, and Abundance of other similar Instances, observable in the Oeconomy of Nature; he exhorts Christians, to a cordial *Unanimity* among themselves, and a dutiful *Obedience* to GOD. Vid. *Clem. Roman.* 1 *Ep. ad Corinth. Sect.* 20.—See also a beautiful Ode in Dr. *Watts*'s Lyric Poems, intituled *The Comparison and Complaint*, which turns upon this very Thought.

They

They were all placed in the very ſame Stations; and played the ſame ſprightly Beams; yet, not one of them was ſeen. As the Daylight wore away, and the ſober Shades advanced; *Heſperus*, who leads the ſtarry Train, diſcloſed his radiant Forehead, and catched my Eye. While I ſtood gazing on his bright and beautiful Aſpect, ſeveral of his Attendants peeped through the blue Curtains. Scarce had I turned to obſerve theſe freſh Emanations of Splendor; but others drop the Veil; others ſtole into View. When lo! faſter and more numerous, Multitudes ſprung from Obſcurity; they poured, in ſhining Troops, and in ſweet Confuſion, over all the empyrean Plain. Till the Firmament ſeemed, like one vaſt Conſtellation; and "a Flood of "Glory burſt from all the Skies."

Is not ſuch the *Riſe*, and ſuch the *Progreſs* of a true *Converſion*, in the prejudiced Infidel, or inattentive Sinner? During the Period of his vainer Years, a Thouſand intereſting Truths, lay utterly undiſcovered; a Thouſand momentous Concerns, were intirely diſregarded. But, when divine Grace diſſipates the deluſive Glitter, which dazled his Underſtanding, and beguiled his Affections; then, He begins to diſcern, dimly to diſcern, the Things which belong unto his Peace. Some Admonition of Scripture, darts Conviction into his Soul; as the Glimmering of a Star, pierces the Gloom of Night.—Then, perhaps, another awful, or chearing Text, impreſſes Terror, or diffuſes Comfort. A *Threatening* alarms his Fears, or a *Promiſe* awakens his Hopes. This, poſſibly, is ſucceeded by ſome *afflictive* Diſpenſation of Providence; and improved by ſome edifying and *inſtructive* Converſation. All which is eſtabliſhed, as to its Continuance; and inlarged, as to its Influence; by a diligent Study of the ſacred Word.—By this Means, new Truths continually pour their Evidence. Scenes of refined and exalted,

but

but hitherto unknown Delight, address Him with their Attractives. New Desires take Wing; new Pursuits are set on Foot. A new Turn of Mind forms his Temper; a new Habit of Conversation regulates his Life. In a Word; *old Things are passed away; and all Things become new.* He, who was sometime Darkness, is now Light, and Life, and Joy in the LORD.

THE more attentively I view the crystal Concave, the more fully I discern the Richness of its Decorations. Abundance of minuter Lights, which lay concealed from a *superficial* Notice, are visible on a *closer* Examination. Especially in those Tracts of the Sky, which are called the *Galaxy*; and are distinguishable, by a sort of milky Path. There, the Stars are crouded, rather than disseminated. The Region seems to be all on a Blaze, with their blended Rays.—Besides this vast Profusion, which in my present Situation the Eye discovers; was I to make my Survey, from any other Part of the Globe, lying nearer the Southern Pole; I should behold a *new Choir* of starry Bodies, which have never appeared within our Horizon.—Was I (which is still more wonderful) either Here or There, to view the Firmament with the Virtuoso's Glass; I should find a prodigious Multitude of flaming Orbs, which, immersed in Depths of Æther, escape the keenest unassisted Sight *.—Yet, in these various Situations; even with the Aid of the Telescopic Tube; I should not be able to descry the Half, perhaps not a *Thousandth* Part,

Come forth, O Man, yon azure Round survey,
And view those Lamps, which yield eternal Day.
Bring forth thy Glasses: Clear thy wond'ring Eyes:
Millions beyond the former Millions rise:
Look farther;—Millions more blaze from remoter Skies.

See an ingenious Poem, intituled The Universe.

of those majestic Luminaries, which the vast expansive Heavens contain *.—So, the more diligently I pursue my Search, into those Oracles of eternal Truth, the *Scriptures*; I perceive a wider, a deeper, an ever increasing Fund of spiritual Treasures. I perceive the brighter Strokes of Wisdom, and the richer Displays of Goodness; a more transcendent Excellency in the illustrious Messiah, and a more deplorable Vileness in fallen Man; a more immaculate Purity in God's Law; and more precious Privileges in his Gospel. Yet, after a Course of Study, ever so assiduous; ever so prolonged; I should have Reason to own myself, a mere *Babe* in heavenly Knowledge; or, at most, but a *puerile* Proficient, in the School of Christ.

After all my most accurate Inspection, those starry Orbs appear but as *glittering Points*. Even the Planets, though so much nearer our earthly Mansion, seem only like burning *Bullets*. If then, we have such *imperfect Apprehensions* of visible and material Things; how much more scanty and inadequate, must be our Notions of invisible and immortal Objects!—We behold the Stars. Though every one is incomparably bigger, than the Globe we inhabit; yet they dwindle, upon our Survey, into the most diminutive Forms. Thus, we see by Faith the Glories of the blessed Jesus; the atoning

* How noble, considered in this View, are the Celebrations of the Divine Majesty, which frequently occur in the sacred Writings! *It is the LORD that made the Heavens.* Psal. xcvi. 5.—What a prodigious Dignity, does such a Sense of Things give to that devout Ascription of Praise! *Thou, even Thou, art LORD alone; Thou hast made Heaven, the Heaven of Heavens, with all their Host.* Nehem. ix. 6.—Examined by this Rule, the beautiful Climax in our inspired Hymn, is sublime beyond Compare. *Praise HIM, Sun and Moon: Praise HIM, all ye Stars of Light: Praise HIM, ye Heavens of Heavens.* Psal. cxlviii. 3, 4.

Efficacy

Efficacy of his Death; the juſtifying Merit of his Righteouſneſs; and the Joys, which are reſerved for his Followers. But alas! even our moſt *exalted* Ideas, are vaſtly *below* the Truth. As much below the Truth; as the Report, which our Eyes make of thoſe celeſtial Edifices, is inferior to their real Grandeur.—Should we take in all the *magnifying* Aſſiſtances, which Art has contrived; thoſe luminous Bodies, would elude our Skill, and appear as *ſmall* as ever. Should an Inhabitant of Earth, travel towards the Cope of Heaven; and be carried forwards, in his aërial Journey, more than a Hundred and ſixty Millions of Miles *; even in that advanced Situation, thoſe *Oceans* of *Flame*, would look no larger, than *radiant Specks*.—In like manner, conceive ever ſo magnificently, of the Redeemer's Honours; and of the Bliſs, which he has purchaſed for his People; yet you will fall ſhort. Raiſe your Imagination *higher*; ſtretch your Invention *wider*; give them *all* the Scope, which a ſoaring and excurſive Fancy can take; ſtill, your Conceptions will be extremely *diſproportionate*, to their genuine Perfections.—Vaſt are the Bodies, which roll in the Expanſe of Heaven: vaſter far are thoſe Fields of Æther, through which they run their endleſs Round: But the Excellency of JESUS, and the Happineſs laid up for his Servants, are greater then *either*; than *both*; than *all*. An inſpired Writer calls the former, "The unſearch-" able Riches of CHRIST;" and ſtiles the latter, "An "exceeding great and eternal Weight of Glory."

* This, incredible as it may ſeem, is not a mere Suppoſition, but a real Fact. For, about the Twenty-firſt of *December*, we are above 160,000,000 of Miles nearer the Northern Parts of the Sky, than we were at the Twenty-firſt of *June*. And yet, with regard to the Stars ſituate in that Quarter, we perceive no *Change* in their *Aſpect*, nor any *Augmentation* of their *Magnitude*.

If those Stars, are so many inexhaustible Magazines of Fire, and immense *Reservoirs* of Light; there is no Reason to doubt, but they have some very *grand Uses*, suitable to the Magnificence of their Nature. To specify, or explain, the particular Purposes they answer; is altogether impossible, in our present State of Distance and Ignorance. This, however, we may clearly discern; they are disposed in that very Manner, which is most *pleasing* and most *serviceable* to Mankind.—They are not placed at an *infinite Remove*, so as to lie beyond our Sight; neither are they brought *so near* our Abode, as to annoy us with their Beams. We see them shine on every Side. The deep Azure, which serves them as a Ground, heightens their Splendor. At the same Time, their Influence is gentle, and their Rays are destitute of Heat. So that we are surrounded with a Multitude of fiery Globes, which beautify and illuminate the Firmament, without any Risque, either to the *Coolness* of our Night, or the *Quiet* of our Repose.—Who can sufficiently admire that wondrous Benignity; which on our Account, strews the *Earth* with Blessings of every Kind; and vouchsafes to make the *very Heavens*, subservient to our Delight?

It is not solely to adorn the Roof of our Palace, with costly Gildings; that God commands the celestial Luminaries, to glitter through the Gloom. We also reap considerable Benefits, from their Ministry.—They *divide* our *Time*, and fix its solemn Periods. They settle the *Order* of our *Works*; and are, according to the Destination mentioned in sacred Writ, "for Signs, "and for Seasons; for Days, and for Years." The Returns of Heat and Cold alone, would have been too precarious a Rule. But these radiant Bodies; by the *Variation*, and also by the *Regularity*, of their Motions; afford a Method of calculating, absolutely certain, and sufficiently obvious. By this, the *Farmer* is instructed, when

when to commit his Grain to the Furrows, and how to conduct the Operations of Husbandry. By this, the Sailor knows when to proceed on his Voyage, with least Peril; and how to carry on the Business of Navigation, with most Success.

WHY should not the Christian, the Probationer for Eternity, learn from the same Monitors, to *number*—for nobler Purposes, to number his *Days*; and duly to transact the grand, grand Affairs of his everlasting Salvation? Since GOD has appointed so many bright Measurers of our Time, to determine its larger Periods, and to minute down its ordinary Stages; sure, this most strongly inculcates its *Value*, and should powerfully prompt us to *improve* it.—Behold! the supreme Lord marks the Progress of our Life, in that most conspicuous Kalendar above. Does not such an Ordination tell us, and in the most emphatical Language; That our Life is given for *Use*, not for *Waste*? That no Portion of it is delivered, but under a strict Account; that all of it is entered, as it passes, in the Divine Register; and, therefore, that the Stewards of such a Talent, are to expect a future Reckoning?—Behold! the very Heavens are bid to be the *Accomptants*, of our Years, and Months, and Days. O! may this induce us to manage them, with a vigilant Frugality; to part with them, as Misers with their *hoarded Treasure*, warily and circumspectly; and, if possible, as Merchants with their *rich Commodities*, not without an Equivalent, either in personal Improvement, or social Usefulness!

HOW *bright* the starry Diamonds shine! The Ambition of Eastern Monarchs could imagine no Distinction, more noble and sublime, than that of being likened to those beaming Orbs *.—They form Night's *richest*

* Numb. xxiv. 17. Dan. viii. 10.

Dress;



When I consider thy Heavens, the Work of thy Fingers; the Moon and the Stars which thou hast ordained. Lord, what is Man that thou art mindful of him, and the Son of Man that thou visitest him. Psalm VIII. v. 3 & 4.

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Dress; and sparkle upon her sable Robe, like Jewels of the finest Lustre. Like Jewels! I wrong their Character. The lucid Stone has no Brilliancy; quenched is the Flame even of the golden Topaz; compared with those glowing Decorations of Heaven.—How widely are their radiant Honours *diffused!* No Nation so remote, but sees their Beauty, and rejoices in their Usefulness. They have been admired by all preceding Generations; and every rising Age, will gaze on their Charms, with renewed Delight.—How *animating*, then, is that Promise, made to the faithful Ministers of the Gospel! "They that turn many to Righteousness, "shall shine as the Stars for ever and ever *." Is not this a most winning Encouragement, "to spend and "be spent," in the Service of Souls? Methinks, the Stars beckon, as they twinkle. Methinks, they shew me their Splendors, on purpose to inspire me with *Alacrity*, in the Race set before me; on purpose to enliven my *Activity*, in the Work that is given me to do.—Yes; ye majestic Monitors, I understand your Meaning. If Honour has any Charms; if true Glory, the Glory which cometh from GOD, is any Attractive; you display the most powerful Incitements, to exercise all Assiduity in my holy Vocation. I will, henceforth, observe your Intimation; and, when Zeal becomes *languid*, have recourse to your heavenly Lamps. If so be, I may *rekindle* its Ardor, at those inextinguishable Fires.

OF the *Polar* Star, it is observable; that, while other Luminaries *alter* their Situation, this seems invariably *fixed* †. While other Luminaries, now, mount the

* Dan. xii. 3.

† I speak in Conformity to the *Appearance* of the Object. For, though this remarkable Star revolves round the Pole, its Motion is so *slow*, and the Circle it describes so *small*; as render both the Revolution and Change of Situation, hardly perceivable.

 Battle-

Battlements of Heaven, and appear upon Duty; now, retire beneath the Horizon, and resign to a fresh Set, the Watches of the Night; this never departs from its Station. This, in every Season, maintains an uniform Position; and is always to be found, in the same Tract of the Northern Sky.—How often has this beamed bright Intelligence on the *Sailor*; and conducted the Keel, to its desired Haven! In early Ages, those who went down to the Sea in Ships, and occupied their Business in great Waters, had scarce any other sure Guide for their wandering Vessel. This therefore they viewed, with the most solicitous Attention. By this, they formed their Observations, and regulated their Voyage. When this was obscured by Clouds, or inveloped in Mists; the trembling Mariner was *bewildered*, on the watery Waste. His Thoughts fluctuated, as much as the floating Surge; and he knew not, *where* he was advanced, or *whither* he should steer. But, when this auspicious Star broke through the Gloom; it dissipated the Anxiety of his Mind, and cleared up his dubious Passage. He re-assumed, with Alacrity, the Management of the Helm; and was able to shape his Course, with some tolerable Degree of Satisfaction and Certainty.

SUCH, only much clearer in its Light, and much surer in its Direction, is the *Holy Word* of GOD, to those Myriads of intellectual Beings, who are bound for the eternal Shores. Who, embarked in a Vessel of feeble Flesh, are to pass the Waves of this tempestuous and perilous World. In all *Difficulties*, those sacred Pages shed an encouraging Ray; in all *Uncertainties*, they suggest the right Determination, and point out the proper Procedure. What is still a more inestimable Advantage; they, like the Star which conducted the Eastern Sages, make plain the Way of Access to a *Re-*

deemer. They difplay his unfpeakable Merits: they difcover the Method of being interefted in his great Atonement; and lead the weary Soul, *toffed* by Troubles, and *fhattered* by Temptations, to that only Harbour of peaceful Repofe.—Let us, therefore, attend to this *unerring* Directory, with the fame Conftancy of Regard, as the Sea-faring Man obferves his Compafs. Let us become as thoroughly acquainted with this facred Chart, as the Pilot is with every trufty Mark, that gives Notice of a lurking Rock; and with every open Road, that yields a fafe Paffage into the Port. Above all, let us commit ourfelves to this infallible Guidance, with the fame implicit Refignation; let us conform our Conduct to its exalted Precepts, with the fame fedulous Care; as the Children of *Ifrael*, when fojourning in the tracklefs Defert, followed the Pillar of Fire, and the Motions of the miraculous Cloud.—So, will it introduce us, not into an earthly *Canaan*, flowing with Milk and Honey; but into an *immortal* Paradife, where is the Fulnefs of Joy, and where are Pleafures for evermore. It will introduce us into thofe happy, happy Regions, where *our Sun fhall no more go down, nor our Moon withdraw itfelf; for the LORD fhall be our everlafting Light, and the Days of our Mourning*, together with the Fatigues of our Pilgrimage, *fhall be ended* *.

I PERCEIVE a great *Variety*, in the Size and Splendor of thofe Gems of Heaven. Some, are of the firft Magnitude; others, of an inferior Order. Some *glow*, with intenfe Flames; others *glimmer*, with fainter Beams. Yet, *all* are beautiful; all have their peculiar Luftre, and diftinct Ufe; all tend, in their different Degrees, to enamel the Cope of Heaven, and embroider

* Ifa. lx. 20.

the Robe of Night.—This Circumſtance is remarked by an Author, whoſe Sentiments are a Source of Wiſdom, and the very Standard of Truth. "One Star, "ſays the Apoſtle of the *Gentiles*, *differeth* from ano-"ther Star in Glory: *So* alſo is the Reſurrection of "the Dead."

In the World above, are various *Degrees* of Happineſs, various Seats of Honour. Some will riſe to more illuſtrious Diſtinctions, and richer Joys *. Some, like Veſſels of ample Capacity, will admit more copious Acceſſions of Light and Excellence. Yet, there will be no Want, no Deficiency, in any; but a Fulneſs both of Divine Satisfactions, and perſonal Perfections. *Each* will enjoy *all* the Good; and be adorned with *all* the Glory; that his Heart can wiſh, or his Condition receive.—None will know what it is to envy. Not the leaſt Malevolence, nor the leaſt Selfiſhneſs, but everlaſting Friendſhip prevails, and a mutual Complacency in each other's Delight. Love, cordial Love, will give every particular Saint, a Participation of all the Fruitions †; which are diffuſed through the whole Aſſembly of the Bleſſed.—No one *eclipſes*, but each *reflects Light* upon his Brother. A ſweet Interchange of Rays ſubſiſt; all enlightened by the great Fountain, and all enlightening one another. By which reciprocal Communication of Pleaſure and Amity, each will be continually *receiving from*, each inceſſantly *adding to*, the general Felicity.

* 1 *Cor.* xv. 41, 42. The great Mr. *Mede prefers* the Senſe here given; and the learned Dr. *Hammond admits* it, into his Paraphraſe. Whoſe joint Authority, though far from excluding any *other*, yet is a ſufficient Warrant for *this* Application of the Words.

† *Tolle Invidiam, & tuum eſt quod habeo: Tolle Invidiam, & meum eſt quod habes.* AUGUSTINE.

HAPPY,

HAPPY, ſupremely happy they, who are admitted into the celeſtial Manſions. Better to be a Door-keeper in thoſe "Ivory Palaces *," than to fill the moſt gorgeous Throne on Earth. The very loweſt Place at GOD's Right-hand, is diſtinguiſhed Honour, and conſummate Bliſs.—O! that we may, in ſome meaſure, anticipate that beatific State, while we remain in our Baniſhment below! May we, *by rejoicing* in the ſuperior Proſperity of another, make it *our own!* And, provided the general Reſult is Harmony, be content, be pleaſed, with whatſoever Part is aſſigned to our Share, in the univerſal Choir of Affairs.

WHILE I am conſidering the heavenly Bodies, I muſt not intirely forget thoſe fundamental Laws of our modern Aſtronomy, *Projection* and *Attraction*. One of which is the all-combining Cement, the other is the ever-operative Spring, of the mighty Frame.—In the Beginning, the all-creating FIAT impreſſed a proper Degree of Motion, on each of thoſe whirling Orbs. Which, if not controuled, would have carried them on, in ſtrait Lines, and to endleſs Lengths; till they were even loſt, in the Abyſs of Space. But, the *gravitating* Property, being added to the *projectile* Force, determined their Courſes to a *circular* † Form; and obliged

* Pſal. xlv. 8.

† I am aware, the planetary Orbits are not ſtrictly circular, but rather *elliptical*. However, as they are but a ſmall Remove from, the perfectly round Figure; and partake of it incomparably more, than the Trajectories of the Comets; I chooſe to repreſent the Thing in this View. Eſpecially, becauſe the Notion of a Circle, is ſo much more intelligible to the Generality of Readers, than that of an Ellipſis; and becauſe I laid it down for a Rule, not to admit any ſuch *abſtruſe* Sentiment, or *difficult* Expreſſion, as ſhould demand a painful Attention, inſtead of raiſing an agreeable Idea. For which Reaſon, I have avoided *technical* Terms; have taken no

 Notice

obliged the reluctant Rovers, to perform their destined Rounds.—Were either of those Causes to suspend their Action, all the harmoniously moving Spheres would be disconcerted. Would degenerate into sluggish inactive Masses; and falling into the central Fire, be *burnt* to Ashes. Or else, would exorbitate into wild Confusion; and each, by the Rapidity of its Whirl, be *dissipated* into Atoms. But, the impulsive and attractive Energy, being most nicely attempered to each other; and, under the immediate Operation of the Almighty, exerting themselves in perpetual Concert; the various Globes run their radiant Races, without the least Interruption or the least Deviation. So as to create the alternate Changes of *Day* and *Night*; and distribute the useful Vicissitudes of *succeeding* Seasons. So as to answer all the great Ends of a gracious Providence; and procure every comfortable Convenience, for universal Nature.

DOES not this Constitution of the material, very naturally lead the Thoughts, to those grand Principles of the moral and devotional World, *Faith* and *Love*?—These are often celebrated by the inspired Apostle, as a comprehensive Summary of the Gospel *. These inspirit the Breast, and regulate the Progress, of each private Christian. These unite the whole Congregation of the Faithful to GOD, and one another. To GOD, the great Centre, in the Bonds of Gratitude and Devotion; to one another, by a reciprocal Intercourse of brotherly Affections, and friendly Offices.—If you ask;

Notice of *Jupiter's* Satellites, or *Saturn's* Ring; have not so much as mentioned the Names of the Planets, nor attempted to wade into any Depths of the Science. Lest to those who have no Opportunity of using the Telescope, or of acquainting themselves with a System of Astronomy, I should propound Riddles, rather than display *entertaining* and *edifying* Truths.

* Col. i. 4. Philem. ver. 5.

Why

Why is it impoſſible for the true Believer, to live at all Adventures? to *ſtagnate* in Sloth, or habitually to *deviate* from Duty?—We anſwer; It is owing to "his "Faith, working by Love *." He aſſuredly truſts, that CHRIST has ſuſtained the Infamy, and endured the Torment, due to his Sins. He firmly relies on that Divine Propitiation, for the Pardon of all his Guilt; and humbly expects everlaſting Salvation, as the Purchaſe of his Saviour's Merits. This produces ſuch a Spirit of Gratitude, as refines his Inclinations, and animates his whole Behaviour. He cannot, he cannot run to Exceſs of Riot; becauſe Love to his adorable Redeemer, like a ſtrong, but ſilken *Curb*, ſweetly reſtrains him. He cannot, he cannot lie lulled in a lethargic Indolence; becauſe Love to the ſame infinite Benefactor, like a pungent, but endearing *Spur*, pleaſingly excites him.—In a Word; Faith ſupplies the powerful Impulſe, while Love gives the determining Biaſs; and leads the willing Feet, through the whole Circle of GOD's Commandments. By the united Efficacy of theſe *heavenly Graces*, the Chriſtian Conduct is preſerved, in the Uniformity and Beauty of Holineſs; as by the blended Power of thoſe *Newtonian Principles*, the ſolar Syſtem revolves, in a ſteady and magnificent Regularity.

How admirable, how extenſive, how diverſified, is the Force of this ſingle Principle, *Attraction* †!—This penetrates the very Eſſence of all Bodies, and diffuſes itſelf to the remoteſt Limits of the mundane Syſtem.—By this, the Worlds impreſſed with Motion, hang *ſelf-balanced* on their Centres ‡; and, though Orbs of im-

* Gal. v. 6.

† I mean the Attraction both of *Gravitation* and *Cohœſion*.

‡ *Ponderibus librata ſuis.*

menſe Magnitude, require nothing, but this amazing Property, for their Support.—To this we aſcribe a Phænomenon, of a very different Kind, the *Preſſure* of the Atmoſphere. Which, though a yielding and expanſive Fluid; yet conſtipated by an attractive Energy; ſurrounds the whole Globe, and incloſes every Creature, as it were with a tight Bandage. An Expedient this, abſolutely neceſſary to preſerve the Texture of our Bodies; and indeed, to maintain every Species of Animal Exiſtence.—Attraction! Urged by this wonderful Impetus, the *Rivers* circulate, copious and unintermitted, among all the Nations of the Earth: ſweeping with Rapidity down the Steeps, or ſoftly ebbing through the Plains. Impelled by the ſame myſterious Force, the *nutricious Juices* are detached from the Soil; and, aſcending the Trees, find their Way through Millions of the fineſt Meanders, in order to transfuſe vegetable Life into all the Branches. This confines the *Ocean*, within proper Bounds. Though the Waves thereof roar; though they toſs themſelves, with all the Madneſs of indignant Rage; yet, checked by this potent, this inevitable Curb, they are unable to paſs even the ſlight Barrier of Sand. To this the *Mountains* owe that unſhaken Firmneſs, which laughs at the Shock of careering Winds; and bids the Tempeſt, with all its mingled Horrors, impotently rave.—By virtue of this inviſible Mechaniſm; without the Aid of Crane or Pulley, or any Inſtrument of human Device; many Thouſand Tons of Water are *raiſed*, every Moment, into the Regions of the Firmament. By this, they continue *ſuſpended* in thin Air, without any capacious Ciſtern, to contain their Subſtance; or any maſſy Pillars, to ſuſtain their Weight. By this ſame variouſly acting Power, they return to the Place of their native Reſidence; *diſtilled* in gentle Falls of Dew, or *precipitated* in impetuous Showers of Rain. They *ſlide* into the

Fields

Fields in fleecy Flights of Snow, or are *darted* upon the Houses in clattering Storms of Hail.—This occasions the strong *Cohesion* of solid Bodies. Without which, our large Machines could exert themselves with no Vigour; and the nicer Utensils of Life, would elude our Expectations of Service. This affords a Foundation, for all those delicate or noble mechanic Arts; which furnish Mankind with numberless Conveniencies, both of Ornament and Delight.—In short; this is the prodigious *Ballast*, which composes the Equilibrium, and constitutes the Stability of Things: this, the great *Chain*, which forms the Connexions of universal Nature; and the mighty *Engine*, which prompts, facilitates, and, in good measure, accomplishes all her Operations.—What *complicated* Effects, from a *single* Cause *! What Profusion, amidst Frugality! An unknown Profusion of Benefits, with the utmost Frugality of Expence!

AND what *is* this Attraction? Is it a Quality, in its Existence, inseparable from Matter; and, in its Acting, independent on the DEITY!—Quite the reverse. It is the very *Finger* of GOD: the constant Impression of Divine Power: a Principle, neither innate in Matter, not intelligible by Mortals.—Does it, not, however, bear a considerable Analogy to the *Agency* of the HOLY GHOST, in the Christian Œconomy? Are not the gracious Operations of the Blessed Spirit, thus *extensive*, thus *admirable*, thus *various*?—That Almighty Being transmits his Gifts, through every Age: and communicates his Graces, to every Adherent on the Redeemer. All, either of illustrious Memory, or of beneficial Tendency; in a Word, "all "the Good that is done upon Earth, He doth it himself."

* See another remarkable Instance of this Kind, in the *Reflections on a Flower Garden*, pag. 126.—together with a fine Observation, quoted in the corresponding Note.

"self." Strong in *his* Aid, and in the Power of *his* Might, the Saints of all Times, have trod Vice under their Feet; have triumphed over this abject World; and conversed in Heaven, while they dwelt on Earth. *Not I, but the Grace of GOD which was with me* *, is the unanimous Acknowledgment of them All.—By the same kindly Succours, the whole Church is still enlightened, quickened, and governed. Through his benign Influences, the Scales of *Ignorance*, fall from the Understanding; the Leprosy of *evil* Concupiscence, is purged from the Will; and the Fetters, the more than adamantine Fetters of *habitual* Iniquity, drop off from the Conversation. He breathes even upon dry Bones †, and they live: They are animated with Faith; they pant with ardent and heavenly Desire; they exercise themselves in all the Duties of Godliness.—His real, though secret, Inspiration, dissolves the Flint in the impenitent Breast; and binds up the Sorrows, of the broken Heart. Raises the Thoughts high, in the Elevations of holy Hope; yet lays them low, in the Humiliations of inward Abasement. *Steels* the Soul with impenetrable Resolution, and persevering Fortitude; at the same time, *softens* it into a Dove-like Meekness, and *melts* it in penitential Sorrow.

When I contemplate those ample and magnificent Structures, erected over all the æthereal Plains:—When I look upon them as so many splendid Repositories of Light, or fruitful Abodes of Life:—When I remember, that there may be other Orbs, vastly more remote, than those which appear to our unaided Sight; Orbs, whose Effulgence, though travelling ever since

* 1 Cor. xv. 10.

† See that beautiful Piece of sacred and allegorical Imagery displayed, *Ezek.* xxxvii.

the

the Creation, is not yet arrived upon our Coaſts *:—When I ſtretched my Thoughts to the innumerable Orders of Being, which inhabit all thoſe ſpacious Syſtems; from the *loftieſt Seraph*, to the loweſt Reptile; from the Armies of Angels, which ſurround the Throne of JEHOVAH; to the *puny Nations*, which tinge with Blue the Surface of the Plum †, or mantle the ſtanding Pool with Green:—How various appear the Links, in this immenſe Chain! How vaſt the Gradations, in this univerſal Scale of Exiſtence! Yet all theſe, though ever ſo vaſt and various, are the *Work* of GOD's Hand, and are full of his *Preſence*.

* If this Conjecture (which has no leſs a Perſon than the celebrated Mr. *Huygens* for its Author), concerning *unſeen Stars*, be true—If, to this Obſervation, be added, what is affirmed by our ſkilful Aſtronomers; that the Motion of the Rays of Light is ſo *ſurpriſingly ſwift*, as to paſs through ten Millions of Miles in a ſingle Minute—How vaſt; beyond Imagination vaſt and unmeaſurable, are the Spaces of the Univerſe! While the Mind is diſtended with the *grand Idea*; or rather, while ſhe is diſpatching her ableſt Powers of piercing Judgment, and excurſive Fancy; and finds them all *drop ſhort*; all baffled by the amazing Subject: Permit me to apply that ſpirited Exclamation, and noble Remark—

—— Say, proud Arch,
Built with divine Ambition; in Diſdain
Of Limit built, built in the Taſte of Heav'n!
Vaſt Concave! Ample Dome! Waſt thou deſign'd
A *meet* Apartment for the DEITY?
Not ſo: That Thought alone thy State impairs:
Thy *Lofty* ſinks; and ſhallows thy *Profound*;
And ſtreightens thy *Diffuſive* ——

Night-Thoughts, N° IX.

† Ev'n the *blue Down* the purple Plumb ſurrounds,
A *living World*, thy failing Sight confounds.
To HIM a peopled Habitation ſhews,
Where Millions taſte the Bounty GOD beſtows.
See a beautiful and inſtructive Poem, ſtiled—DEITY.

HE

He rounded in his Palm those dreadfully large Globes, which are pendulous in the Vault of Heaven. He kindled those astonishingly bright Fires, which fill the Firmament with a Flood of Glory. By Him they are suspended in *fluid* Æther, and cannot be shaken: By Him they dispense a *perpetual* Tide of Beams, and are never exhausted.—He formed, with inexpressible Nicety, that delicately fine Collection of Tubes; that unknown Multiplicity of subtile Springs; which organize, and actuate, the Frame of the minutest Insect. He bids the crimson Current roll; the vital Movements play; and associates a World of Wonders, even in an *animated Point**.—In all these, is a signal Exhibition of creating Power; to all these, are extended, the special Regards of preserving Goodness. From hence, let me learn to rely on the Providence, and to revere the Presence, of the Supreme Majesty.

To *rely* on his *Providence*.——For, amidst that inconceivable Number and Variety of Beings, which swarm through the Regions of Creation, not one is

* There are living Creatures, abundantly smaller than the Mite. Mr. *Bradley*, in his Treatise on Gardening mentions an Insect, which, after accurate Examination, he found to be a Thousand times *less* than the *least* visible Grain of Sand. Yet such an Insect, though quite imperceptible to the naked Eye, is an Elephant, is a Whale, compared with other Animalcules almost infinitely more minute, discovered by Mr. *Leuvenhock*.—If we consider the several Limbs, which compose such an organized Particle: The different Muscles, which actuate such a Set of Limbs: The Flow of Spirits, incomparably more attenuated, which put those Muscles in Motion: The various Fluids, which circulate: The different Secretions, which are performed: Together with the peculiar Minuteness of the Solids, before they arrive at their full Growth: Not to mention other *more astonishing* Modes of Diminution:—Sure, we shall have the utmost Reason to acknowledge, that the adored Maker is—MAXIMUS IN MINIMIS; *greatly glorious* even in his *smallest* Works.

overlooked,

overlooked, not one is neglected, by the great omnipotent Cause of all. However inconsiderable in its Character, or diminutive in its Size, it is still the Production of the universal Maker, and belongs to the Family of the Almighty Father.——What? though inthroned Archangels, enjoy the *Smiles* of his *Countenance!* Yet, the low Inhabitants of Earth, the most despicable Worms of the Ground, are not excluded from his *providential Care*. Though the Manifestation of his Perfections, is vouchsafed to holy and intellectual Essences; his Ear is open, to the Cries of the young Raven. His Eye is attentive, to the Wants, and to the Welfare of the very meanest Births of Nature.—How much less then, are his own People disregarded? Those, for whom he has delivered his beloved Son to Death, and for whom He has prepared Habitations of eternal Joy. *They* disregarded! No. THEY are "kept as the Apple of an Eye." The very Hairs of their Head are all numbered. The fondest Mother may *forget* the Infant, that is "dandled upon her Knees," and sucks at her Breast*; much sooner than the

* *Isa.* xlix. 15. *Can a Woman forget her sucking Child, that she should not have compassion on the Son of her Womb? Yea, they may forget; yet will I not forget thee.*—How delicate and expressive are the Images, in this charming Scripture! How full of *Beauty*, if beheld in a critical, how rich with *Consolation*, if considered in a believing, View!—Can a *Woman?* One of the softer Sex; whose Nature is most impressible, and whose Passions are remarkably tender—Can such a one, not barely disregard, but intirely *forget*; not suspend her Care for a while, but utterly erase the very Memory—Of her *Child*; her own Child, not another's; a Child, that was formed in her *Womb*, and is a Part of herself?—Her *Son*; the more important, and therefore more desirable Species; to whom it peculiarly belongs, to preserve the Name, and build up the Family—Her *only* Son; for the Word is singular; and refers to a Case, where the Offspring, not being numerous, but centred in a single Birth, must be productive of the fondest Endearment—Can

the Father of everlasting Compassions can *discontinue*, or *remit*, his watchful Tenderness to his People—his Children—his Heirs.

Let this teach me also a more lively Sense of the *Divine Presence*.—All the rolling Worlds above; all the living Atoms below; together with all the Beings that intervene, betwixt these wide Extremes: are Vouchers for an ever-present Deity. "God has not "left Himself without Witness." The Marks of his Footsteps are evident in every Place, and the Touches of his Finger distinguishable in every Creature. "*Thy* "*Name is so nigh*, O Thou all-supporting, all-inform-"ing Lord; *and that do thy wondrous Works declare**. "Thy Goodness warms in the Morning Sun, and re-"freshes in the Evening Breeze. Thy Glory shines "in the Lamps of Midnight, and smiles in the Blossoms "of Spring. We see a *Trace* of thy incomprehen-"sible Grandeur, in the *boundless* Extent of Things; "and a *Sketch* of thy exquisite Skill, in those almost

Can she divest herself of all Concern for such a Child; not when he is grown up to Maturity, or gone abroad from her House; but, while he continues in an infantile State, and must owe his whole Safety to her kind Attendance; while he lies in her Bosom, rests on her Arm, and even *sucks* at her Breast?—Especially, if the poor Innocent be racked with Pain, or seized by some severe Affliction; and so become an Object of *Compassion*, as well as of Love. Can she hear its piercing Cries; can she see it all restless, all helpless under its Misery; and feel no Emotions of Parental Pity?—If *one* such Monster of Inhumanity might be found; could *all* (here the Prophet, to give his Comparison the utmost Energy, changes the singular Number into the plural. It is not גם היא, or גם אחת, but גם אלה) could *all* Mothers be so degenerate? This, sure, cannot be suspected, need not be feared. Much less need the true Believer be apprehensive of the Failure of my Kindness. An *universal* Extinction of those *strongest* Affections of Nature, is a more supposeable Case; than that I should ever be unmindful of my People, or regardless of their Interests.

* Psal. lxxv. 2.

"*evanescent*

"*evanescent* Sparks of Life, the Insect Race."—How stupid is this Heart of mine, that amidst such a Multitude of Remembrancers, thronging on every Side, I should forget Thee a single Moment! Grant me, Thou great I AM; Thou Source, and Support, of universal Existence—O! grant me an enlightened Eye, to *discern* Thee in every Object; and a devout Heart, to *adore* Thee on every Occasion. Instead of living without GOD in the World; may I be ever with Him, and see all Things full of Him!

——The glitt'ring Stars,
By the deep Ear of Meditation heard,
Still in their Midnight Watches sing of HIM.
He nods a Calm. The Tempest blows his Wrath.
The Thunder is his Voice; and the red Flash
His speedy Sword of Justice. At his Touch
The Mountains flame. He shakes the solid Earth,
And rocks the Nations. Nor in these alone,
In ev'ry common Instance *GOD is seen.*
THOMSON'S Spring.

IF the beautiful Spangles, with a clear Night pours on the Beholder's Eye: if those other Fires, which beam in remoter Skies; and are discoverable only by, that Revelation to the Sight, the Telescope: if all those *bright Millions*, are so many Fountains of Day; enriched with native and independent Lustre; illuminating Planets, and enlivening Systems of their own *: What Pomp, how majestic and splendid, is disclosed

* Consult with Reason, Reason will reply,
Each *lucid Point*, which glows in yonder Sky,
Informs a *System* in the boundless Space,
And fills, with Glory, its appointed Place:
With Beams unborrow'd, brightens other Skies;
And Worlds, to Thee unknown, with Heat and Life supplies.
The Universe.

in

in the Midnight Scene! What *Riches* are disseminated, through all those numberless Provinces of the great JEHOVAH's Empire!—Grandeur beyond Expression! —Yet, there is not the meanest Slave, but carries *greater* Wealth in his own Bosom, possesses *superior* Dignity in his own Person. The *Soul*, that informs his Clay;—the Soul, that teaches him to think, and enables him to choose; that qualifies him to relish rational Pleasure, and to breathe sublime Desire*;—the Soul, that is endowed with such noble Faculties; and, above all, is distinguished with the *dreadful*, the *glorious* Capacity, of being pained, or blessed, for ever—this Soul surpasses in Worth, whatever the Eye can see; whatever, of material, the Fancy can imagine. Before one such intellectual Being, all the Treasure, and all the Magnificence of unintelligent Creation, becomes poor and contemptible†. For this Soul, Omnipotence itself has waked, and worked, through every Age. To *convince* this Soul, the fundamental Laws of Nature have been controuled; and the most amazing Miracles, have alarmed all the Ends of the Earth. To *instruct* this Soul, the Wisdom of Heaven has been transfused into the sacred Page; and Missionaries have been sent from the Great

* In *this* respect, as vested with such Capacities, the Soul even of fallen Men, has an unquestionable Greatness and Dignity; is *majestic, though in Ruin.*

† I beg leave to transcribe a pertinent Passage, from that celebrated Master of Reason, and universal Literature, Dr. *Bentley*; whom no one can be tempted to suspect, either tinctured with Enthusiasm, or warped to Bigotry.—" If we consider, says he, the Dignity of an intelligent Being, and put that in the Scale " against brute and inanimate Matter, we may affirm, without " over valuing human Nature, that the Soul of one virtuous and " religious Man is of greater Worth and Excellency, than the " Sun, and his Planets, and all the Stars in the World."

See his Sermons at *Boyle*'s Lect. N°. 8.

King,

King, who resides in Light unapproachable. To *sanctify* this Soul, the Almighty Comforter takes the Wings of a Dove; and, with a sweet transforming Influence, broods on the human Heart. And O! to *redeem* this Soul from Guilt; to rescue it from Hell; the Heaven of Heavens was bowed, and God himself came down to dwell in Dust.

Let me pause, a while, upon this important Subject.—What are the Schemes, which engage the Attention of eminent Statesmen, and mighty Monarchs, compared with the grand Interests of an Immortal Soul? The Support of Commerce, and the Success of Armies, though extremely weighty Affairs; yet if laid in the Balance against the Salvation of a Soul, are lighter than the downy Feather, poised against Talents of Gold. To save a Navy from *Shipwreck*, or a Kingdom from *Slavery*, are Deliverances of the most momentous Nature, which the Transactions of Mortality can admit. But O! how they shrink into an inconsiderable Trifle, if (their Aspect upon Immortality forgot) they are set in Competition with the Delivery of a single Soul, from the Anguish and Horrors of a *distressed Eternity** !

Is such the Importance of the Soul! What Vigilance then can be *too much*; or rather what holy Solicitude can be *sufficient*; for the Overseers of the Saviour's Flock, and the Guardians of this great, this venerable, this invaluable Charge?—Since, such is the Importance of the Soul; wilt thou not, O Man, be watchful for the Preservation of thy own? Shall every casual Incident, awaken thy Concern; every transitory Toy, command thy Regard? And shall the Welfare

* Not all yon Luminaries quench'd at once
Were half so sad, as one benighted Mind.
Which gropes for Happiness, and meets Despair.
Night Thoughts, Nº IX.

of thy Soul, a Work of continual Occurrence; a Work of endless Consequence; sue in vain, for thy serious Care?—Thy Soul, thy Soul, is thy All. If this be *secured*, thou art greatly rich, and wilt be unspeakably happy. If this be *lost*, a whole World acquired, will leave thee in Poverty; and all its Delights enjoyed, will abandon thee to Misery.

I HAVE often been charmed, and awed at the Sight of the nocturnal Heavens; even before I knew how to consider them, in their proper Circumstances of Majesty and Beauty. *Something*, like *Magic*, has struck my Mind, on a transient and unthinking Survey of the ætherial Vault; tinged throughout with the purest Azure, and decorated with innumerable starry Lamps. I have felt, I know not what, powerful and aggrandizing Impulse; which seemed to snatch me from the low Intanglements of Vanity, and prompted an ardent Sigh for *sublimer Objects*. Methought, I heard, even from the silent Spheres, a commanding Call, to spurn the abject Earth, and pant after unseen Delights.—Henceforward, I hope to imbibe more copiously, this *moral Emanation* of the Skies; when, in some such Manner as the preceding, they are rationally seen, and the Sight is duly improved. The Stars, I trust, will *teach* as well as *shine*; and help to dispel, both Nature's Gloom, and my intellectual Darkness. To some People, they discharge no better a Service, than that of holding a Flambeau to their Feet, and softening the Horrors of their Night. To me and my Friends, may they act as Ministers of a superior Order; as Counsellors of Wisdom, and guides to Happiness! Nor will they fail to execute this nobler Office, if they gently light our Way, into the Knowledge of their adored Maker; if they point out, with their silver Rays, our Path to his beatific Presence.

I GAZE,

I GAZE, I ponder. I ponder, I gaze; and think ineffable Things.—I roll an Eye of Awe and Admiration. Again and again I repeat my raviſhed Views; and can never ſatiate either my Curioſity, or my Inquiry. I ſpring my Thoughts into this immenſe Field, till even Fancy tires upon her Wing. I find Wonders, *ever new*; Wonders, more and *more amazing*.—Yet, after all my preſent Inquiries, what a mere *Nothing* do I know; by all my future Searches, how *little* ſhall I be able to learn; of thoſe vaſtly diſtant Suns, and their circling Retinue of Worlds! Could I pry with *Newton*'s piercing Sagacity, or launch into his extenſive Surveys: even then, my Apprehenſions would be little better, than thoſe dim and ſcanty Images, which the *Mole*, juſt emerged from her Cavern, receives on her feeble Optic.—This, ſure, ſhould repreſs all impatient or immoderate Ardor to pry into the Secrets of the Starry Structures; and make me more particularly careful, to cultivate my Heart. To fathom the Depths of the Divine Eſſence; or to ſcan univerſal Nature, with a critical Exactneſs; is an Attempt, which ſets the *acuteſt Philoſopher*, very nearly on a Level with *the Idiot*. Since it is almoſt, if not altogether, as impracticable by the former, as by the latter.

BE it, then, my chief Study, not to purſue, what is abſolutely unattainable; but rather to ſeek, what is obvious to find; eaſy to be acquired; and of ineſtimable Advantage, when poſſeſſed. O! let me ſeek *that Charity*, which edifieth *; *that Faith*, which purifieth. Love,

* 1 *Cor.* viii. 1. I need not inform my Reader, that in this Text; in that admirable Chapter, 1 *Cor.* xiii. and in various other Paſſages of Scripture; the Word *Charity*, ſhould by no means be confined to the peculiar Act of *Alms-giving*, or external Beneficence. It is of a much more exalted and extended Nature. It ſignifies that divinely precious Grace, which warms the Soul with

Love, humble Love, not conceited Science, keeps the Door of Heaven. Faith, a child-like Faith in JESUS; not the haughty ſelf-ſufficient Spirit, which ſcorns to be ignorant of any Thing; preſents a Key* to thoſe Abodes of Bliſs.—This preſent State, is the Scene deſtined to the *Exerciſe* of *Devotion*; the inviſible World, is the Place appointed for the *Enjoyment* of *Knowledge*. There, the Dawn of our infantile Minds, will be advanced to the Maturity of perfect Day; or rather, there our midnight Shades, will be brightened into all the Luſtre of Noon. There, the Souls which come from the School of Faith and bring with them the Principles of Love, will dwell in Light itſelf; will be obſcured with no Darkneſs at all; will know, even as they are known †.—Such an Acquaintance, therefore, do I deſire to form, and to carry on ſuch a Correſpondence, with the heavenly Bodies; as may ſhed a benign Influence on the Seeds of Grace, implanted in my Breaſt. Let the exalted Tracts of the Firmament, ſink my Soul into *deep Humiliation*. Let thoſe eternal Fires, kindle in my Heart an *adoring Gratitude*, to their Almighty Sovereign. Let yonder ponderous and enormous Globes, which reſt on his ſupporting Arm; teach me

ſupreme Love to GOD, and enlarges it with *diſintereſted Affection* for Men. Which renders it the reigning Care of the Life, and chief Delight of the Heart, to promote the Happineſs of the One, and the Glory of the Other.—*This*, *this*, is that Charity of which ſo many excellent Things are every where ſpoken. Which can never be too highly extolled, or too earneſtly coveted, ſince it is the Image of GOD, and the very Spirit of Heaven.

* The Righteouſneſs of CHRIST. This is what MILTON beautifully ſtiles;

——— The golden Key,
That opes the Palace of Eternity.

† 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

an

an *unshaken Affiance*, in their incarnate Maker. Then shall I be—if not wise as the Astronomical Adept, yet WISE UNTO SALVATION.

HAVING now walked and worshipped, in this *universal Temple*, that is arched with Skies; emblazed with Stars; and extended even to Immensity—Having cast an Eye, like the inraptured Patriarch *; an Eye of *Reason* and *Devotion*, through the magnificent Scene. With the former, having discovered an Infinitude of Worlds; and with the latter, having met the Deity in every View—Having beheld, as *Moses* in the flaming Bush, a *Glimpse* of JEHOVAH's Excellencies! reflected from the several Planets, and streaming from Myriads of celestial Luminaries—Having read various Lessons, in that stupendous *Book* of *Wisdom* †, where unmeasurable Sheets of Azure compose the Page; and Orbs of Radiance write, in everlasting Characters, a *Comment* on our Creed—What remains, but that I close the midnight Solemnity, as our LORD concluded his grand Sacramental Institution with a *Song* of *Praise*?—And behold a Hymn, suited to the sublime Occasion; indited by ‡ Inspiration itself; transferred into our Language, by § one of the happiest Efforts of human Ingenuity.

The spacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal Sky,
And spangled Heav'ns, a shining Frame.
Their great Original proclaim:

* Gen. xv. 5.

† —— For Heaven
Is as *the Book of* GOD before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous Works.—MILTON.

‡ Psal. xix. § ADDISON, *Spect.* Vol. VI. No. 465.

Th' unweary'd Sun from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Pow'r display;
And publishes, to ev'ry Land,
The Work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the Ev'ning Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale;
And nightly, to the list'ning Earth,
Repeats the Story of her Birth:
While all the Stars, that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their Turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

What though, in solemn Silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial Ball?
What though, nor real Voice nor Sound
Amid their radiant Orbs be found?
In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
The Hand that made Us, is divine.

A WIN-

WINTER-PIECE.

" *Storms and Tempests may* calm *the Soul—Snow and*
" *Ice be taught to* warm *the Heart, and praise the*
" *Creator.*"

Anonym. Lett. to the Author. See p. 410.



A

WINTER-PIECE.

'TIS true, in the delightful Seasons, HIS Tenderness and HIS Love, are most eminently displayed.—In the *vernal* Months, all is Beauty to the Eye, and Music to the Ear. The Clouds drop Fatness; the Air softens into Balm; and Flowers, in rich Abundance, spring where-ever we tread, bloom where-ever we look.—Amidst the burning Heats of *Summer*, HE expands the Leaves, and thickens the Shades. He spreads the cooling Arbor, to receive Us; and awakes the gentle Breeze, to fan Us. The Moss swells into a Couch, for the Repose of our Bodies; while the Rivulet softly rolls, and sweetly murmurs, to sooth our Imagination.—In *Autumn*, HIS Bounty covers the Fields, with a Profusion of nutrimental Treasure; and bends the Boughs, with Loads of delicious Fruit. He furnishes his hospitable Board with present Plenty, and prepares a copious Magazine for future Wants.—But, is it *only* in these smiling Periods of the Year, that GOD, the all-gracious

GOD

GOD is seen? Has *Winter*, stern Winter, no Tokens of his Presence? Yes: All Things are eloquent of his Praise. "His Way is in the Whirlwind." Storms and Tempests fulfil his Word, and extol his Power. Even piercing Frosts bear Witness to his Goodness; while they bid the shivering Nations, tremble at his Wrath.—Be Winter, then, for a while, our Theme *. Perhaps, those *barren* Scenes, may be *fruitful* of intellectual Improvement. Perhaps, that rigorous Cold, which binds the Earth in icy Chains; may serve to inlarge our Hearts, and warm them with holy Love.

SEE! how the *Day* is *shortened!*—The Sun, detained in fairer Climes, or engaged in more agreeable Services, rises, like an unwilling Visitant, with tardy and reluctant Steps. He walks, with a shy Indifference along the Edges of the Southern Sky; casting an oblique Glance, he just looks upon our dejected World; and scarcely scatters Light, through the thick Air. Dim is his Appearance, languid are his Gleams, while he continues. Or, if He chance to wear a brighter Aspect, and a cloudless Brow; yet, like the Young and Gay in the House of Mourning, He seems uneasy, till He is gone; is in Haste to depart.—And let Him depart. Why should we wish for his longer Stay; since

* A Sketch of this Nature, I must acknowledge, is quite different from the Subject of the Book; and, I cannot but declare, was as far distant from the Thoughts of the Author. But, the Desire of *several* Acquaintance, together with an Intimation of its Usefulness, by a very *polite Letter* from an *unknown* Hand (which has *undesignedly* furnished me with the best Motto, I could recollect), prevailed with me to add a few descriptive Touches and improving Hints, on what is so often experienced in the Northern Regions. I hope, the Attempt I have made to oblige these Gentlemen, will obtain the *Approbation*, or at least, the *Excuse*, of my other Readers.

He

He can ſhew us nothing, but the Creation in Diſtreſs? The flowery Families lie dead, and the tuneful Tribes are ſtruck dumb. The Trees, ſtript of their Verdure, and laſhed by Storms, ſpread their naked Arms to the enraged and relentleſs Heavens. Fragrance no longer floats in the Air; but chilling Damps hover, or cutting Gales blow. Nature, diveſted of all her beautiful Robes, ſits, like a forlorn diſconſolate Widow, in her Weeds. While Winds, in doleful Accents, howl; and Rains, in repeated Showers, weep.

WE regret not, therefore, the ſpeedy Departure of the Day. When the Room is hung with *funeral Black*, and diſmal Objects are all around; who would deſire to have the *glimmering Taper* kept alive? Which can only diſcover Spectacles of Sorrow; can only make the Horror viſible.—And, ſince this mortal Life is little better than a continual Conflict with Sin, or an unremitted Struggle with Miſery; is it not a *gracious* Ordination, which has reduced our Age to a *Span?* Fourſcore Years of Trial, for the Virtuous, are ſufficiently long; and more than ſuch a Term, allowed to the Wicked, would render them beyond all Meaſure, vile. Our Way to the Kingdom of Heaven, lies through Tribulations. Shall we then *accuſe*, ſhall we not rather *bleſs*, the Providence, which has made the Paſſage ſhort? Soon, ſoon, we croſs the Vale of Tears; and then arrive on the happy Hills, where Light for ever ſhines, where Joy for ever ſmiles.

SOMETIMES, the Day is rendered ſhorter ſtill; is almoſt blotted out from the Year *. The Vapours gather; they thicken into an impenetrable Gloom; and obſcure the Face of the Sky. At length, the *Rains* deſcend. The Sluices of the Firmament are opened;

* Involvere Diem Nimbi & *Nox humida* Cœlum
Abſtulit—— VIRG.

and

and the low-hung Clouds pour their congregated Stores. Copious and unintermitted, still they pour; and still are unexhausted. The Waters drop incessantly from the Eaves, and rush in rapid Streams from these Spouts. They roar along the channelled Pavements, and stand in foul Shallows amidst the Village-Streets. Now, if the inattentive Eye, or negligent Hand, has left the Roof but scantily covered; the insinuating Element finds its Way into every Flaw, and oozing through the Cieling, at once upbraids and chastises the careless Inhabitant. The Ploughman, soaked to the Skin, leaves his half-tilled Acre. The poor Poultry, dripping with Wet, croud into Shelter. The Tenants of the Bough fold up their Wings, afraid to launch into the streaming Air. The Beasts, joyless and dispirited, ruminate under their Sheds. The *Roads* swim, and the Brooks swell. —The *River*, amidst all this watry Ferment, long contained itself within its appointed Bounds. But, swollen by innumerable Currents; and roused, at last, into uncontroulable Rage; bursts over its Banks; shoots into the Plain; bears down all Opposition; spreads itself far and wide; and buries the Meadow under a brown, sluggish, soaking *Deluge*.

How happy for Man, that this Inundation comes, when there are no flowery Crops in the Valley, to be overwhelmed; no Fields standing thick with Corn, to be laid waste! At *such* a Juncture, it would have been *Ruin* to the Husbandman and his Family: but, *thus* timed, it yields *Manure* for his Ground, and promises Him *Riches* in Reversion.—How often, and how long, has the Divine Majesty bore with the most injurious Affronts from Sinners! His Goodness triumphed over their Perverseness, and graciously refused to be exasperated. But, O presumptuous Creatures, multiply no longer your Provocations. Urge not, by repeated Iniquities, the Almighty Arm to strike; lest his Long-

suf-

ſuffering ceaſe, and his fierce Anger break forth; break forth, like a *Flood of Waters* *, and ſweep you away, into irrecoverable and everlaſting Perdition.

How mighty! how majeſtic! and O! how myſterious are thy Works, Thou GOD of Heaven, and LORD of Nature! When the Air is calm, where ſleep the *ſtormy Winds?* In what Chambers are they repoſed, or in what Dungeons confined! Till Thou art pleaſed to awaken their Rage, and throw open their Priſon-Doors. Then, with irreſiſtible Impetuoſity they fly forth, ſcattering Dread, and menacing Deſtruction.

THE Atmoſphere is hurled into the moſt tumultuous Confuſion. The aereal Torrent burſts its Way over Mountains, Seas, and Continents. All Things feel the dreadful Shock. All Things tremble before the furious Blaſt. The *Foreſt*, vexed and tore, groans under the Scourge. Her ſturdy Sons are ſtrained to the very Root, and almoſt ſweep the Soil, they were wont to ſhade. The ſtubborn Oak, that diſdains to bend, is daſhed headlong to the Ground; and, with ſhattered Arms, with proſtrate Trunk, blocks the Road. —While the flexile Reed, that ſprings up in the Marſh, yielding to the Guſt (as the *meek* and pliant Temper, to Injuries; or the *reſigned* and patient Spirit, to Miſfortunes); eludes the Force of the Storm, and ſurvives amidſt the wide-ſpread Havock.

FOR a Moment, the turbulent and outrageous Sky, ſeems to be aſſuaged: but, it intermits its Wrath, only to increaſe its Strength. Soon, the ſounding Squadrons of the Air return to the Attack, and renew their Ravages with redoubled Fury. The ſtately Dome rocks, amidſt the wheeling Clouds. The impregnable Tower totters on its Baſis; and threatens to overwhelm,

* Hoſ. v. 10.

whelm, whom it was intended to protect. The ragged Rock is rent in Pieces *; and even the Hills, the perpetual Hills, on their deep Foundations, are ſcarcely ſecure.—Where, now, is the Place of Safety? When the *City* reels, and Houſes become Heaps! Sleep affrighted flies. Diverſion is turned into Horror. All is Uproar in the Element; all is Conſternation among Mortals; and nothing, but one wide Scene of rueful Devaſtation, through the Land.—Yet, this is only an *inferior* Miniſter of divine Diſpleaſure. The Executioner of *milder* Indignation. How then,—O! *how will the lofty Looks of Man be humbled, and the Haughtineſs of Man be bowed down* †; when the LORD GOD Omnipotent ſhall *meditate* Terror—when He ſhall ſet *all* his Terrors in Array—when He ariſes, to judge the Nations, and to *ſhake terribly* the Earth!

THE *Ocean* ſwells with tremendous Commotions. The ponderous Waves are heaved from their capacious Bed, and almoſt lay bare the unfathomable Deep. Flung into the moſt rapid Agitation, they ſweep over the Rocks; they laſh the lofty Cliffs; and toſs themſelves into the Clouds. Navies are rent from their

* 1 Kings xix. 11.

† ————*Mortalia Corda*
Per Gentes humilis ſtravit Pavor.—

One would almoſt imagine, that *Virgil* had read *Iſaiah*, and borrowed his Ideas from Chap. ii. Ver. 11. The *humilis* and *ſtravit* of the one, ſo exactly correſpond with the—*humbled—bowed down*—of the other. But, in one Circumſtance, the Prophet is very much ſuperior to the Poet. The Prophet, by giving a ſtriking *Contraſt* to his Sentiments, repreſents them with incomparably greater Energy. He ſays not, *Men* in the groſs, or the *Human Heart* in general: but Men of the moſt *elated* Looks; Hearts big with the moſt *arrogant* Imaginations. Even *theſe* ſhall ſtoop from their ſupercilious Heights; even *theſe* ſhall grovel in the Duſt of Abaſement, and ſhudder with all the Extremes of an abject Puſillanimity.

Anchors;

Anchors; and, with all their enormous Load, are whirled, ſwift as the Arrow, wild as the Winds, along the vaſt Abyſs.—Now, they climb the rolling Mountain; they plow the frightful Ridge; and ſeem to ſkim the Skies. Anon, they plunge into the opening Gulf; they loſe the Sight of Day; and are loſt themſelves to every Eye. How vain is the Pilot's Art! How impotent the Mariner's Strength! They reel to and fro, and ſtagger in the jarring Hold; or cling to the Cordage, while burſting Seas foam over the Deck. *Deſpair* is in every Face, and *Death* ſits threatening on every Surge.—But why, O ye aſtoniſhed Mariners, why ſhould you abandon yourſelves to Deſpair? Is the LORD's Hand *ſhortened*, becauſe the Waves of the Sea rage horribly? Is his Ear *deafened*, by the roaring Thunders, and the bellowing Tempeſt? Cry, Cry unto HIM, who "holdeth the Winds in his Fiſt, and "the Waters in the Hollow of his Hand." HE is all-gracious, to hear; and almighty, to ſave. If HE command, the Storm ſhall be huſhed to Silence: the Billows ſhall ſubſide into a Calm: the Lightnings ſhall lay their fiery Bolts aſide: and, inſtead of ſinking in a watry Grave, you ſhall find Yourſelves brought to the deſired Haven.

SOMETIMES, after a joyleſs Day, a more diſmal *Night* ſucceeds.—The lazy, louring Vapours had wove ſo thick a Veil, as the meridian Sun could ſcarcely penetrate. What Gloom then muſt overwhelm the nocturnal Hours! the Moon withdraws her Shining. Not a ſingle Star, is able to ſtruggle through the Deep Arrangement of Shades. All is *pitchy Darkneſs*, without one enlivening Ray. How ſolemn! How awful! 'Tis like the Shroud of Nature, or the Return of Chaos. I don't wonder, that it is the Parent of Terrors, and ſo apt to ingender Melancholy.—Lately, the

the Tempest marked its rapid Way with *Mischief*; now, the Night dresses her silent Pavilion with *Horror*.

I HAVE *sometimes* left the beaming Tapers, withdrawn from the ruddy Fire, and plunged into the thickest of these sooty Shades; without regretting the Change, rather exulting in it as a welcome Deliverance. The very Gloom was pleasing, was exhilarating, compared with the Conversation, I quitted. The Speech of my Companions (how does it grieve me, that I should *even once* have occasion to call them by *that* Name!) was the Language of Darkness: was Horror to the Soul, and Torture to the Ear.—*Their Teeth were Spears and Arrows, and their Tongue a sharp Sword*, to stab and assassinate, their Neighbour's Character. *Their Throat was an open Sepulchre*, gaping to devour the Reputation of the Innocent, or tainting the Air with their virulent and polluted Breath.—Sometimes, their licentious and ungovernable Discourse, shot Arrows of *Profaneness* against Heaven itself; and, in proud Defiance, challenged the Resentment of Omnipotence.—Sometimes, as if it was the Glory of human Nature, to cherish the *grossest* Appetites of the Brute; or the Mark of a Gentleman, to have served an Apprenticeship in a Brothel; the filthiest Jests of the Stews (if low *Obscenity* can be a Jest) were nauseously obtruded on the Company. All the *modest* Part were offended and grieved; while the other besotted Creatures laughed aloud, though the Leprosy of Uncleanness appeared on their Lips.—Are not these Persons *Prisoners* of *Darkness*; though blazing Sconces, pour artificial Day, through their Rooms? Are not their Souls immured in the most baleful Shades; though the Noon-tide Sun is brightened, by flaming on their gilded Chariots?—They discern not that great and adorable Being, who fills the Universe with his infinite and glorious Pre-

 sence:

ſence: who is *all Eye*, to obſerve their Actions; *all Ear*, to examine their Words. They know not the all-ſufficient Redeemer, nor the unſpeakable Bleſſedneſs of his heavenly Kingdom. They are groping for the Prize of Happineſs; but will certainly graſp the Thorn of Anxiety. They are wantonly ſporting on the Brink of a Precipice; and are every Moment in Danger of falling headlong, into *irretrievable* Ruin, and *endleſs* Deſpair.

THEY have forced me out, and are, perhaps, deriding me in my Abſence: are charging my Reverence for the ever-preſent GOD, and my Concern for the Dignity of our *rational* Nature, to the Account of Humour and Singularity; to Narrowneſs of Thought, or Sourneſs of Temper.—Be it ſo.—I will indulge no Indignation againſt them. If any Thing like it *ſhould* ariſe, I will convert it into Prayer—"Pity them, O
" Thou Father of Mercies!—Shew them the Mad-
" neſs of their Profaneneſs!—Shew them the Baſeneſs
" of their vile Ribaldry!—Let their diſſolute Rant be
" turned into ſilent Sorrow and Confuſion. Till they
" open their Lips, to adore thine *inſulted* Majeſty, and
" to implore thy gracious Pardon. Till they devote
" to thy Service, thoſe ſocial Hours, and thoſe ſuperior
" Faculties, which they are now abuſing—to the diſ-
" honour of thy Name—to the Contamination of their
" own Souls—and (unleſs timely Repentance inter-
" vene) to their everlaſting Infamy and Perdition."

¶ I RIDE home amidſt the gloomy Void. All darkling and ſolitary, I can ſcarce diſcern my Horſe's Head; and only gueſs out my blind Road. *No Companion*, but Danger; or, perhaps, "Deſtruction ready at my " Side *."—But, why do I fanſy myſelf *ſolitary?* Is

* Job xviii. 12.

not the Father of Lights; the God of my Life; the great and everlasting Friend; always at my Right-hand? Because the Day is excluded, is his Omnipresence vacated? Though I have no earthly Acquaintance near, to assist in case of a Misfortune; or to beguile the Time, and divert uneasy Suspicions, by entertaining Conferences; may I not lay my Help upon the Almighty, and converse with God by humble Supplication? For this Exercise, no Place is improper; no Hour unseasonable; and no Posture incommodious. This is *Society*, the best of Society, even in Solitude. This is a Fund of Delights, easily portable, and quite inexhaustible. A *Treasure* this, of unknown Value; liable to no Hazard, from Wrong or Robbery; but perfectly secure, to the lonely Wanderer, in the most darksome Paths.

And why should I distress myself with Apprehensions of *Peril?* This Access to God, is not only an indefeasible Privilege, but a kind of *ambulatory Garrison.* Those, who make known their Requests unto God, and rely upon his protecting Care; He gives *his Angels* Charge over their Welfare. His Angels are commissioned, to escort them in their Travelling; and to hold up their Goings, that they dash not their Foot against a Stone *. Nay, *He Himself* condescends to be their Guardian, and "keeps all their Bones, so "that not one of them is broken."—Between these Persons, and the most mischievous Objects, a Treaty of Peace is concluded. The Articles of this grand Alliance, are recorded in the Book of Revelation; and will, when it is for the real Benefit of Believers, assuredly be made good, in the Administrations of Providence. *In that Day,* saith the LORD, *will I make a Covenant for them with the Beasts of the Field, and*

* Psal. xci. 11, 12.

with

with the Fowls of Heaven, and with the creeping Things of the Ground; and they *shall be in League with the Stones of the Field* *. Though they fall headlong on the Flints; even the Flints, fitted to fracture the Skull, shall receive them as into the Arms of Friendship; and not offer to hurt, whom the LORD is pleased to preserve.

MAY I then enjoy the Presence of this gracious GOD, and Darkness and Light shall be both alike. Let HIM whisper Peace to my Conscience; and this dread Silence shall be more charming, than the Voice of Eloquence, or the Strains of Music. Let HIM reveal his ravishing Perfections in my Soul; and I shall not want the saffron Beauties of the Morn, the golden Glories of Noon, or the impurpled Evening Sky. I shall sigh only for those most desirable and distinguished Realms; where, the Light of HIS Countenance *perpetually* shines, and consequently—"there is † no Night "there."

HOW surprising are the Alterations of Nature! I left her, the preceding Evening, plain and unadorned. But, now, a *thick Rime* has shed its hoary Honours over all. It has shagged the Fleeces of the Sheep, and crisped the Traveller's Locks. The Hedges are richly fringed, and all the Ground is profusely powdered. The downward Branches are tasseled with Silver, and the upright are feathered with the plumy Wave.

THE *Fine*, are not always the *Valuable*. The Air, amidst all these gaudy Decorations, is charged with chilling and *unwholesome* Damps. The raw hazy Influence spreads wide; sits deep; hangs heavy and oppressive on the Springs of Life. A listless Languor

* Job v. 23. Hos. ii. 18. † Rev. xxi. 25.

clogs the animal Functions; and the purple Stream glides but faintly through its Channels. In vain, the Ruler of the Day exerts his beaming Powers: In vain, He attempts to disperse this Insurrection of Vapours. The sullen, malignant Cloud refuses to depart. It envelops the World, and *intercepts* the *Prospect*. I look abroad for the neighbouring Village; I send my Eye in quest of the rising Turret; but am scarce able to discern the very House. Where are the blue Arches of Heaven? Where is the radiant Countenance of the Sun? Where the boundless Scenes of Creation? Lost, lost are their Beauties; quenched their Glories. The thronged Theatre of the Universe, seems an empty Void; and all its elegant Pictures, an undistinguished Blank.—Thus would it have been with our intellectual Views, if the *Gospel* had not come in to our Relief. We should have known, neither our true Good, nor real Evil. We had been a Riddle to ourselves; the present State all Confusion, and the future impenetrable Darkness. But, the Sun of Righteousness, arising with potent and triumphant Beams, has dissipated the interposing Cloud. Has opened a Prospect, more beautiful, than the Blossoms of Spring; more chearing, than the Treasures of Autumn; and far more inlarged, than the Extent of the visible System. Which, having led the Eye of the Mind, through Fields of Grace, over Rivers of Righteousness, and Hills crowned with Knowledge; terminates, at length, in the Heavens; sweetly losing itself, in Regions of infinite Bliss, and endless Glory.

As I walk along the Fog, it seems, at some little Distance, to be almost solid Gloom; such as would shut out every Glimpse of Light, and totally imprison me in Obscurity. But, when I approach, and enter it; I find myself agreeably mistaken, and the Mist

much *thinner*, than it *appeared*.—Such is the Case, with regard to the *Sufferings* of the present Life; they are not, when experienced, so dreadful, as a timorous Imagination surmised. Such also is the Case, with reference to the *Gratifications* of *Sense*; they prove not, when enjoyed, so substantial, as a sanguine Expectation represented. In both Instances, we are graciously disappointed. The keen Edge of the Calamity is blunted, that it may not wound us with incurable Anguish: the exquisite Relish of the Prosperity is palled, that it may not captivate our Affections, and enslave them to inferior Delights.

SOMETIMES, the Face of Things wears a more pleasing Form; the very Reverse of the foregoing. The sober Evening advances, to close the short-lived Day. The Firmament, clear and unsullied, puts on its brightest Blue. The Stars, in thronging Multitudes, and with a peculiar Brilliancy, glitter thro' the fair Expanse. While the *Frost* pours its subtle and penetrating Influence, all around. Sharp and intensely severe, all the long Night, the rigid Æther continues its Operations. When, late and slow, the Morning opens her pale *Eye*; in what a curious and amusing Disguise, is Nature dressed! The Icicles, jagged and uneven, are pendent on the Houses. A whitish Film incrusts the windows, where mimic Landscapes rise, and fancied Figures swell. The fruitful Fields are hardened to Iron; the moistened Meadows are congealed to Marble; and both resound (an Effect unknown before) with the Peasant's hasty Tread. The Stream is arrested in its Career, and its everflowing Surface chained to the Banks. The fluid Paths become a solid Road; where the finny Shoals were wont to rove, the sportive Youth slide, or the rattling Chariots roll.

roll *. And (what would seem, to an Inhabitant of the Southern World, as unaccountable as the deepest Mysteries of our Religion) that very same Breath of Heaven, which *cements* the Lakes into a crystal Pavement; *cleaves* the Oaks, as it were with invisible Wedges: "*breaks* in Pieces the Northern Iron, and "the Steel;" even while it *builds* a Bridge of Icy Rock, over the Seas †.

THE Air is all Serenity. Refined by the nitrous Particles, it affords the most distinct Views, and extensive Prospects. The Seeds of *Infection* are killed; and the *Pestilence* destroyed, even in Embryo. So, the Cold of *Affliction* tends to mortify our Corruptions, and subdue our vicious Habits.—The crouding Atmosphere constringes our Bodies, and braces our Nerves. The Spirits are buoyant, and sally briskly on the Execution of their Office. In the Summer-Months, such an unclouded Sky, and so bright a Sun, would have melted us with Heat, and softened us into Supineness. We should have been ready to throw our Limbs under the spreading Beach, and to lie at Ease by the murmuring Brook. But, now, none loiters in his Path; none is seen with folded Arms. All is in Motion; all is Activity. Choice, prompted by the Weather, supplies the Spur of Necessity. Thus, the *rugged* School of Misfortune, often trains up the Mind, to a vigorous Exertion of its Faculties. The *bleak* Climate of *Adversity*, often inspirits us with a manly Resolution. When a

* *Undaque jam tergo ferratos sustinet orbes,*
Puppibus illa prius patulis, nunc hospita plaustris.
Æraque dissiliunt vulgo. VIRG.

† *Job* xxxviii. 30. *The Waters are hid*, locked up from the Cattle's Lips, and secured from the Fisher's Net, *as* Wells were wont to be closed *with a* ponderous and impenetrable *Stone*. *And* not only Lakes and Rivers, but *the Surface of the* great *Deep* with its restless and uncontroulable Surges, *is taken Captive* יתלכדו by the Frost, and bound in shining Fetters.

fast

ſoft and downy Affluence, perhaps, would have relaxed all the generous Springs of the Soul; and have left it enervated with Pleaſure, or diſſolved in Indolence.

" *COLD* cometh out of the North." The Winds, having ſwept thoſe Deſarts of Snow, arm themſelves with Millions of frozen Particles, and make a fierce Deſcent upon our Iſle. Under black and ſcowling Clouds, they drive, dreadfully whizzing, through the darkened Air. They growl around our Houſes; aſſault our Doors; and, eager for Entrance, faſten on our Windows. Walls can ſcarce reſtrain them; Bars are unable to exclude them; through every Cranny they force their Way. Ice is on their Wings; they ſcatter Agues through the Land; and Winter, *all* Winter, rages as they go. Their Breath is as a ſearing * Iron to the little Verdure, left in the Plains. Vaſtly more pernicious to the tender Plants, than the ſharpeſt Knife; they kill their Branches, and wound the very Root. Let not the Corn venture to peep too freely from the Entrenchment of the Furrow; let not the fruit-bearing Bloſſoms dare to come abroad, from their Lodgment in the Bark; leſt theſe murderous Blaſts intercept and ſeize the unwary Strangers, and deſtroy the Hopes of the advancing Year.

O, 'tis ſeverely cold! Who is ſo hardy, as not to ſhrink at this *exceſſively pinching* Weather? See! Every Face is pale. Even the blooming Cheeks contract a gelid Hue; and the Teeth hardly forbear chattering.—Ye that ſit eaſy and joyous, amidſt your commodious

* This, I ſuppoſe, is the Meaning of that figurative Expreſſion, uſed by the Prophet *Habakkuk*; who, ſpeaking of the *Chaldæans* invading *Judæa*, ſays—*Their Faces*, or the Incurſions they make, *ſhall ſup up*, ſhall ſwallow greedily, ſhall devour utterly, the Inhabitants of the Country, and their valuable Effects; *as the* keen, corroding Blaſts, of the *Eaſt-Wind*, deſtroy every green Thing in the Field. *Hab.* i. 9.

Apartments, solacing yourselves in the diffusive Warmth of your Fire; be mindful of your Brethren, in the chearless Tenement of Poverty. *Their* shattered Panes are open to the piercing Winds; a tattered Garment, scarcely covers their shivering Flesh; while a few faint and dying Embers on the squalid Hearth, rather mock their Wishes, than warm their Limbs.—While the generous Juices of *Oporto*, sparkle in your Glasses; or the Streams, beautifully tinged and deliciously flavoured with the *Chinese* Leaf, smoke in the elegant Porcelain: O remember, that many of your Fellow-Creatures, amidst all the Rigour of these inclement Skies, are emaciated with Sickness; benumbed with Age; and pining with Hunger. Let "their "Loins bless you," for comfortable Cloathing. Restore them with Medicine; regale them with Food; and baffle the raging Year. So, may you never know any of their Distresses, but only by the Hearing of the Ear; the Seeing of the Eye; or the Feeling of a tender Commiseration.—Methinks, the bitter blustering Winds plead for the poor Indigents. May they breathe Pity into *your* Breasts; while they blow Hardships into *their* Huts!—Observe those blue Flames, and ruddy Coals, in your Chimney: quickened by the Cold, they look more lively, and glow more strongly. Silent, but seasonable Admonition to the gay Circle, that chat and smile around them! *Thus*, may your Hearts, at such a Juncture of Need, kindle into a peculiar Benevolence! Detain not your superfluous Piles of Wood. Let them hasten to the Relief of the starving Family. Bid them expire in many a willing Blaze, to mitigate the Severity of the Season, and chear the bleak Abodes of Want. So shall they ascend, mingled with Thanksgivings to God, and ardent Prayers for your Welfare—ascend, more grateful to Heaven, than Columns of the most costly Incense.

Now

Now the Winds cease. Having brought their Load, they are dismissed from Service. They have wafted an immense cargo of Clouds, which empty themselves in *Snow*. At first a few scattered Shreds come wandering down the saddened Sky. This slight Skirmish is succeeded by a general Onset. The Flakes, large, and numerous, and thick-wavering, descend. They dim the Air, and hasten the Approach of Night. Through all the Night, in softest Silence, and with a continual Flow, this fleecy Shower falls. In the Morning, when we awake, what a surprising Change appears!—Is this the same World? Here is no Diversity of Colour! I can hardly distinguish the Trees, from the Hills on which they grow. Which are the Meadows, and which the Plains? Where are the green Pastures, and where the fallow Lands? All Things lie blended in bright Confusion. So bright, that it heightens the Splendor of Day, and even dazzles the Organs of Sight.—The Lawn is not so fair, as this snowy Mantle, which invests the Fields; and even the Lilly, was the Lilly to appear, would look tarnished in its Presence. I can think of but *one* Thing, which *excels* or equals the glittering Robe of Winter. Is any Person desirous to know my Meaning? He may find it explained in that admirable Hymn*, composed by the Royal Penitent. Is any desirous to possess this matchless Ornament? He will find it offered to his Acceptance, in every Page of the Gospel.

SEE! (for the Eye cannot satisfy itself, without viewing again and again the curious, the delicate Scene) See! how the Hedges are habited, like spotless Vestals! The Houses are roofed with Uniformity and Lustre. The Meadows are covered with a Carpet of the finest,

* Can any Thing be whiter than Snow? Yes, saith *David*; if GOD be pleased to wash me from my Sins in the Blood of CHRIST, *I shall be even whiter than snow*. Psal. li. 7. See Page 326.

Ermine.

Ermine*. The Groves bow, beneath the lovely Burden: and all, all below, is one wide, immenſe, ſhining Waſte of White.—By deep Snows, and heavy Rains, GOD *ſealeth up the Hand of every Man.* And for this Purpoſe, adds our ſacred Philoſopher, *that all Men may know his Work* †. He confines them within their Doors, and puts a Stop to their ſecular Buſineſs; that they may conſider the Things, which belong to their ſpiritual Welfare. That, having a Vacation from their ordinary Employ, they may obſerve the Works of his Power, and become acquainted with the Myſteries of his Grace.

AND worthy, worthy of all Obſervation, are the Works of the great Creator. They are prodigiouſly various, and perfectly amazing. How pliant and ductile is Nature, under his forming Hand! At his Command, the ſelf-ſame Subſtance aſſumes the moſt different Shapes; and is transformed into an endleſs Multiplicity of Figures. If HE ordains, the Water is *moulded* into Hail, and diſcharged upon the Earth like a Volley of Shot; or, it is *conſolidated* into Ice, and defends the Rivers, "as it were with a Breaſt-plate." At the bare Intimation of his Will, the very ſame Element is ſcattered in Hoar-Froſt, like a Sprinkling of the moſt *attenuated* Aſhes; or, is ſpread over the Surface of the Ground, in theſe Couches of ſwelling and *flaky* Down.

THE Snow, however it may carry the Appearance of Cold, affords a *warm* Garment for the Corn; ſcreens it from nipping Froſts, and cheriſhes its infant

* This Animal is Milk-white. As for thoſe *black Spots*, which We generally ſee, in Linings of Ermine, they are added by the Furrier. In order to diverſify the Appearance, or heighten the Beauty, of the native Colour.

† Job xxxvii. 7.

Growth.

Growth. It will abide for a while, to exert a protecting Care, and exercise a fostering Influence. Then, touched by the Sun, or thawed by a softening Gale; the furry Vesture, melts into genial Moisture; sinks deep into the Soil, and saturates its Pores with the dissolving Nitre; replenishing the Glebe with those Principles of vegetative Life, which will open into the Bloom of Spring, and ripen into the Fruits of Autumn.—Beautiful Emblem this, and comfortable Representation of the Divine *Word*; both in the successful, and advantageous Issue of its Operation! *As the Rain cometh down, and the Snow from Heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the Earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give Seed to the Sower, and Bread to the Eater: So shall my Word be, that goeth forth out of my Mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the Thing whereunto I sent it* *.

NATURE, at length, puts off her lucid Veil. She drops it, in a trickling *Thaw*. The loosened Snow, rolls in Sheets from the Houses. Various Openings spot the Hills; which, even while we look, become larger, and more numerous. The Trees rid themselves, by Degrees, of the hoary Incumbrance. Shook from the springing Boughs, Part falls heavy to the Ground, Part flies abroad in shining Atoms. Our Fields and Gardens, lately buried beneath the drifted Heaps, rise plain and distinct to View.—Since we see Nature once again, has she no verdant Traces, no beautiful Features, left? They are, like real Friends, very rare; and therefore the more particularly to be regarded, the more highly to be valued.—Here and there, the *Holly* hangs out her glowing Berries; the

* Isa. lv. 10, 11.

Lau-

Laurustinus spreads her graceful Tufts: and both, under a Covert of unfading Foliage.—The plain, but hardy *Ivy* cloaths the decrepit crazy Wall; nor shrinks from the friendly Office, tho' the Skies frown, and the Storm roars.—The *Laurel*, firm, erect, and bold, expands its Leaf of vivid Green. In spite of the united, the repeated Attacks of Wind, and Rain, and Frost, it preserves an undiminished lively Look; and maintains [illegible]

[illegible] thy, by vanquishing the rugged Force of Winter, worthy to adorn the [illegible] of [illegible].—Nor must I forget the [illegible], which [illegible] to be a mean Pensioner, on a few transient Sunny Glances; or, with a servile Obsequiousness, to vary its Appearance, in Conformity to the changing Seasons. By such Indications of an undaunted Mind, and staunch Resolution, reading a Lecture to the Poet's Genius; while it wears [illegible] for his Temples.—These, and a few other Plants, clad in their native Verdure, retain their comely Aspect, in the bleakest Climes, and in the coldest Months.

Such, and so durable, are the Accomplishments of a *refined* Understanding, and an *amiable* Temper. The tawdry Ornaments of Dress, which catch the unthinking Vulgar, soon become insipid and despicable. The rubied Lip, and the rosy Cheek fade. Even the sparkling Wit *, as well as the sparkling Eye, please but

* "How little does GOD esteem the Things that Men count
" great; the Endowments of *Wit* and Eloquence, that *Men* admire
" in some! Alas! how poor are they to Him! He respecteth not
" any who are wise in Heart: they are nothing, and less than no-
" thing, in his Eyes. Even *wise* Men admire, how little it is that
" Men know; how small a Matter lies under the Sound of these
" popular Wonders, a learned Man, a great Scholar, a great States-
" man. How much more doth the all-wise GOD meanly account
" of

but for a Moment. But the virtuous Mind has Charms, which survive the Decay of every interior Embellishment. Charms, which add to the Fragrancy of the Flower, the *Permanency* of the *Ever-green*.

SUCH, likewise, is the Happiness of the sincerely Religious; like a Tree, says the inspired Moralist, "whose Leaf shall not fall." He borrows not his Peace from external Circumstances; but has a Fund within, and is "satisfied from himself *." Even though impoverished by calamitous Accidents; He is rich in the *Possession* of *Grace*, and richer in the *Hope* of *Glory*. His Joys are infinitely superior to, as well as nobly independent on, the transitory Glow of sensual Delight, or the capricious Favours of, what the World calls, Fortune.

IF the *Snow* composes the light-armed Troops of the Sky; methinks, the *Hail* constitutes its heavy Artillery †. When driven by a vehement Wind, with what dread-

"of These! He often discovers, even to the World, their Meanness. He *slights* them. So Valour, or Birth, or worldly Greatness, these He gives, and gives as Things He makes no great Reckoning of, to such as shall never see His Face; but calls to the Inheritance of Glory poor despised Creatures, that are looked on as the *Off-scourings*, and *Refuse* of the World."

—*THUS* says an excellent Author; who writes with the most amiable Spirit of Benevolence; with the most unaffected Air of Humility; and like the sacred Originals, upon which he copies, with a majestic Simplicity of Stile.—Whose *select Works* I may venture to recommend, not only as a Treasure, but as a Mine of genuine, sterling, evangelical Piety.—See Page [illegible] of Archbishop LEIGHTON's *select Works*, the *Edinburgh* Edition, Octavo. Which it is necessary to specify, because the *London* Edition does not contain that Part of his Writings, which has supplied me with the preceding *Quotation*.

* Prov. xiv. 14.

† *He casteth forth his Ice like Morsels*. Psal. cxlvii. 17. Which, in modern Language, might be thus expressed: *He poureth his Hail like*

dreadful Impetuoſity, does that ſtony Shower fall! How it rebounds from the frozen Ground, and rattles on the reſounding Dome! It attenuates the Rivers into Smoke, or ſcourges them into Foam. It cruſhes the Infant Flowers; cuts in Pieces the Gardener's early Plants; and batters the feeble Fortification of his Glaſſes into Shivers. It darts into the Traveller's Face: He turns, with Haſte, from the Stroke; or feels, on his Cheek, for the guſhing Blood. If he would retreat into the Houſe, it follows him even thither; and, like a determined Enemy, that puſhes the Purſuit, daſhes through the crackling Panes.—But, the fierce Attack is quickly over. The Clouds have ſoon ſpent their Shafts; ſoon unſtrung their Bow. Happy for the Inhabitants of the Earth, that a Sally ſo dreadfully *furious*, ſhould be ſo remarkably *ſhort!* What elſe could endure the Shock, or eſcape Deſtruction?

BUT, behold a *Bow*, of no hoſtile Intention! A Bow, painted in variegated Colours, on the diſburdened Cloud. How vaſt is the Extent, how delicate the Texture, of that *ſhowery Arch!* It compaſſeth the Heavens with a glorious Circle; and teaches us to forget the Horrors of the Storm. Elegant its Form, and rich its Tincture; but more delightful its ſacred Significancy. While the Violet and the Roſe, bluſh in its beautiful Aſpect; the Olive-branch ſmiles in its gracious Import. It writes, in radiant Dyes, what the Angels ſung in harmonious Strains; "Peace on Earth, and "Good-will towards Men." It is the Stamp of *Inſurance*, for the Continuance of Seed-Time, and Harveſt;

like a Volley of Shot. The Word פתים, inadequately tranſlated *Morſels*, alludes I think, to thoſe *Fragments* of the Rock, or thoſe *ſmooth Stones* from the Brook, which, in the Day of Battle, the Warriors hurled from their Slings.

vest; for the Preservation and Security of the visible World *. It is the comfortable *Token* †, of a better State, and a happier Kingdom—a Kingdom, where Sin shall cease, and Misery be abolished; where Storms shall beat, and Winter pierce no more; but Holiness, Happiness, and Joy, like one unbounded *Spring*, for ever, ever bloom.

Gen. ix. 12—16. † Rev. iv. 3.

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TABLE

OF THE

TEXTS,

More or *less* illustrated in this WORK.

N. B. *As Dr.* SHAW, *in the Supplement to his* Excellent *Book of Travels, and several other Authors of the* greatest *Eminence, have given an Index of Scriptures, occasionally explained in their Writings; I doubt not, but I shall oblige* many *of my Readers, by what I* here *subjoin; those especially, whose Taste is happily formed to relish the Beauties of the sacred Records.*

JOB

TEXTS *Illustrated.*

TEXTS *Illustrated.*

FINIS.